April 20, 1963

THE NEW YORKER

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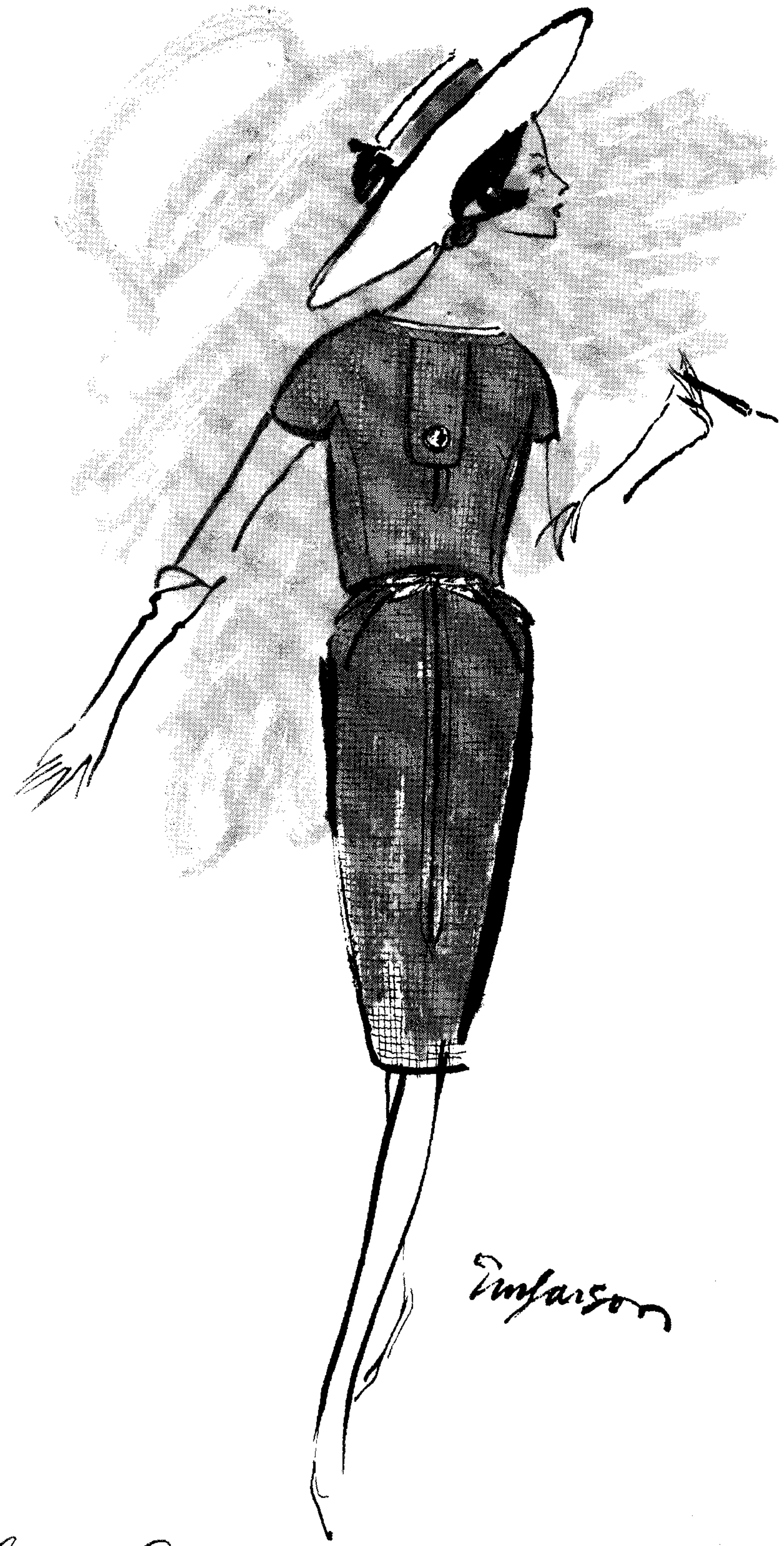

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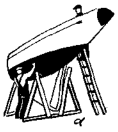

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Beyond the Fringe—Four fine English comedians in a revue that has humor, style, and splendid performances. The quartet consists of Dr. Jonathan Miller, Alan Bennett, Dudley Moore, and Peter Cook. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 3; special matinée Thursday, April 18, at 3.)

Calculated Risk—Melodramatic doings in a board room where a struggle is going on to determine who is to control a New England woollen mill. As written by Joseph Hayes, the play isn't long on suspense, and the acting is rather stilted. Joseph Cotten is one of the tycoons. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Dear Me, the Sky Is Falling—Gertrude Berg in an ingratiating role as a woman who likes to adjust other people's lives and suddenly discovers that this is a bad policy. Rather on the trite side, but still engaging. Herman Shumlin is responsible for the lively direction of Leonard Spigelgass's comedy, and Will Steven Armstrong for the pleasant sets. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Enter Laughing—Adapted by Joseph Stein from a novel by Carl Reiner, this comedy is made up of pretty thin material, but it is funny nevertheless. It's about a Jewish boy, finely portrayed by Alan Arkin, who wants to escape from the world of commerce into the theatre. Alan Mowbray, Vivian Blaine, Irving Jacobson, Sylvia Sidney, Meg Myles, and Michael J. Pollard are effective in various other roles. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Lord Pengo—Charles Boyer in top form as an art dealer who can handle the deck as well as the late Lord Duveen could. He gets potent support in S. N. Behrman's play from Brian Bedford, Henry Daniell, and Cliff Hall. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Saturday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, April 20.)

Mother Courage and Her Children—Bertolt Brecht's ironic drama about the futility of war, rendered in English by Eric Bentley. The play, which describes the way things were during various military hostilities in the seventeenth century, isn't too gripping, but there are some capable performances by Anne Bancroft, as the Mother Courage of the enterprise, and by Zohra Lampert, Mike Kellin, Gene Wilder, Barbara Harris, and others representing people in the military and camp-following line. Jerome Robbins is responsible for the direction, which is just a trifle slow. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Never Too Late—Maybe there's only one joke in this comedy about a sixty-year-old gentleman dismayed at the prospect of his wife's having a baby late in life, but it is a good one, and Paul Ford, Orson Bean, Maureen O'Sullivan, and Fran Sharon tell it with spirit. The direction, by George Abbott, is brisk, and the author, Sumner Arthur Long, has supplied some highly diverting dialogue. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Photo Finish—A comedy, written by and starring Peter Ustinov, that has to do with an ancient who, on his deathbed, can consult with himself as he was in earlier days. Sporadically amusing. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-1310. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Seidman and Son—Sam Levene is captivating as a mixed-up Seventh Avenue garment maker in this play by Elick Moll, and so is Nancy Wickwire, as a lonesome designer to whom he is giving advice. The trouble is that nothing much goes on in the course of the affair. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Saturday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, April 20.)

Strange Interlude—O'Neill's very protracted stream-of-consciousness drama in a revival that has been astutely directed by José Quintero and enacted with great skill by a cast that includes Geraldine Page, Pat Hingle, Ben Gazzara, and William Prince. In smaller roles we have Betty Field, Franchot Tone, Richard Thomas, and Geoffrey Horne. (Hudson, 44th St., E. LT 1-9840. Nightly, except Sundays, at 6, with a dinner intermission from 8:30 to 9:30.)

Tchin-Tchin—The plot of this one is hugely implausible, but Margaret Leighton and Anthony Quinn, as a pair of people whose spouses have ditched them, are persuasive enough to hold your interest for a good deal of the time. Arlene Francis and Jack Klugman will take over the leading roles starting Monday, April 22. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Too True to Be Good—A revival of a lightweight comedy by George Bernard Shaw, first presented on Broadway in 1932, in which the paradoxical Irishman has a high old time—with politics, religion, war, and so on and so on. Robert Preston, David Wayne, Cyril Ritchard, Eileen Heckart, Glynis Johns, Lillian Gish, Ray Middleton, and Cedric Hardwicke are in the cast, and what more could you ask? (54th Street Theatre, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?—An attack of logorrhea, among other disorders, seems to have got Edward Albee down in his first attempt at a full-length play, but the actors do as well as they can by this account of some events at a New England college. The cast at the evening performances consists of Uta Hagen, Arthur Hill, Ben Piazza, and Rochelle Oliver; for the matinées it is Kate Reid (who will be succeeded on Wednesday, April 24, by Elaine Stritch), Shepperd Strudwick, Bill Berger, and Eileen Fulton. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

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CHANGE OF ADDRESS

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Long Runs—**A Man for All Seasons**: The seasonable man in Robert Bolt's work is, of course, Sir Thomas More, now played by Emlyn Williams. He is supported by George Rose, Thomas Gomez, Albert Dekker, and David J. Stewart. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **Mary, Mary**: This comedy by Jean Kerr has to do with a young couple trying to get together after an estrangement. Diana Lynn, Tom Poston, and Edward Mulhare are in it. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Rattle of a Simple Man—Charles Dyer's three-character comedy, imported from London and starring Tammy Grimes and Edward Woodward. Directed by Donald McWhinnie and produced by David Merrick, in association with Michael Codron. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

Little Me—An aimless exercise in which Sid Caesar plays the seven lovers of a woman called Belle Poitrine, who has made her pneumatic way from the Middle West to Southampton. There may be those who will like it. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Mr. President—Irving Berlin, Howard Lindsay, Russel Crouse, and Joshua Logan all put their skilled hands into this enterprise, but it remains a little less than a top-drawer endeavor. Robert Ryan, Nanette Fabray, and Anita Gillette are among those amiably present. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Oliver!—Dickens' "Oliver Twist" in a loose adaptation for the stage by Lionel Bart, who also did the music and lyrics. The result is by no means as moving as the Master's novel, but there are several entertaining production numbers. Clive Revill, as Fagin; Georgia Brown, as Nancy, the beloved of Bill Sikes; and David Jones, as the Artful Dodger, are all fine people to have around. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Stop the World—I Want to Get Off—Anthony Newley and about a dozen young ladies doing the seven ages of man in song, mime, and patter, the last not at all witty. This importation from England was written by Mr. Newley and Leslie Bricusse, both of whom also supplied the music and lyrics. (Shubert, 44th St. W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Tovarich—The Jacques Deval-Robert E. Sherwood comedy about Russians, Red and White, reworked into a musical that hasn't much to recommend it except the performance of Vivien Leigh as a grand duchess. The book was written by David Shaw, the music was composed by Lee Pockriss, and the lyrics were created by Anne Croswell. Peter Glenville directed. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, ex-

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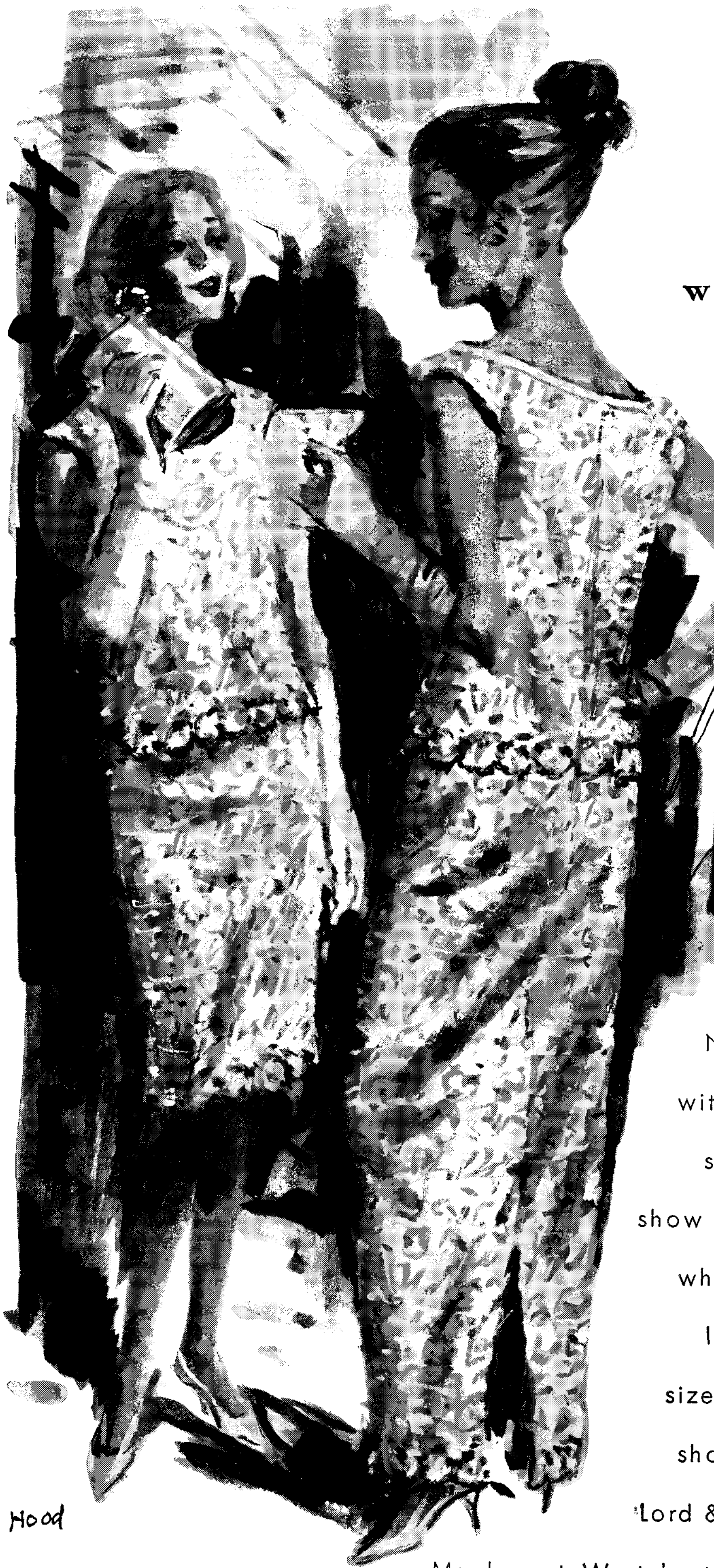

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

cept Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO THE FORUM:** Plautus, that jolly old Roman, as adapted by Burt Shevelove and Larry Gelbart. With Zero Mostel, David Burns, Jack Gilford, John Carradine, Raymond Walburn, and assorted cuties. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING:** Robert Morse plays a young man determined to be at the top of the business pile, and Rudy Vallée plays the president of something called World Wide Wickets, Inc. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **NO STRINGS:** Diahann Carroll, as a model for Paris *Vogue,* in a Richard Rodgers show that deals in part with the literary frustrations of an expatriate American novelist, portrayed by Richard Kiley. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **THE SOUND OF MUSIC:** A sentimental confection, by Rodgers and Hammerstein, in which Nancy Dussault becomes the stepmother of seven wide-eyed children of the Trapp family. Donald Scott is their papa. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Sophie—A musical based on the life of Sophie Tucker, with Libi Staiger, Art Lund, Phil Leeds, and Rosetta LeNoire. Phillip Pruneau wrote the book and Steve Allen the music and lyrics. The producers are Len Bedsow and Hal Grossman, and the director is Jack Sydow. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

Hot Spot—Judy Holliday in a musical with a book by Jack Weinstock and Willie Gilbert, music by Mary Rodgers, and lyrics by Martin Charnin. Staged by Herbert Ross and produced by Robert Fryer and Lawrence Carr, with John Herman. Preview Thursday, April 18, at 8:40. Opens officially on Friday, April 19. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:15. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

She Loves Me—A musical version of a play by Miklos Laszlo, which also inspired the 1940 film "The Shop Around the Corner." Jerry Bock composed the score, Sheldon Harnick turned out the lyrics, Joe Masteroff did the book, and the cast includes Barbara Cook, Daniel Massey, Barbara Baxley, Ludwig Donath, and Jack Cassidy. Directed by Harold Prince, who is also the producer, in association with Lawrence N. Kasha and Philip C. McKenna. Opens Tuesday, April 23. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

Best Foot Forward—A revival of the 1941 musical. The book, which has to do with a movie actress at a prep-school dance, is sappy but cheerful; the songs, among them "Buckle Down Winsocki" and "Shady Lady-Bird," still sound pleasant; and the boys and girls who play the prep scholars and their dates are a generally appealing and sporadically talented bunch. With Karin Wolfe, Edmund Gaynes, and Liza Minnelli. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 5.)

The Blacks—Jean Genet ferries us, by means of symbols, rituals, and masks, into a kind of state of mind—the excruciating state of mind that separates the Negro and the white. The play is too long, but Gene Frankel, despite some excited direction, handles the all-Negro cast well. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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The Boys from Syracuse—Ellen Hanley in a revival of the 1938 George Abbott-Rodgers and Hart musical. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. LT 1-7877. Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays and Friday, April 19, at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Days and Nights of Beebee Fenstermaker—A feeble play by William Snyder. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3224. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Desire Under the Elms—José Quintero's production of the O'Neill melodrama is never dull, but it does become so overwrought at times that one almost forgets that the setting is meant to be New England. Colleen Dewhurst is absolutely splendid, though, as the young woman who marries an old farmer and then seduces his son, and George C. Scott is intermittently so as the farmer. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Do You Know the Milky Way?—A revival of a poor play by Karl Wittlinger. (Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. OR 9-7665. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

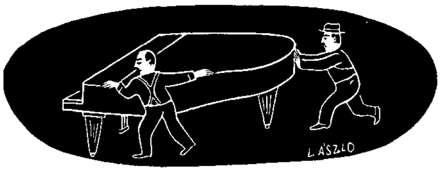
The Dragon—A lively production of a fable by the late Soviet playwright Eugene Schwarz. The moral on the value of freedom over tyranny is not exactly startling, but the incidents of the plot and the staging are quite original. The characters include Sir Lancelot, a dragon, a talking cat, a pretty girl, and a wicked burgomaster. (Phoenix Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2:30.)

The Emperor—Tim O'Connor and M'el Dowd in a German play by Hermann Gressieker, adapted by George White. (Maidman Playhouse, 416 W. 42nd St. BR 9-2084. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Fantasticks—This musical comedy about a lovesick boy and the lovesick girl next door will be chiefly of interest to those with a large tolerance for whimsey. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Importance of Being Earnest—Act I of this quite stylish revival is filled with echoes of other performances in other revivals, but Acts II and III have a charm all their own. The actors largely responsible for the charm are Melville Cooper, as Chasuble, and Jean Cameron, as Prism. (Madison Avenue Playhouse, 120 Madison Ave., at 30th St. MU 6-1431. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Pinter Plays—Sinister and fascinating comedies by the English playwright Harold Pinter. They have in common the theme of mischief, but their settings range from a dank basement in Birmingham to a fussy house in Belgravia. Mr. Pinter's dialogue is a joy to hear, and the performance, directed by Alan Schneider, is perfectly marvellous. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)



Riverwind—A bright and unpretentious little musical comedy. The music is the work of a promising newcomer named John Jennings, who wrote the lyrics, too. The comedy is supplied by a cast of seven, who also sing and do whatever acting and dancing are required. The setting is a motel on, of all places, the banks of the Wabash. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Saving Grace—A comedy by Edwin Harvey Blum. Opens Thursday, April 18. (Writers' Stage, 83 E. 4th St. GR 7-7030. Opening-night curtain at 7:30; thereafter Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Six Characters in Search of an Author—A revival of the Pirandello classic about a group of characters who mysteriously appear at a theatrical rehearsal and refuse to leave. The translation, by Paul Avila Mayer, is lively, and the staging, by William Ball, is highly satisfactory. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

This Was Burlesque—The return of Ann Corio, as M.C., star turn, and director of an old-time burlesque show, along with a number of old-time comedians and a line of strip teasers. Much of the material is comic in an earthy kind of way, but it is also awfully gamy for all but the most insensitive palates. (Casino East Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. YU 2-6611. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at midnight. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30.)

The Typists and **The Tiger**—Eli Wallach, with the help of his wife, Anne Jackson, does some splendid clowning and acting in this pair of bright comedies by a new playwright named Murray Schisgal. (Orpheum Theatre, Second Ave. at 8th St. OR 4-8140. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

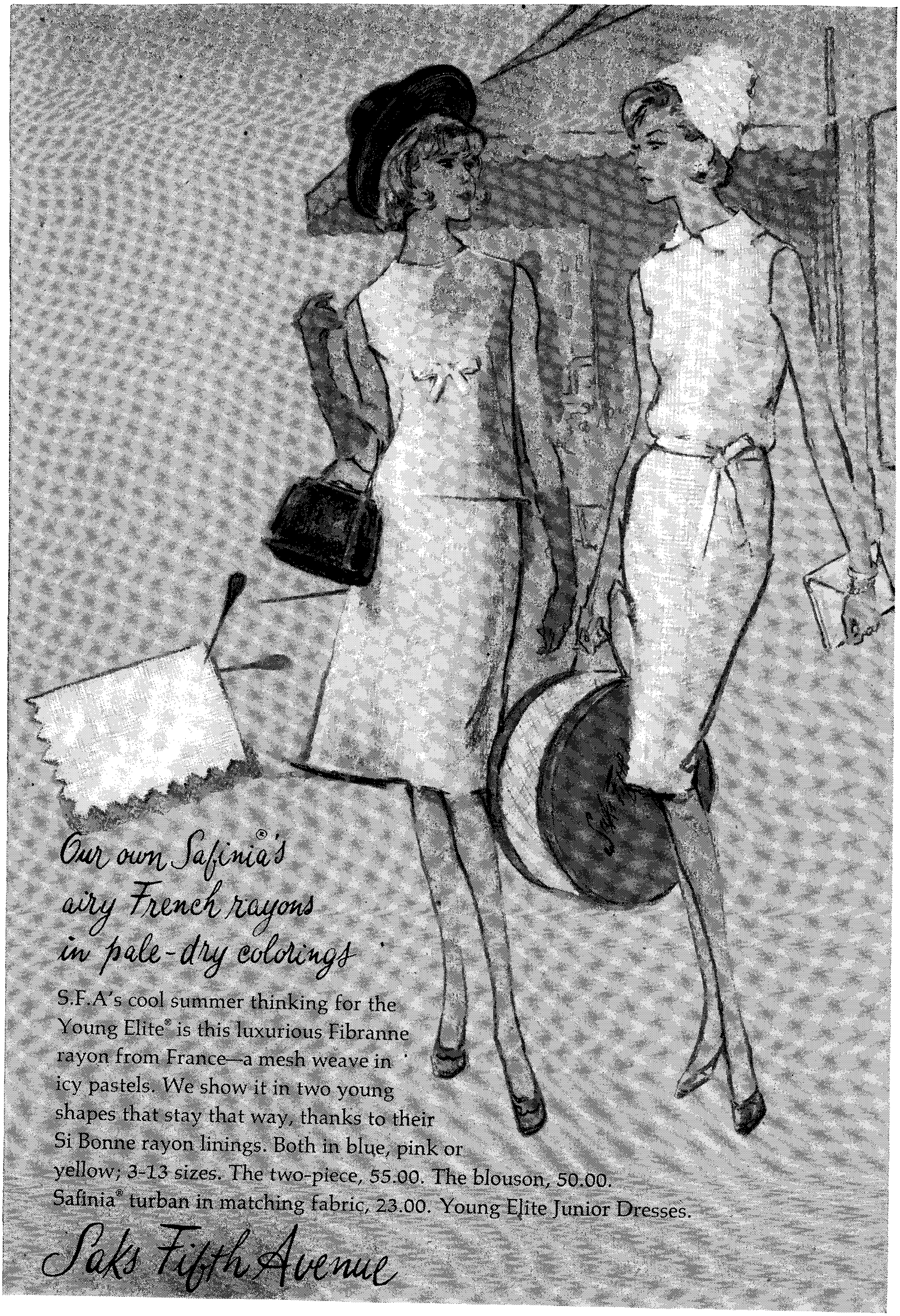
BALLET

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule of final performances—Thursday evening, April 18: "Ivesiana," "Episodes," "Movements for Piano and Orchestra," and "Agon." . . . ¶ Friday evening, April 19: "Four Temperaments," "Bugaku," "Tarantelle" (première), and "Raymonda Variations." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, April 20: "Concerto Barocco," "Pas de Deux," "Interplay," and "Gounod Symphony." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, April 20: "Gounod Symphony," "Prodigal Son," "Allegro Brillante," and "La Valse." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, April 21: "Apollo," "Movements for Piano and Orchestra," "Tarantelle," and "Gounod Symphony." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, April 21: "La Sonnambula," "Donizetti Variations," "Tarantelle," and "Stars and Stripes." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30.)

Royal Ballet—Thursday and Friday, April 18-19, at 8, and Saturday and Sunday, April 20-21, at 2:30 and 8: "The Sleeping Beauty." . . . ¶ Tuesday, April 23, at 8:45: "Giselle." . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 24, at 8:30: "The Two Pigeons" (American première) and "Façade." . . . ¶ Thursday, April 25, at 8:45: "Giselle." . . . ¶ Friday, April 26, at 8:15: "Le Lac des Cygnes." . . . ¶ Saturday, April 27, at 2:30 and 8:30: "The Two Pigeons" and "Façade." (Metropolitan Opera House. OX 5-6157. Through Sunday, May 19. No seating at any performance after the curtain is up.)

MISCELLANY

John Gielgud—In a brief return engagement of "Ages of Man," his solo show taken from Shakespeare's plays and sonnets. (Lyceum Theatre, 45th St. east of Broadway. JU 2-



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3897. Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Saturday at 2:40. Final performance Sunday, April 21.)

Danny Kaye—Plus several other performers and a bunch of chimpanzees, in a four-and-a-half-week engagement. (Ziegfeld Theatre, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 7-5900. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40. Final performances Saturday, May 11.)

Blue Hill Troupe—Presenting Gilbert and Sullivan's "Iolanthe." For the benefit of the Vocational Advisory Service. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Thursday through Saturday, April 18-20, at 8:45, and a performance primarily for children on Saturday, April 20, at 2:30. For tickets, call RH 4-8563.)

The Circus—Oh, you know. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Mondays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 6:30. Matinées daily at 2; on Saturday, April 20, at 10:30 and 3. Through Wednesday, May 15. The doors open an hour before show time for those who like to roam around among the sideshows and the menagerie in the basement.)

Bil and Cora Baird's Marionettes—In a new musical, "Man in the Moon" (with songs by Jerry Bock and Sheldon Harnick), followed by a number of puppet variety acts. (Biltmore Theatre, 47th St. west of Broadway. JU 2-5340. Daily at 12:30 and 3:30. Final performances Sunday, April 21.)

Les Poupées de Paris—A revue, for adults, of three-foot-tall puppets produced by Sid and Marty Krofft. (York Playhouse, First Ave. at 64th St. TR 9-4130. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:45 and 10:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at midnight.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—Ella Fitzgerald dwells now in marble halls, devoting her evenings to the reconstructed Royal Box, where her monumental voice never gets far away from ballads or bop. Lester Lanin's hulking band and Charlie Fisk's lesser one while away the time between her dinner and supper hearings. Closed Sundays.

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—To be seen or not to be seen—that is the question. The proper question-and-answer music is proffered by Freddy Alonso's rumba band and Freddie Jagels' orchestra. Those who wish to sit out the next one should repair to the Champagne Room, where the loudest noise is Freddie Fassler's Vienna-by-night violin. No dance tunes Sundays, when only the wing of the mansion called Perona's is in operation.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Stanley Worth's small band makes small talk in the dignified Café Pierre. Renato Rossini, whose guitar always skirts the shores of the Mediterranean Sea, is also on tap. Mondays, another band is the whole deal.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Eartha Kitt, the dessert at dinner and supper in the Persian Room, is again fleet of foot (as in her Katherine Dunham days), as well as fleet and fiery of tongue, and the outcome is rites of spring, all right. She is flanked by the populous, hospitable band of Emil Coleman and the wee and perky one of Mark Monte. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's piano and violin play crumpets-and-scones music in the Palm Court from four-fifteen to six-thirty and *vin rosé* music in the Edwardian Room from seven to nine, every night but Monday.

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St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The predominant strains in the grand duchy called the Maisonette are the work of Peter Duchin's cascading big band, which is full of frankincense, myrrh, and *élan*. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ La Boite, just a hundred feet west of the Maisonette, devotes itself to the extremely even tenor (circumspect piano and violin, that is) of its way—a way that takes it from dinner on through supper. Closed Sundays.

Savoy Hilton, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Serene majesty is the attitude of the Columns, where the prevailing climate is full moonlight. Chauncey Gray's orchestra is the social arbiter, and it is in favor of dancing, for which there is ample room. Arturo Arturos's threesome, which has been boning up on its Latin trots, helps out the Grays. The ceremonies begin at seven, with piano by Ray Hartley, imported from the next-door Café Lounge; the dance troupes arrive at eight. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The only murmuring in the rosewood forest that forms the Café Lounge comes from the concise and well-informed piano of Mr. Hartley, who is around most of the time from cocktails until midnight or so. He's absent Sundays.

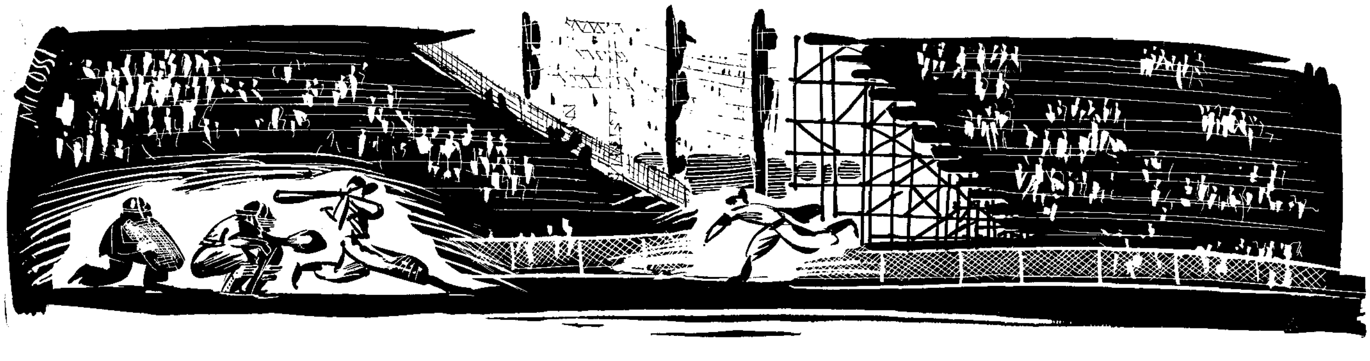
Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—One of this thoroughfare's traditional block parties pursues its seasonal course. At the north end is the Embassy Club, where Gunnar Hansen's orchestra and Quintero's Latin band are *toujours la politesse;* at the south end is the Knight Box, ruled by the magic wand of Jani Sarkozi, who frequently applies it to a fiddle. Both ends of the block are closed Mondays.

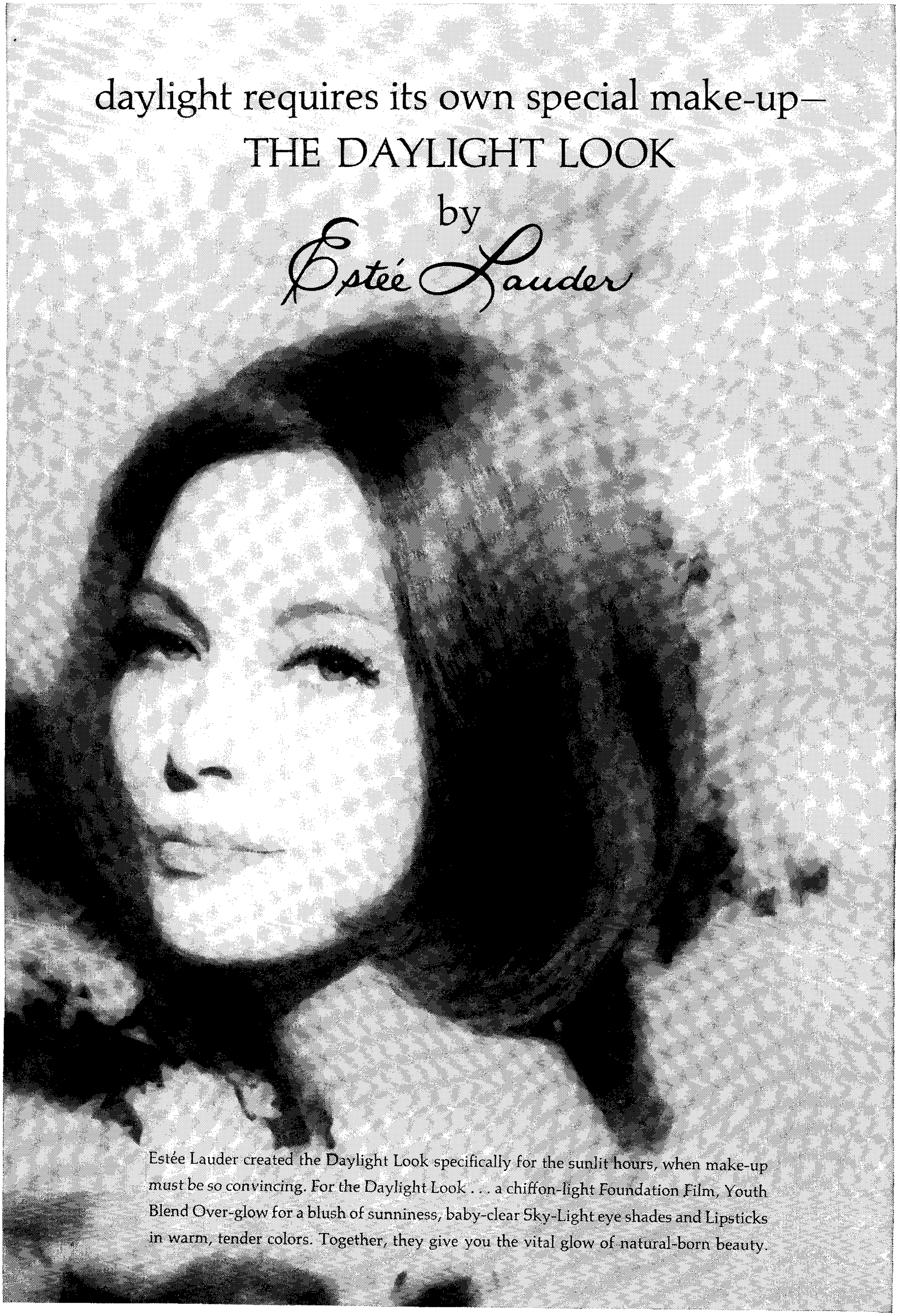
Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Carol Channing, unswerving champion of the Stone Age for all girls over sixteen (her own preference is, we all know, the diamond), gets to the Empire Room around dinner and supper every evening but Sunday to explain why. She is surrounded by a bulky band (Milt Shaw's) and a tiny, bang-bang one (Sonny Kendis's), which occupy the rest of the night. . . . ¶ The musicales in Peacock Alley are the work of Emile Petti, whose piano runs, off and on, from five to one. At eight-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays, he expands into a dance trio. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

Goldie's New York, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): The days of our childhood—giddy, chockablock, and ceaseless. The sound department is as follows: Sam Hamilton is at the piano from five-thirty to eight; Goldie Hawkins and Wayne Sanders thereafter as soloists on the uprights until suppertime, when they converge as hubble-bubble, roil-and-double pianists. Closed Sundays. . . . **In Boboli**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): A favorite haunt of many celebrated people—Lucia di Lammermoor, Mimi, Tosca come first to mind—who love to get up and sing Puccini, Leoncavallo, et al. once or twice a night. The maestro is Aldo Bruschi, whose piano is the orchestra. Thursday through Sunday, too, it's part of a casual dance trio. Closed Mondays. . . . **Château Henri IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): The court architect was Hans Christian Andersen. Norbert Faconi, whose faint violin can win many a fair lady, wanders from table to table in a manner that proves him to be a skillful cruise director. No sound on Sundays. . . . **King Henri IV**, 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): A house of many mansions, each one depicting a stage of the royal moves toward the Saracen foe. Through it all drift a violinist and a pianist, who purvey ever so gently the food of love. No music Sundays. . . . **El Chico**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Flamenco and fandango (Spanish, of course) go hand in hand, foot in foot, forever and ever. There's dancing for the customers as well. Closed Sundays. . . . **Roma di Notte**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): Home, sweet home for the night people of the Eternal City and their seven courses for dinner. Among the population is a round of dulcet strolling minstrels. Closed Sundays. . . . **Méditerranée**, 575 Park Ave., at 63rd St. (TE 8-6130): The leisure class is called to order at six, every night but Sunday, in an alcove of this pampered fish hatchery by Ralph Strain, whose piano makes life seem considerably more than bearable. Class dismissed at one. . . . **Drake Room**, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): A verdant little throne room, in which Cy Walter is giving knowledgeable pianoforte dissertations between cocktails and one in the morning. Sundays belong to Forrest Perrin. . . . **Ritz Bar**, Madison Ave., at 61st St. (TE 8-3000): A captain's-table sort of operation. Victor del Monte's unobtrusive piano converses from five until one every evening but Sunday. . . . **La Zambra**, 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): Spain is passion's plaything—or that's what the resident Spanish guitar, piano, voices, and feet keep trying, with considerable success, to tell us. Closed Sundays. . . . **Liborio**, 150 W. 47th St. (JU 2-6188): Central American is the ambience flamenco are the voices and footsteps that every so often people the tiny stage. Dancing, too, for the guests, every evening, and on Sunday afternoons from two to seven. . . . **Walldorfkeller**, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000): A zither discourses with a Viennese twang through the dinner hour, which has a Viennese kitchen bouquet. Closed Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **Waverly Lounge**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, whose file case bulges with musical-comedy tunes, is at the piano after nine in the bar of the Hotel Earle. No music Mondays. . . . **Café Carlyle**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Upper are most of the echelons on display here. George Feyer, who composes piano for Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm from eight-thirty until maybe two, will be succeeded on Friday, April 19, by Karl Inwald, whose touch is filigree. Closed Sundays. . . . **Chardas**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): The bonny, bonny banks of the Danube, along with a Mitteleuropa music festival ranging from voice (Laureanne Lemay's) to zimbalon. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **Monsignore**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): The Roman holidays here don't end before early morning. Among the keepers of late hours are Herman Honigsberg, past-master of the fid-





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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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dle, and his rout of musicians. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri, an unmistakable soubrette, is singing the songs she used to sing upon the musical-comedy stage, even though she's retired to semi-private life in her own minute *salle à manger.* Other music—usually accordion and piano—can also be discerned in the gloaming. After ten-thirty Mondays through Fridays, couples accustomed to taking up very little floor space dance to the music of a trio. . . . **BARBERRY,** 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): In the midst of the Moorish maze sits Conrad Monjoy, from six to nine-thirty every night but Saturday and Sunday, to give the diners his repertory of pianoforte études. . . . **BILTMORE,** Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000): The under-the-clock arena, classic hollow oak for visiting undergraduates, has the *sous-cloche* piano of Joan Bishop from five to eight-thirty every day but Sunday. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): The décor of the refectory is Renaissance with the bit in its teeth; the music (guitar) and its maker (José Luis Franco) are unalterably Spanish. No music Mondays. . . . **MALMAISON,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): In the bar, Jules Kuti tones his piano down until it's almost subliminal. He's there from five to eleven. Closed Sundays. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): The brief glimpses of Italian opera that are offered the diners are either honor-bright or the prankish equivalent of adapting *"La donna è mobile"* into "The Lady from Mobile." Closed Mondays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): Steven Weltner plays lordly but limpid piano in the sylvan reaches of the Casino-on-the-Park from cocktails until after the theatre every night but Sunday. . . . **ABSINTHE HOUSE,** 130 W. 48th St. (CO 5-6571): Sturdy, happy Early American music that goes with steaks and chops unwinds from the mighty piano of Herman Chittison, who keeps it sounding from eight until one-thirty. Closed Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): Donn Arden has discovered a new never-never land (it *looks* like Camelot-on-the-Nile), and in it he has set a revue, "The Venus Touch," where nearly every prospect (which is usually dressed to the ceiling with young ladies) pleases. The acrobats and tumblers (the miraculous Wazzan family) who come along, too, are just right. Pause is given only by the wits, who live in the tiniest orbits, and handsome, genial, smiling Nelson Eddy, nearly the last of the Wooden Indians. Dancing.

CABARETS

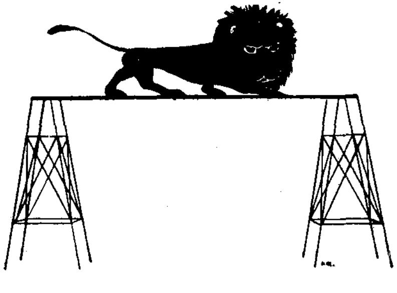
(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

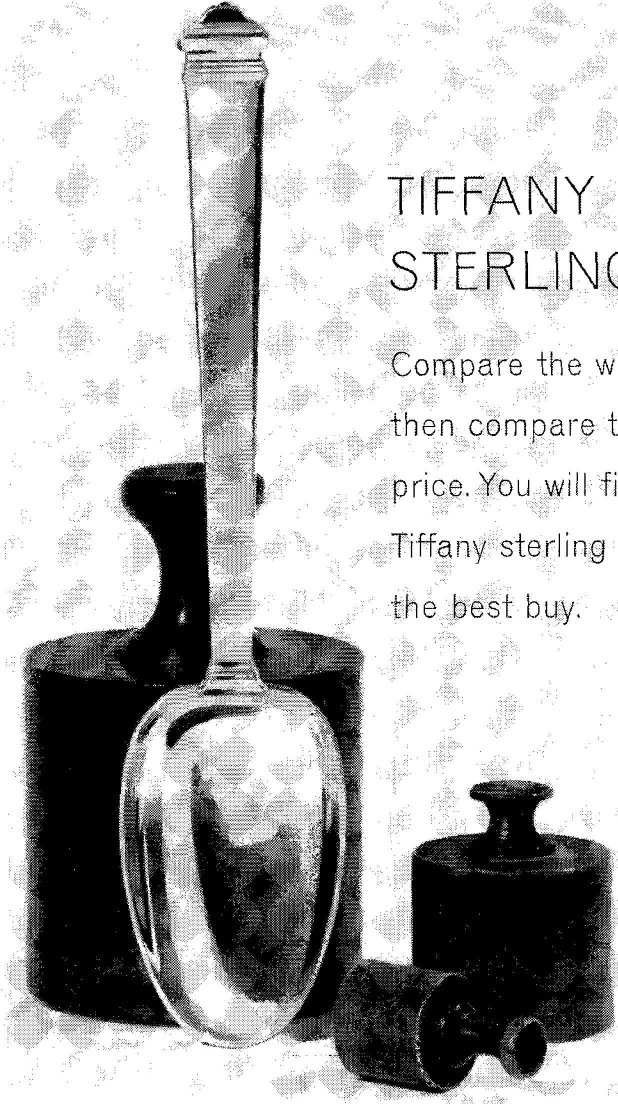
PLAZA 9–, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): In the ambivalent fashion of Aesop's fables, "Dime a Dozen," this season's Julius Monk revue, is poking the deftest of fun at all sorts of American characters and institutions, any one of which might turn out to be you. Jack Fletcher, Lovelady Powell, Gerry Matthews, Fredricka Weber, Susan Browning, and Rex Robbins are the bearers of the red-hot pokers. Life begins at nine and midnight every night but Sunday. The pit band is Steinways in the hands of Carl Norman and Robert Colston. . . . **BLUE ANGEL,** 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Wally Cox, who—by seeming merely to be himself—has been some of the nation's famous street-corner characters, is back (after not a few years) at his old post. With him is—among others—Anne Francine, a voice that sang many an early-morn lullaby in the years when night life was night life. . . . ¶ Bobby Short, eternal fountain of youth, who has two sidemen (Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan) working with him, is playing and singing songs designed to turn the lounge into the land of the midnight sun. He begins after the theatre, and Sunday is his sole holiday. . . . **SECOND CITY AT SQUARE EAST,** 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (AL 4-0480): "To the Water Tower," which could just as well be called "To the Four Winds," is like its predecessors here in spirit (which is mockery) and scope (the whole U.S.A.), but it contains a new departure—a whoop-de-do play-within-byplay that can obligingly mean anything one wishes it to. Andrew Duncan, Anthony Holland, and Paul Dooley are the thoroughly reliable holdovers in the cast; Bob Dishy, of the Chicago Second City, is the notable addition. Tom O'Horgan's music, mostly on Mr. O'H.'s harp, is the accompaniment. Eight-thirty is the earliest performance during the week, but there are Sunday matinées at three; closed Mondays and Tuesdays. . . . **THE PREMISE,** 154 Bleecker St. (LF 3-5020): If you don't see what you want, ask for it and we'll make it up—that's the improvisational state of mind of half the new revue-without-music that Ted Flicker, principal and principal boy of this school of the hit-and-run drama, has now launched. On Thursday, April 18, the official opening night (following a lot of previews), there's only one performance, at seven-thirty. The rest of the schedule: Weekdays at eight-thirty; Fridays at eight and ten-thirty; Saturdays at seven-thirty and ten-thirty; and Sundays at three and seven-thirty. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): "Graham Crackers," a revue compiled by Ronny Graham, takes only passing glances at the issues of the day, or night (except for television); instead, it burbles cheerily along in the chattiest fashion in the charge of Bill McCutcheon, the Falstaff of the event. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the **DOWNSTAIRS,** which is open only on Fridays and Saturdays, Mr. Graham does a couple of solo performances of his own witches'-brew songs, beginning around ten. . . . **STROLLERS THEATRE CLUB,** 154 E. 54th St. (PL 2-4711): Five founding members of The Establishment, a London night club that may well be the shadow government of England, are practicing their profession—mincing no words—in a plausible reconstruction of a nineteenth-century London music hall. They are the nonebetter John Bird, John Fortune, Eleanor Bron, Jeremy Geidt, and Carole Simpson. Their owlish commentary occurs at dinner and supper. The timetable: Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine and eleven-thirty, and Sundays at four and eight. Closed Mondays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): It takes twenty to tango the way Juan Carlos Copes and his Argentine Ballet like to do it in the back room here, and twenty eyes to watch it all. They sing and prance at both dinner and supper. Emilio Reyes' band, which gives the customers, too, a chance to tango, can incite almost to riot. The Sunday afternoon-into-evening tea dances, which go on for hours, are just as much by fury possessed. . . . ¶ In the neighborly alcove off the bar, after ten, the guitar of Pedro Cortes and the flamenco songs of José Moreno carry you back instantly to old Madrid.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): A Folkways and Means Committee has been set up here now, but it at least offers variety—the Phoenix Singers, who go gaily down the middle of the road; the Bossa Tres group, whose new folk music is the Brazilian *bossa nova;* and Anne Meara and Jerry Stiller, whose folk words are the sounds of New York as they are converted into the spoken word. On Tuesday, April 23, the Tarriers, another set of folk musicians, and boisterous, too, will take over from the Phoenix Singers. There are Sunday matinées from four-thirty to seven; closed Mondays. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST,** 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): Love is a many-spangled thing when Vic Damone gets to singing about it. His companion onstage is Don Rickles, a comedian with a two-ton aggression complex and (as far as the human ear can discern) nothing else. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE GATE,** 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): The Smothers Brothers, whose impersonation of the art-for-God's-sake folk singer has indeed its points, depart on Sunday, April 21. They'll be replaced on Tuesday, April 23, by the trio of Charlie Byrd, whose *a capella* and arhythmic guitar is an endless pleasure; a band led by Clark Terry; and Judy Henski, yet another folk singer. Woody Allen, a wit whose mind is one jump ahead of a lot of other minds, will stay on. Closed Mondays. . . . **BITTER END,** 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): Folksy are in general the ways and the music of this exemplary coffeehouse. The Tarriers, who lead the incumbent pack, go away on Monday, April 22; on Wednesday, April 24, the major arrival will be Allen and Grier, which is the unduly matter-of-fact name for two of the merriest young things in folk music. . . . **ROOM AT THE BOTTOM,** 23 W. 8th St. (GR 5-5388): Wilbur de Paris, keeper of a Colonial fortress, rambles along in the company of such men as Sidney de Paris, Garvin Bushell, *et* Al, Dick, and Harry. Closed Sundays. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Sol Yaged's band, in which Dick Wellstood has found a home, keeps wishing it were in Dixie. Closed Sundays. . . . **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): *Donner und Blitzen* are the household gods. At the moment, they are being served by Gene Krupa's band, whose quality is not mercy. Sundays, visiting bands have the use of the place. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Birdland of Passage would be a better name, for the comings and goings of musicians are sometimes too swift to be noted by the average eye. It is, though, possible that among the crew is the band of Dizzy Gillespie, who goes on talking and playing jazz as though it were an amusement and not an inchoate form of social protest. Cal Tjader's fivesome is allegedly there, too. On Thursday, April 25, the Gillespies and Tjaders are supposedly yielding place to Chris Connor, an exterior decorator of songs so thorough that their own authors wouldn't know them; Sonny Rollins' quartet, which neatly balances representation and abstraction; and Herbie Mann's chameleon band, suddenly throat-deep in *bossa nova.* Jam sessions Mondays, when the regular army is out of action. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): A little old log cabin on a special New Frontier. The present pioneer is the Zoot Sims-Al Cohn quintet; on Tuesday, April 23, it becomes the Lennie Tristano quintet. Closed Mondays. . . . **EDDIE CONDON'S,** 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Edmond Hall's pastoral clarinet rides on top of the sound waves set up by his small band of loyal traditionalists. Closed Sundays. . . . **FIVE SPOT,** 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): An old Village meetinghouse, recently transplanted, and still given over to forward-looking musings. So many vanishing acts are booked that there's no use forecasting, but the music comes in small units and sounds like what Ornette Coleman and/or Ray Bryant do. Mondays and Tuesdays, only one band takes the stand. . . . **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): To the supply of noise contributed by the customers, the management adds the quartet of Jonah Jones, which is not always quite enough of an offset. In its stead, Louis Metcalf's foursome does a one-night stand every Sunday. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): The Lee Evans trio, which is engaged in a deep study of stresses and strains, works very, very hard, to no special purpose. Howard Reynolds is the interlude pianist. No music Mondays. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): The youth-must-have-its-fling group sitting at the feet, or even under the feet, of the old masters. On Friday and Saturday, April 19-20, the roster of elder statesmen should include Yank Law-





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sen, Conrad Janis, Tony Parenti, Buster Bailey, Panama Francis, Red Richards, and Louis Metcalf's quartet. Dancing. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): During the week, Cliff Jackson holds down the piano in this Fifty-second Street Memorial Institute; on Fridays and Saturdays he is joined by Danny Barker's trio. No music Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

FRANCO ASSETTO—Abstract relief-like paintings by an Italian artist; through Saturday, April 27. (Thibaut, 799 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

GEORGE BIDDLE—Drawings and silverpoints (portraits, animals, flower studies, and the mummies of the Cappuccini, in Sicily); through May 11. (Cober, 14 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

JULIUS BISSIER—Abstract oils, water colors, and drawings by a contemporary German artist; through Saturday, April 20. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

WARREN BRANDT—Abstract Expressionist paintings; through Saturday, April 27. (Grippi, 905 Madison Ave., at 73rd St.)

ALEXANDER CALDER—Stabiles, mobiles, and gouache paintings; through May 4. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

PAUL CÉZANNE (1839-1906)—More than seventy water colors (still-lifes, figure studies, and landscapes) from private and public collections here and abroad. For the benefit of Columbia University's Scholarship Fund of the Department of Art History and Archaeology. Through Saturday, April 20. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

BERNARD DUFOUR—Works showing the transition from abstract to figure painting by this School of Paris artist; through May 4. (Loeb, 12 E. 57th St.)

LOUIS M. EILSHEMIUS (1864-1941)—Oil paintings from the period 1886 to 1909; through May 4. (Lewison, 50 E. 76th St. Closed Mondays.) . . . ¶ Drawings, water colors, and oils; through Saturday, April 27. (Balin-Traube, 11 E. 74th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11:30 to 5:30.)

HERBERT FERBER—An exhibition of paintings and sculptures that coincides with his show at the Whitney Museum; through Saturday, April 20. (Emmerich, 17 E. 64th St.)

PERLE FINE—Abstract geometric paintings; through Saturday, April 20. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

FREDERICK FRANCK—Ink, pencil, and wash drawings of the 1962 session of the Ecumenical Council; through May 4. (Seligmann, 5 E. 57th St.)

HAMILTON FRASER—Semi-abstract landscapes and still-lifes by a young British painter; through May 4. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

ELIAS GOLDBERG—Paintings, primarily scenes of New York City; through April 30. (Egan, 313 E. 79th St. Closed noon to 2.)

JOHN HULTBERG—Oils and lithographs of landscapes and cityscapes, with figures; through Saturday, April 27. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

GILLIAN JAGGER—Paintings by a young London-born New York artist; through Saturday, April 20. (White, 42 E. 57th St.)

DONG KINGMAN—Water colors of Madrid, Hong Kong, New York, and San Francisco by this Chinese-American artist; through Saturday, April 27. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

JOSEPH KONZAL—Abstract sculptures; through Saturday, April 27. (Bertha Schaefer, 32 E. 57th St.)

PETER LANYON, ROBERT BRODERSON, AND JOSEPH GLASCO—Drawings and water colors by one English and two American painters; through Saturday, April 27. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

IBRAM LASSAW—Welded-metal abstractions; through May 4. (Kootz, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Closed Mondays.)

JACOB LAWRENCE—Paintings dealing with recent events in the South; through Saturday, April 20. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St.)

RICO LEBRUN—Ink drawings based on Brecht's "Threepenny Novel;" through Saturday, April 27. (Nordness, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

JACK LEVINE—Figurative paintings; through Saturday, April 27. (Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.)

JACQUES LIPCHITZ—A hundred and fifty-seven small bronzes recently cast from maquettes (clay sketches) created over the years from 1914 to 1962; through May 11. (Gerson, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

BORIS LOVET-LORSKI—Oils and water colors by a sculptor lately turned painter; through Saturday, April 27. (World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

BORIS LURIE—Paintings and collages by a New Realist; through May 4. (Stein, 24 E. 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

MARYAN—Primitive images reflecting the horrors of contemporary life by a French artist now living here; through April 30. (Frumkin, 32 E. 57th St.)

ISAMU NOGUCHI—New bronzes; through Saturday, April 27. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

RICHARD O'HANLON—Bronzes by a California sculptor; through May 4. (Willard, 23 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

GEORGE ORTMAN—Painting-constructions and drawings; through Saturday, April 27. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St.)

WILLIAM PACHNER—Expressionist paintings; through Saturday, April 20. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

JOHN PIKE—Water colors of Florida, Woodstock, Hawaii, and Jamaica; through Saturday, April 27. (Grand Central, 40 Vanderbilt Ave., at 44th St.)

JESSE REICHEK—Abstractions; through Saturday, April 20. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.)

HENRI ROUSSEAU—A retrospective loan exhibition of paintings. For the benefit of Les Amis de Nogent. Through May 25. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

VIVIAN SPRINGFORD—Abstract paintings; through May 4. (Preston, 3 E. 63rd St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

TEIJI TAKAI—Paintings; through Saturday, April 20. (Poindexter, 21 W. 56th St.)

YVES TANGUY—Gouaches and drawings by the French-American Surrealist, who died in 1955; through Saturday, April 20. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.)

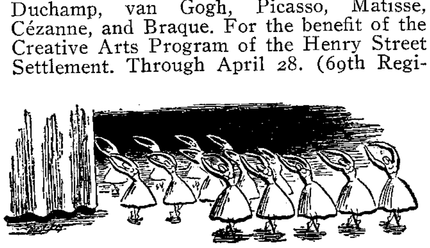
WAYNE THIEBAUD—Still-life paintings; through Saturday, April 27. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St.)

ABRAHAM WALKOWITZ—Drawings and water colors, 1903-31; through May 1. (Tutti, 1314 Third Ave., at 75th St.)

JEAN XCERON—Abstract water colors; through May 1. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

KARL ZERBE—Ink-wash drawings; through Saturday, April 20. (Nordness, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

THE ARMORY SHOW OF 1913—Two shows inspired by the famous old upheaval are currently on view—**50TH ANNIVERSARY EXHIBITION**: A re-creation of the show itself, held at the same site. Of the thirteen hundred paintings, sculptures, and drawings (mostly Post-Impressionist, Fauvist, and Cubist) originally shown, about four hundred have been rounded up for display. Among the artists represented are Duchamp, van Gogh, Picasso, Matisse, Cézanne, and Braque. For the benefit of the Creative Arts Program of the Henry Street Settlement. Through April 28. (69th Regiment Armory, Lexington Ave. at 25th St. Mondays through Fridays, noon to 10; Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 6.) . . . **ELMER LIVINGSTON MACRAE**: Pastels and water colors by the treasurer of the original Armory Show; through Saturday, April 20. (Davis, 231 E. 60th St.)



AMERICAN WATERCOLOR SOCIETY—The ninety-sixth annual of water colors, gouaches, and pastels by artists from all parts of the United States; through Sunday, April 21. (National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Daily, 1 to 5.)

NATIONAL SCULPTURE SOCIETY—The thirtieth annual of bas-reliefs and medals, plus, this year, small sculptures; through April 30. (Schoneman, 63 E. 57th St.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **BIANCHINI**, 16 E. 78th St.: Present-day primitive paintings by (to mention a few) Lawrence Lebduska, Victor Duena, and Harry Lieberman; through Saturday, April 20. . . . **HIRSCHL & ADLER**, 21 E. 67th St.: Colonial portraits and nineteenth-century landscapes and still-lifes by Charles Willson Peale, William Harnett, Thomas Cole, and others; through May 25. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **KRAUSHAAR**, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Paintings and sculptures, 1900-50, by (for instance) Hartley, Luks, and Lachaise; through Saturday, April 27. . . . **MILCH**, 21 E. 67th St.: Paintings by the gallery group of contemporaries, including Dehn, Kroll, and Pleissner; through May 18. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **SCHWEITZER**, 958 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Paintings by Blakelock, Cassatt, Inness, and other turn-of-the-century artists; through May 15.

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOW—Paintings by, among others, Klee, Feininger, and Baziotes; through May 31. (Saidenberg, 10 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS**, 605 Fifth Ave., at 49th St.: The first showing here by the Société des Peintres-Graveurs Français (Segonzac, Gromaire, Buffet, and others); through Saturday, April 20. . . . **HAHN**, 611 Madison Ave., at 58th St.: Paintings by such artists as Dubuffet, Giacometti, and Kandinsky; through May 18. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **HUTTON**, 41 E. 57th St.: Paintings done between 1908 and 1914 by members of Der Blaue Reiter school, including Kandinsky, Marc, Macke, and Delaunay. For the benefit of the Manhattan Chapter of the American Association for the United Nations. Through May 18. . . . **NIVEAU**, 962 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: French masters—Utrillo, Picasso, Vlaminck, and others; through Saturday, April 27.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"American Art from American Collections," comprising furniture (attributed to John Townsend, Duncan Phyfe, and others), silver, glass, porcelain, miniatures, paintings (by Copley, Sully, and others), and prints, from the Colonial and Federal periods, lent by private collectors throughout the country; through April 28. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective of oils, prints, and water colors, ranging from landscapes to religious paintings and mystic fantasies, by Emil Nolde, one of the founders and leaders of the German Expressionist movement; through April 30. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—The Twenty-second International Watercolor Biennial, made up of items by more than a hundred and thirty living artists from Sweden, Yugoslavia, and the United States; through April 28. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

FINCH COLLEGE MUSEUM OF ART, 62 E. 78th St.—A loan exhibition of paintings by French eighteenth-century masters, including Boucher, Robert, and Vigée-Lebrun; through May 31. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Five mural panels executed by Mark Rothko for Harvard University; through June 2. . . . ¶ "Six Painters and the Object," a display of "pop art" by Jim Dine, Robert Rauschenberg, Andy Warhol, Roy

Lichtenstein, James Rosenquist, and Jasper Johns; through June 2. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—"Holland: The New Generation," an exhibition of fifty paintings and twenty-five sculptures by Gerrit Benner, Jan Sierhuis, Carel Visser, and others; through May 5. . . ¶ A comprehensive survey of paintings, objects, and drawings by Robert Rauschenberg; through May 8. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5, and Thursday evenings, 7 to 9; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A loan show of dry-brush and pencil drawings by Andrew Wyeth; through Saturday, April 27. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—Woven forms and Venezuelan ceramics; through May 12. (Weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—Masks, figures, and other sculptures created by the Senufo people in West Africa; through May 5. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—Sculptures by Mark di Suvero, Peter Forakis, Sandra Beal, and five other artists between the ages of twenty-five and forty; through May 26. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—A retrospective (1932-62) of sculptures and drawings by Herbert Ferber; through May 19. A good complement to this exhibition is the Ferber show (ending Saturday) at the Emmerich Gallery, 17 E. 64th St. . . ¶ A retrospective (1939-63) of paintings by Abstract Expressionist Richard Pousette-Dart; through May 26. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7460, and for Town Hall JU 2-4536. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

New York City Opera Company—Opening performances of the season, which will continue through Sunday, May 12—Thursday, April 25, at 7:45: The company's première of Benjamin Britten's "A Midsummer Night's Dream." (A benefit for the New York City Opera's Production Fund.) . . ¶ Friday, April 26, at 8:15: "Street Scene." . . ¶ Saturday, April 27, at 8:15: "The Love for Three Oranges," in English. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center, Paul Hindemith conducting—A Hindemith-Bruckner program on Thursday, April 18, at 8:30; Friday, April 19, at 2:15; Saturday, April 20, at 8:30; and Sunday, April 21, at 3 (all with Martina Arroyo, soprano; Louise Parker, contralto; George London, bass-baritone; Bruce Prince-Joseph, organ; and the Schola Cantorum of New York); and a varied program on Thursday, April 25, at 8:30; Friday, April 26, at 2:15; Saturday, April 27, at 8:30; and Sunday, April 28, at 3 (all with Anton Heiller, organ).

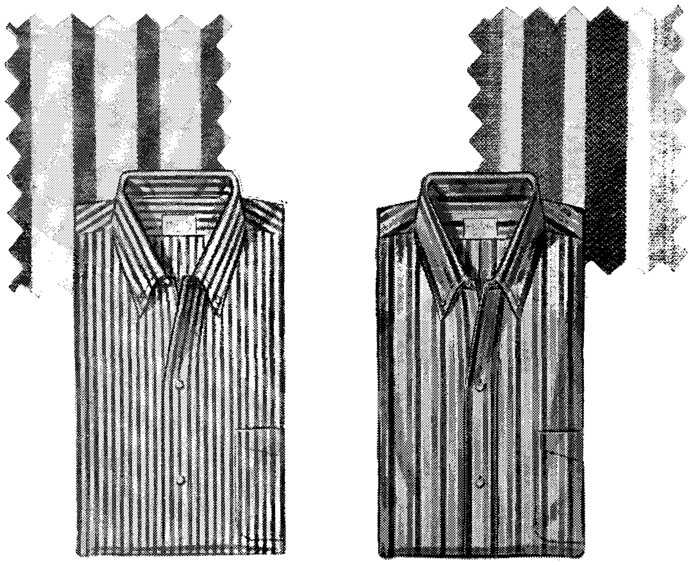
Twentieth-Century Innovations—Gunther Schuller conducting a chamber ensemble in the last in a series of concerts, this one devoted to the music of Mr. Schuller himself, Duke Ellington, André Hodeir, and others, with the Eric Dolphy quartet. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, April 18, at 8:30.)

American Symphony of New York—Enrico Leide and Maurice Nobleman conducting, with Mariana Sarrica, piano. (Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway. Sunday, April 21, at 2. No tickets necessary.)

All-Mozart Concert—Thomas Dunn conducting the Festival Orchestra. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Sunday, April 21, at 8:30.)

American Opera Society—Richard Bonynge directing a second performance of Bellini's "I Puritani" in concert form, with Joan Sutherland, soprano; Betty Allen, mezzo-soprano; Nicolai Gedda, tenor; Ernest Blanc, baritone; and Justino Diaz, bass. The final concert of the season. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, April 24, at 8.)

New Haven Symphony Orchestra—Frank Brieff



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

conducting, with John Browning, piano. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Wednesday, April 24, at 8:30.)

Juilliard Orchestra—Jean Morel conducting. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Saturday, April 27, at 2:30.)

Glee Club of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick—George Mead directing. (Town Hall. Friday, April 19, at 8:30.)

Concordia Choir—Ralph C. Schultz directing. (Town Hall. Sunday, April 21, at 8:15.)

Columbia University Glee Club—Bailey Harvey directing. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Friday, April 26, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Andres Segovia—Classic guitarist. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, April 19, at 8:30. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left.)

Earl Wrightson and Lois Hunt—Baritone and soprano, in a program of songs from musical comedies, with an orchestra and a chorus directed by Franz Allers. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, April 19, at 8:30.)

Joan Baez—Folk singer. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Friday, April 19, at 8:30.)

Martha Schlamme—Folk singer. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Saturday, April 20, at 8:30.)

Miriam Makeba—African singer. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, April 20, at 8:40.)

John Boyden—Baritone. (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Monday, April 22, at 8:30.)

Mischa Elman—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, April 22, at 8:30.)

Vera Tisheff—Piano. (Town Hall. Monday, April 22, at 8:30.)

Fernando Germani—Organ, with a chamber orchestra made up of thirty-five members of the New York Philharmonic conducted by Alfredo Antonini. A benefit for the Hudson Valley International Cultural Centre. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Tuesday, April 23, at 8:30.)

Cesare Valletti—Tenor, in a recital postponed from Jan. 31. (Town Hall. Wednesday, April 24, at 8:30.)

Daniel Abrams—In the last in a series of concerts presenting the Mozart cycle of piano sonatas. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Wednesday, April 24, at 8:30.)

Erica Morini and Mieczyslaw Horszowski—Violin and piano, in a program of sonatas by Mozart and Beethoven. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. TR 9-5512. Thursday, April 25, at 8:30. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left.)

Janáček, Schubert, and Stravinsky—The third in a series of five chamber-music concerts, this one devoted to the works of Schubert and Janáček, performed by Ernst Haefliger, tenor, and Paul Ulanowsky, piano, with assisting artists. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Thursday, April 25, at 8:30. For tickets, call RE 7-8490.)

New York Woodwind Quintet—Chamber music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, April 25, at 8:30.)

Sonya Monosoff and Irene Jacobi—Violin and piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, April 26, at 8:30.)

Alfonso Montecino—Piano. (Town Hall. Saturday, April 27, at 5:15.)

MISCELLANY

Benefit Concert—Alfred Heberer and Waldemar Link directing the Liederkranz Symphony Orchestra and several choruses, with Jean Madeira, contralto; Lauritz Melchior, tenor; Gerhard Pechner, bass-baritone; and others. A benefit for the Isabella Home for the Aged and several other charities. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, April 27, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

Baseball—Games begin at 2—At the **polo grounds**: Mets vs. Milwaukee, Friday and Saturday, April 19-20, and Sunday, April 21 (doubleheader). . . . **yankee stadium**: Yankees vs. Boston, Tuesday, April 23. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Chicago, Wednesday, April 24. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Cleveland, Saturday, April 27.

Crew—Childs Cup Regatta: Columbia, Pennsylvania, and Princeton. (Princeton. Saturday, April 27.)

Horse Show—Boulder Brook Spring Horse Show. (Scarsdale. Saturday and Sunday, April 27-28.)

Hunt Racing—Middleburg Hunt Race Association. (Middleburg, Va. Saturday, April 20.) . . . ¶ Grand National Point-to-Point. (Butler, Md. Saturday, April 20.) . . . ¶ Maryland Hunt Cup Association. (Glyndon, Md. Saturday, April 27.)

Indoor Polo—The last two games of the season, plus a spot of Rugby. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. EN 9-6320. Saturday, April 20, at 8:30.)

Racing—At **aqueduct**: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, June 1. The Wood Memorial, Saturday, April 20; the Toboggan Handicap, Monday, April 22; and the Grey Lag Handicap, Saturday, April 27. . . . **garden state park**, Camden, N.J.: Tuesdays through Saturdays at 2:30, from Saturday, April 27, through Thursday, May 30. . . . **laurel**, Md.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Wednesday, May 1. The Laurel Handicap, Saturday, April 20.

Track—Boston Marathon, starting in Hopkinton, Mass. (Friday, April 19.) . . . ¶ Penn Relays. (Franklin Field, Philadelphia. Friday and Saturday, April 26-27.)

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8:15; through Tuesday, May 21.

FOR CHILDREN

Operetta—The Blue Hill Troupe presenting a performance, primarily for children, of Gilbert and Sullivan's "Iolanthe." For the benefit of the Vocational Advisory Service. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Saturday, April 20, at 2:30. For tickets, call RH 4-8563.)

Stage Shows—By the **children's fine arts guild**: "Ching-ling and the Magic Peach." (Village South Theatre, 15 Vandam St. CH 3-0153. Thursday through Saturday, April 18-20, and Saturday, April 27, at 1:30 and 3.) . . . **harnick-adams productions**: "Young Jefferson," Thursday, April 18, and Saturday, April 20, at 1 and 3. . . . ¶ "Young Tom Edison," Friday, April 19, at 1 and 3. . . . ¶ "Young Abe Lincoln," Sunday, April 21, at 1:30. (Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 W. 13th St. CH 3-6800.) . . . **hilltop productions**: "Peter Rabbit." (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177. Thursday through Sunday, April 18-21, at 1, 2:15, and 3:30.) . . . **horizons children's theatre**: "Contrary Mary and Dr. Jingle." (Rodale Theatre, 62 E. 4th St. GR 5-9496. Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 2 and 4.) . . . **merri-mimes**: "Pinocchio." (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, April 20, at 11.) . . . ¶ "Sleeping Beauty." (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Saturdays at 1, 2:30, and 4.) . . . **musical theatre for children**: "Little Red Riding Hood." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Thursday and Friday, April 18-19, at 1:30, and Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 3:30.) . . . **music box theatre for children**: "Tom Sawyer," Thursday through Saturday, April 18-20, at 1:30. . . . ¶ "Heidi," Thursday through Saturday, April 18-20, at 3, and Sunday, April 21, at 1. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-9609.) . . . **paper bag players**: "Group Soup." (East End Theatre, 85 E. 4th St. AL 4-9520. Thursday, April 18, at 1 and 3; Friday and Saturday, April 19-20, at 3; and Saturday, April 27, at 1 and 3.) . . . **peppermint players**: "Jack and the Beanstalk." (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Thursday through Saturday, April 18-20, at 12:30, 2, and 3:30, and Sunday, April 21, at 1.) . . . **pickwick puppet theatre**: "Just So Stories." (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Thursday and Friday, April 18-19, at 2; Saturdays at 1:30 and 3; and Sundays at 2.) . . . **stage 73**: "The Enchanted Forest." (321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Thursday through Sunday, April 18-21, at 1 and 3.) . . . **traveling playhouse**: "Topsy Turvy Genii." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Thursday, April 18, at 11 and 1.)

Folk-Song Recital—Pete Seeger. (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Sunday, April 21, at 2:30.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show is called "Stories in the Stars;" through April 29. (Thursday and Friday, April 18-19, at 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 8:30. Thereafter Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays, at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11. Children under five not admitted.)

Children's Zoos—In CENTRAL PARK: Nature, represented by affable sheep, monkeys, mice, raccoons, and so on, and Art, represented by a Peppermint Stick House, Noah's Ark, a storybook castle, and so on, are about on equal terms in this annex to the adult Zoo. (Daily 10 to 4:30. Except on Mondays, adults are admitted only if accompanied by a child.) . . . ¶ At the BRONX ZOO: In this small-scale menagerie, the youngsters will find a new crop of baby lambs, kids, piglets, rabbits, and kittens that can be petted as well as admired. (Open, weather permitting, weekdays 10:30 to 4:30 and Sundays 10:30 to 5. Adults are admitted only if accompanied by a child.)

OTHER EVENTS

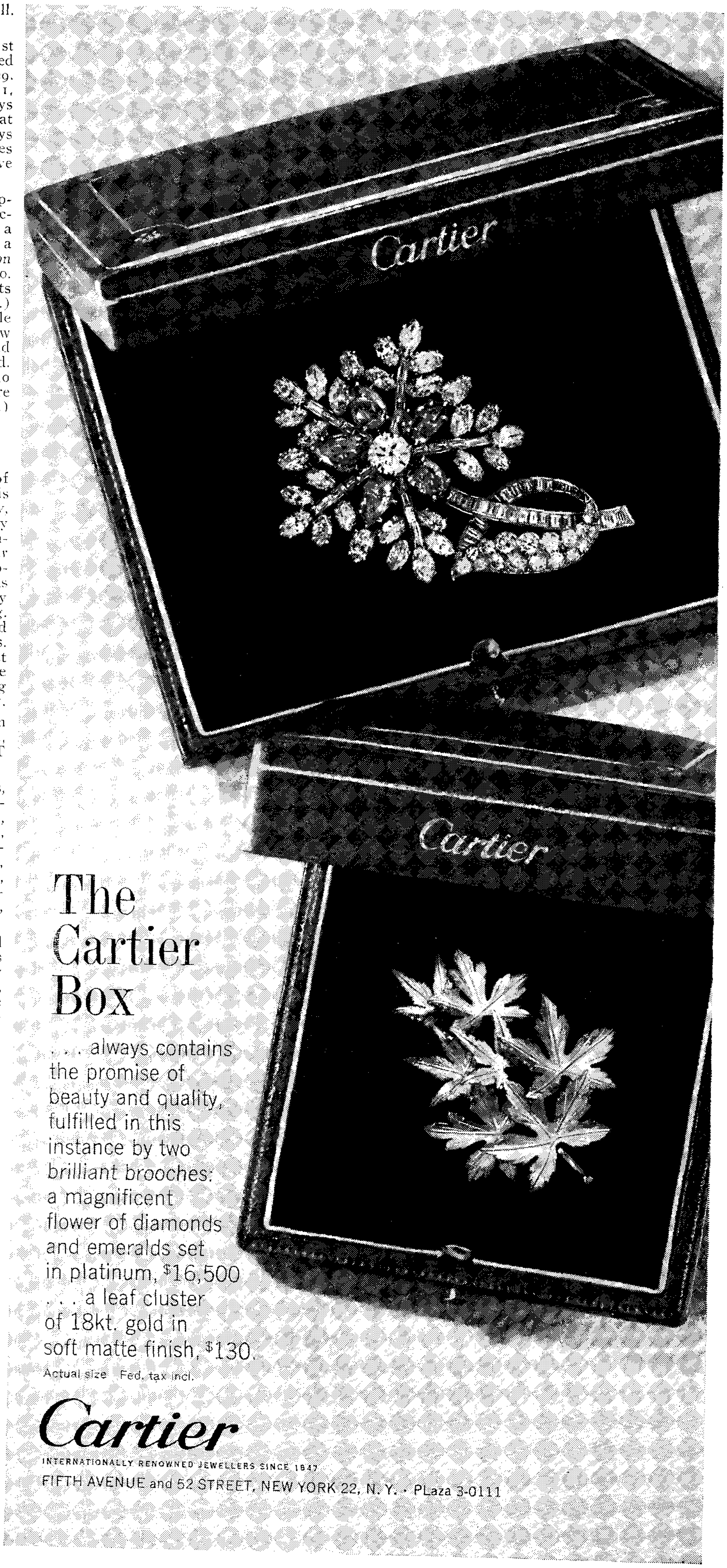
United Nations—Visitors may attend sessions of the Economic and Social Council (which is *tentatively scheduled to adjourn Friday*, April 19), periodic meetings of the Security Council, and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.). . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

Poetry Readings—Thomas Kinsella reading from his own works. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Thursday, April 18, at 6:30.)

International Automobile Show—The latest cars, including sports, luxury, and economy models, from the United States, England, France, Germany, Italy, Sweden, the Netherlands, Japan, Israel, and Czechoslovakia. In addition, there is a collection of classic, antique, experimental, and racing cars. (Coliseum, Columbus Circle. Thursday through Saturday, April 18-20, from 11 to 11, and Sunday, April 21, from 1 to 8.)

Flower Shows—The Botanical Garden's annual Easter display is highlighted by Easter lilies and spring bulbs in the conservatory. (New York Botanical Garden, Bronx Park. Daily, 10 to 4; through Friday, April 26.) . . . ¶ The April Garden Show presented by the Horticultural Society of New York. (Essex House, 160 Central Park S. Wednesday, April 24, from 12:30 to 4.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday and Friday, April 18-19, at 1:45: Jade, coral, and other semiprecious-mineral carvings; jade jewelry; snuff bottles; early dynastic pottery and porcelains; Chinese, Siamese, and Indian sculptures; and Chinese and Japanese screens. The property of Ferdinand Ponthier and others. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 20, at 1:45: French and other furniture, Oriental Lowestoft porcelain, paintings, and rugs; from several collectors, among them Mrs. D. H. Israel. . . . ¶ Tuesday, April 23, at 1:45: Autographs and historical documents from the estate of F. G. Sweet and from other sources, together with Oriental manuscripts from the collection of William Randolph Hearst. . . . NOTE: Prior to its sale at Christie's, in London, on May 29th, Lord Brownlow's collection of silver bearing the royal arms of past kings and queens of England will be exhibited at Duveen Brothers, 18 E. 79th St. Among the items are a dinner service of a hundred pieces, each bearing the arms of George III; a huge wine cistern with its handles fashioned as a lion and a unicorn; and a set of four William and Mary sconces. For the benefit of the Shaker Community of Hancock, Massachusetts. (Weekdays, 10 to 5:30; through Tuesday, April 30.)



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

The Balcony—Jean Genet's dark comedy has been brought to the screen by Joseph Strick and Ben Maddow, who have had the good sense to take many liberties with it. A dazzling picture, with Shelley Winters, Peter Falk, Lee Grant, and Kent Smith. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663.)

A Child Is Waiting—A misguided but conscientious attempt to examine the problem of retarded children. Burt Lancaster and Judy Garland are the tactful stars. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through April 20.)

David and Lisa—A study of adolescent schizophrenia. Two troubled children are affectingly portrayed by Keir Dullea and Janet Margolin, and Howard Da Silva is the doctor who helps. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

Days of Wine and Roses—Wonderful performances by Jack Lemmon and Lee Remick justify your enduring a repellent story, on a level slightly above soap opera, about a young couple hitting the bottle and trying to stop. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through April 21. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through April 23. . . . ¶ 72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through April 23, tentative. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting April 22. . . . ¶ New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting April 24, evening performances only.)

Divorce–Italian Style—An exceedingly funny farce, set in Sicily and featuring Marcello Mastroianni as a bored husband bent on murdering his tiresome wife. The director, Pietro Germi, has made the most of his outrageous opportunities. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

Electra—A gloomy story about a family of highborn losers, admirably filmed in authentic Greek settings by Michael Cacoyannis and starring Irene Papas, who is a born smolderer. (Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; through April 23.)

The Four Days of Naples—In which we see how, shortly after the Italian surrender in the Second World War, a handful of Neapolitans rose up and overthrew their Nazi oppressors. A brilliant essay in the documentary form by the Italian director Nanni Loy. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

Freud—An ardent, honest, but implausibly glib account of the origins of psychoanalysis, directed by John Huston and starring a frightened-looking Montgomery Clift. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014.)

Lawrence of Arabia—David Lean has ably directed an enormous cast (Peter O'Toole, Alec Guinness, Anthony Quinn, et al.) in this stirring chronicle of two years in the life of a twentieth-century hero, who, like most of our heroes, is often unlikeable and still more often incomprehensible. The natural backgrounds—Jordan and Spain—are breathtaking. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, Sundays, and Thursday and Friday, April 18-19, at 2. Reserved seats only.)

Lazarillo—A beguiling adaptation of the famous sixteenth-century Spanish novel. The hero is a resourceful urchin, ably played by Marco Paoletti, and the settings are the genuine Spanish article, wonderfully photographed. (Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.)

Long Day's Journey Into Night—A great play about a thoroughly wretched family eludes the camera, in large part because O'Neill was writing for the ear, not the eye. Making matters worse in three big parts are Katharine Hepburn, Ralph Richardson, and Dean Stockwell, though Jason Robards, Jr., is fine in the fourth big part. (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313; through April 23. . . . ¶ Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; and Olympia, B'way at 107th, UN 5-8128; starting April 24.)

The Longest Day—Darryl Zanuck's painstaking rendition, on vivid black-and-white film, of the well-known account of D Day written by Cornelius Ryan. The scale is so big that one gets a sense mostly of surface, on which heroically crawl many hundreds of tiny figures, among them Richard Burton, John Wayne, Henry Fonda, and Red Buttons. (Warner, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8:15 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, Sundays, and Thursday and Friday, April 18-19, at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Mutiny on the Bounty—A five-hundred-million-dollar spectacle about low deeds on the high seas and romance among the Minsky maidens of Tahiti. Marlon Brando with a B.B.C. accent is Fletcher Christian, and Trevor Howard is a devilish Captain Bligh. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, Sundays, and Thursday and Friday, April 18-19, at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

7 Capital Sins—A nosegay of short studies of those famous old sins, most of which turn out to be charming. Among the directors are Philippe de Broca, Roger Vadim, and Jean-Luc Godard, and among the performers are Eddie Constantine, Marie-Jose Nat, and Claude Brasseur. (New Embassy, B'way at 46th, PL 7-2408.)

Sundays and Cybèle—A beautifully photographed and acted French love story, whose principals are Hardy Kruger, as a war veteran suffering from amnesia; Nicole Courcel, as a nurse who loves him; and Patricia Gozzi, as the entrancing, dangerously amorous child who steals his heart. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

The Trial—Orson Welles has perversely brought his best gifts to bear on the worst possible material. Kafka's eerie novel is deliberately non-pictorial, and Welles' fancy camera work falsifies it at every turn. The cast includes Anthony Perkins, Jeanne Moreau, Romy Schneider, Elsa Martinelli, and the Master himself. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

The Ugly American—Marlon Brando in perfect control of his great talent, in a robust and successful melodrama about diplomatic difficulties somewhere East of Suez. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633; and Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262.)

West Side Story—Bigger but not better than the Broadway original, this gaudy study of J.D.s in torment is marvellously danced and photographed, but for anyone over twenty it is apt to prove more wearying than exciting. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through April 21. . . . ¶ Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through April 23.)

The Wrong Arm of the Law—Peter Sellers as the head of a London mob and the proprietor of a fancy dressmaking establishment. Attractive nonsense, with Sellers in fine form and backed by a splendid company of cops and crooks. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, PL 1-1535; and 5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339.)

REVIVALS

Advise and Consent (1962)—A melodrama of intrigue in the United States Senate, with Walter Pidgeon, Charles Laughton, and Henry Fonda. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; April 21-23.)

An American in Paris (1951)—Gershwin's tunes and plenty of dancing. With Gene Kelly and Leslie Caron. (New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through April 23, evening performances only, except Thursday through Sunday.)

L'Atalante (1934)—Jean Vigo's poetic account of a young barge captain on the Seine, who takes a bride and loses her and nearly goes mad before he gets her back. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting April 19.)

L'Avventura (1961)—An Italian film that records a joyless affair between a young man and woman searching for a girl who has disappeared from a volcanic island. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; April 18.)

Bringing up Baby (1938)—Katharine Hepburn (a rich girl), Cary Grant (a scientist), and two leopards (leopards). (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; April 21-22, last showing at 3:15.)

Devil in the Flesh (1949)—The trials and cruelties of adolescent love. A French picture, with Gérard Philipe and Micheline Presle. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting April 22.)

The Five Day Lover (1961)—In Paris, a young man can serve two masters, provided they are really mistresses. Jean-Pierre Cassel, Jean Seberg, and Micheline Presle. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; April 19. . . . ¶ New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting April 24, evening performances only.)

Gervaise (1957)—A French film, based on Zola's "L'Assommoir," with Maria Schell. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; April 19.)

Harold Lloyd's World of Comedy (1962)—Samples of the handiwork of an early master builder of sight gags. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; April 21-22, last showing at 1:40.)

The Magnificent Ambersons (1942)—Orson Welles' treatment of the Tarkington novel. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; April 18.)

The Maltese Falcon (1941)—Humphrey Bogart, Mary Astor, and Sydney Greenstreet in the Dashiell Hammett yarn. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; April 19-22.)

The Notorious Landlady (1962)—A comedy of murder in an English setting, with Fred Astaire and Jack Lemmon as a couple of diplomats at our London embassy. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through April 20.)

Potemkin (1925)—The famous Russian job directed by Eisenstein. In its original (silent) version. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; April 18.)

Room at the Top (1959)—The difficulties of a young man of lowly birth who is trying to make his way upstream against all the social pressures of small-town society. An English film, with Laurence Harvey and Simone Signoret. (Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652; through April 21.)

Saturday Night and Sunday Morning (1961)—Alan Sillitoe's own adaptation of his novel about a defiant young factory worker in a British provincial city. With Albert Finney. (Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652; through April 21.)

School for Scoundrels (1960)—Spirited English fun, based on Stephen Potter's mock-sociological studies of lifemanship and gamesmanship. Alastair Sim, Ian Carmichael, and Terry-Thomas. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting April 24, tentative.)

Show Boat (1951)—The old stern-wheeler. With Kathryn Grayson, Howard Keel, Ava Gardner, and William Warfield. (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313; starting April 24.)

The Threepenny Opera (1931)—Lotte Lenya in a German interpretation of the Bertolt Brecht-Kurt Weill musical. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; April 18.)

Zero for Conduct (1933)—A forty-four-minute-long comedy-fantasy of life among schoolchildren, written and directed by Jean Vigo. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting April 19.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—April 18, at 8 P.M.: "Mildred Pierce" (1945), with Joan Crawford and Jack Carson. . . . ¶ Four programs (tentative schedule) in a series called "Television, U.S.A.: Thirteen Seasons," showings at 5:30; on Saturdays (unless the construction work going on next door interferes) and Sundays at 3 also. April 18: Camera 3, "The Stamp of Steinberg" (1960); and C.B.S. Reports, "Biography of a Missile" (1959). April 19-20: Gunsmoke, "The Exurbanites" (1960); and Project 20, "The Real West" (1961). April 21-22: N.B.C. White Paper No. 2, "Sit-in" (1960); and Twentieth Century, "Burma Surgeon" (1961). Starting April 23: C.B.S. Reports, "Harvest of Shame" (1960); and Camera 3, "Actors Choice No. 7" (1960). (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				18	19	20
21	22	23	24			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
Through April 23: "Nine Hours to Rama," Horst Buchholz, José Ferrer.
From April 24: "Love Is a Ball," Glenn Ford, Hope Lange.

CINERAMA, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"How the West Was Won." (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Extra performances Thursday and Friday, April 18-19, at 10:30 and 2:30, and Saturday, April 20, at 10. Reserved seats only.)

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
LAWRENCE OF ARABIA.

DE MILLE, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"Lafayette," Jack Hawkins, Orson Welles.

FORUM, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"Mondo Cane," an Italian documentary film, with an English narration.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Bye Bye Birdie," Janet Leigh, Dick Van Dyke.

NEW EMBASSY, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
7 CAPITAL SINS (in French).

PALACE, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
"The Birds," Rod Taylor, Jessica Tandy.

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400)
"My Six Loves," Debbie Reynolds, Cliff Robertson.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
THE UGLY AMERICAN; and "Happy Anniversary," a French short film.

STATE, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY.

TOHO CINEMA, 209 W. 45th. (LT 1-1788)
"Happiness of Us Alone" (in Japanese), Hideko Takamine.

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
Through April 23: "The Courtship of Eddie's Father," Glenn Ford, Shirley Jones.
From April 24: "Magnificent Sinner," Romy Schneider, Curt Jurgens.

WARNER, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
THE LONGEST DAY.

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
FREUD.

NEW CHARLES, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210; evening performances only, except Thursday through Sunday.)
Through April 23: **AN AMERICAN IN PARIS**, revival; and "Seven Brides for Seven Brothers," revival, Jane Powell, Howard Keel.
From April 24: **DAYS OF WINE AND ROSES**; and **THE FIVE DAY LOVER** (in French), revival.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
"To Kill a Mockingbird," Gregory Peck, Mary Badham; and "Showdown," Audie Murphy, Kathleen Crowley.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through April 23: **DAYS OF WINE AND ROSES.**
From April 24 (tentative): **SCHOOL FOR SCOUNDRELS**, revival; and "Son of Flubber," Fred MacMurray, Nancy Olson.

KIPS BAY, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through April 23 (tentative): "Son of Flubber," Fred MacMurray, Nancy Olson.
From April 24: To be announced.

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
Through April 21: **ROOM AT THE TOP**, revival; and **SATURDAY NIGHT AND SUNDAY MORNING**, revival.
From April 22: "The Law" (in Italian; formerly called "Where the Hot Wind Blows"), revival, Gina Lollobrigida, Yves Montand.

TRANS-LUX 52ND ST., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
Through April 21: "My Six Loves," Debbie Reynolds, Cliff Robertson.
From April 22: "Time Out for Love" (in French), Jean Seberg, Micheline Presle.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The Birds," Rod Taylor, Jessica Tandy.

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
THE UGLY AMERICAN.

R.K.O. 58TH ST., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through April 20: "The Man from the Diners' Club," Danny Kaye, Martha Hyer; and "Carry On Teacher," Kenneth Connor.
From April 21: "To Kill a Mockingbird," Gregory Peck, Mary Badham.

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
SUNDAYS AND CYBÈLE (in French).

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
DAVID AND LISA.

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
THE BALCONY.

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (PL 1-1535)
THE WRONG ARM OF THE LAW.

CINEMA I (PL 3-6022) and **CINEMA II** (PL 3-0774), 3rd Ave. at 60th.
"Landru" (in French), Michèle Morgan, Charles Denner; and "Happy Anniversary," a French short film.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
THE FOUR DAYS OF NAPLES (in Italian).

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
WEST SIDE STORY.

TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
Through April 23: **LONG DAY'S JOURNEY INTO NIGHT.**
From April 24: **SHOW BOAT**, revival.

72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through April 23 (tentative): **DAYS OF WINE AND ROSES.**
From April 24: To be announced.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through April 23: "Nine Hours to Rama," Horst Buchholz, José Ferrer.
From April 24: "Love Is a Ball," Glenn Ford, Hope Lange.

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
"To Kill a Mockingbird," Gregory Peck, Mary Badham; and "Showdown," Audie Murphy, Kathleen Crowley.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through April 22: "The Man from the Diners' Club," Danny Kaye, Martha Hyer; and "Carry On Teacher," Kenneth Connor.
April 23: "The Student Prince," revival, Ann Blyth, Edmund Purdom; and "Brigadoon," revival, Gene Kelly, Van Johnson.
From April 24: **LONG DAY'S JOURNEY INTO NIGHT.**

WEST SIDE

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
April 18: **POTEMKIN** (silent); and **L'AVVENTURA** (in Italian), revival.
April 19-22: **THE MALTESE FALCON**, revival; and "Mr. Arkadin," Orson Welles, Michael Redgrave.
From April 23: "The Army Game" (in French), Christian de Tilière.

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through April 21: **WEST SIDE STORY.**
From April 22: **DAYS OF WINE AND ROSES**; and "The Road to Hong Kong," revival, Bob Hope, Bing Crosby.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through April 21: **DAYS OF WINE AND ROSES.**
From April 22: **DEVIL IN THE FLESH** (in French), revival; and "Oedipus Rex," revival, performed by the Stratford, Ontario, Shakespearean Festival players.

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
THE WRONG ARM OF THE LAW.

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through April 23: "The Man from the Diners' Club," Danny Kaye, Martha Hyer; and "Carry On Teacher," Kenneth Connor.
From April 24: **LONG DAY'S JOURNEY INTO NIGHT.**

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through April 20: **A CHILD IS WAITING**; and **THE NOTORIOUS LANDLADY**, revival.
April 21-23: **ADVISE AND CONSENT**, revival; and "The Pigeon That Took Rome," revival, Charlton Heston, Elsa Martinelli.
From April 24 (tentative): "Love and Larceny" (in Italian), Vittorio Gassman, Anna Maria Ferrero.

R.K.O. 23RD ST., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
"Fiasco in Milan" (in Italian), Vittorio Gassman, Claudia Cardinale.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
THE TRIAL.

55TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"The Playboy of the Western World," Siobhan McKenna, Gary Raymond.

TRANS-LUX NORMANDIE, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
LAZARILLO (in Spanish).

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
"Mondo Cane," an Italian documentary film, with an English narration.

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"Love and Larceny" (in Italian), Vittorio Gassman, Anna Maria Ferrero.

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
DIVORCE—ITALIAN STYLE (in Italian).

LOEW'S 83RD ST., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through April 23: "The Man from the Diners' Club," Danny Kaye, Martha Hyer; and "Carry On Teacher," Kenneth Connor.
From April 24: **LONG DAY'S JOURNEY INTO NIGHT.**

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
April 18: **THE MAGNIFICENT AMBERSONS**, revival; and "The Great Man Votes," revival, John Barrymore.
April 19: **GERVAISE** and **THE FIVE DAY LOVER** (both in French and both revivals).
April 20: "Ex-Lady," revival, Bette Davis, Gene Raymond; and "Baby Face," revival, Barbara Stanwyck, John Wayne.
April 21-22 (last showing at 1:40): **BRINGING UP BABY**, revival; and **HAROLD LLOYD'S WORLD OF COMEDY**, revival.
April 22, at 6, 8, and 10: "Moby Dick," revival, John Barrymore, Dolores Costello.
From April 23: "Love Me Tonight," revival, Maurice Chevalier, Jeanette MacDonald; and "Laughter," revival, Fredric March, Nancy Carroll.

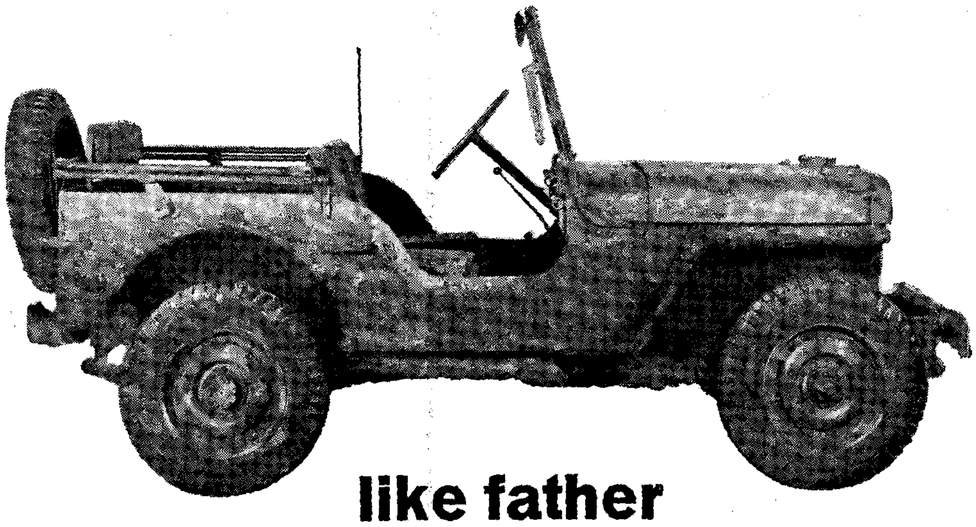
SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through April 23: **WEST SIDE STORY.**
From April 24: "Nine Hours to Rama," Horst Buchholz, José Ferrer; and "Woman Obsessed," revival, Susan Hayward, Stephen Boyd.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
April 18: **THE THREEPENNY OPERA** (in German), revival; and "Time in the Sun," revival, a documentary on Mexico.
From April 19: **ZERO FOR CONDUCT** and **L'ATALANTE** (both in French and both revivals).

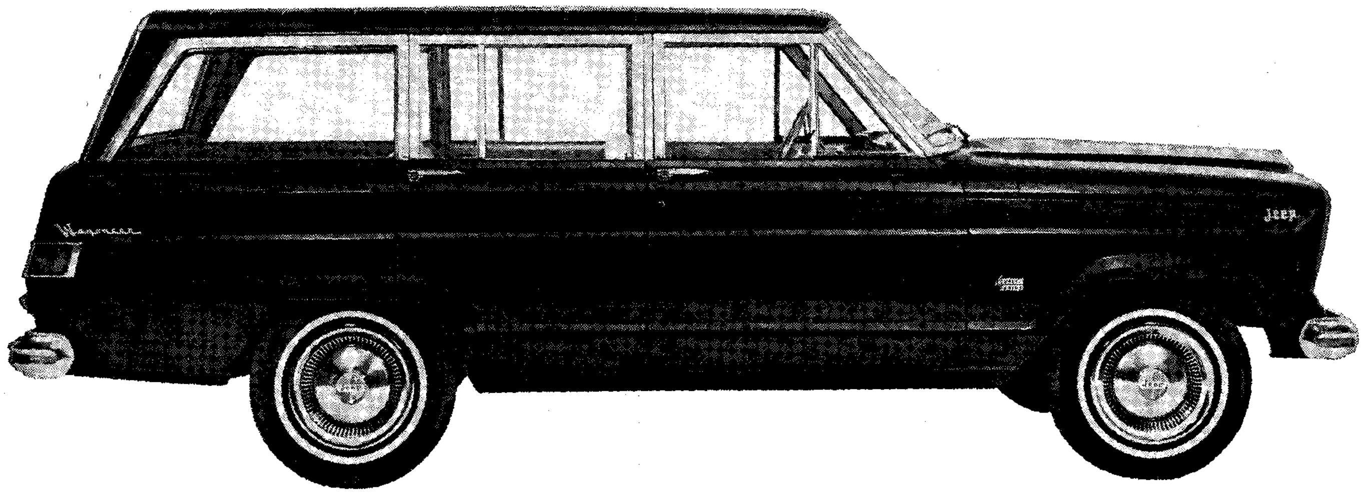
RIVERSIDE, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
"Son of Flubber," Fred MacMurray, Nancy Olson; and "The Legend of Lobo," a full-length Walt Disney film.

MIDTOWN, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200)
Through April 23: **ELECTRA** (in Greek).
From April 24: To be announced.

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
Through April 23: "The Man from the Diners' Club," Danny Kaye, Martha Hyer; and "Carry On Teacher," Kenneth Connor.
From April 24: **LONG DAY'S JOURNEY INTO NIGHT.**



like father



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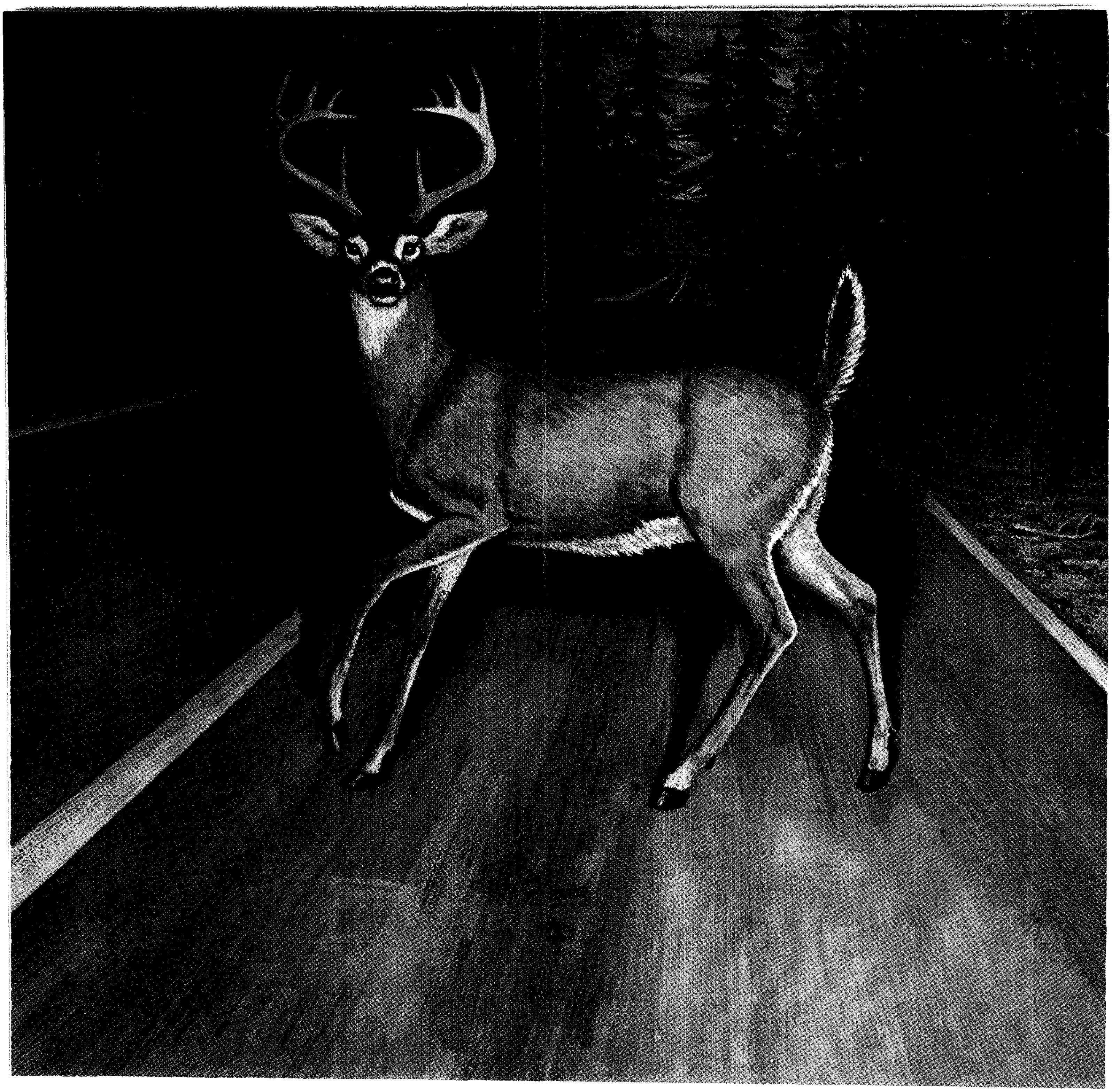

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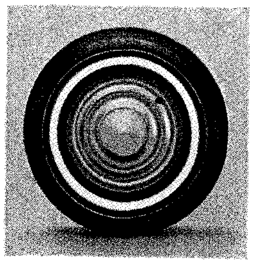

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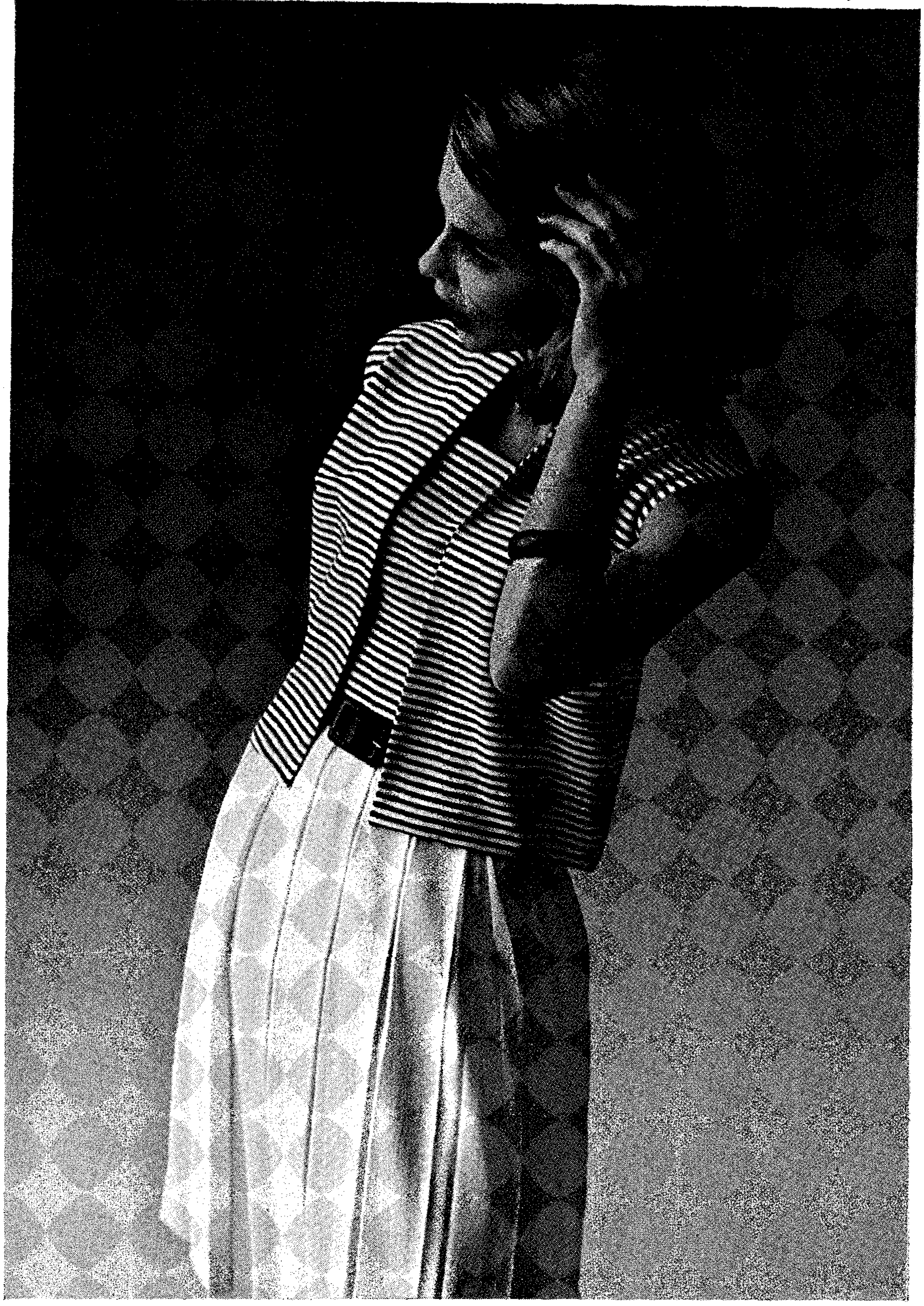

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Arnel...a Celanese contemporary fiber

"I can't get my brother's pants over his shoes!"

The young man had a problem.

He was quite serious about it as he dialed the telephone operator.

"What's wrong?" she asked.

"Nobody's home and I can't get my brother's pants on over his shoes!"

"Why don't you try taking off his shoes and *then* putting on his pants?" the operator gently suggested.

There was a long pause, some heavy breathing, then finally, "Gee, that works swell! Thanks."

* * *

This little story is true. And it tells something of the spirit that thousands of telephone people bring along with them to their work each day.

There are no written rules in the Bell System on how to assist bewildered small boys, or others in need of some neighborly service that falls in our line.

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Steuben invites you to "Poetry in Crystal"

A unique exhibition combining the literary and visual arts

Now through May 18, you may see the results of a creative adventure. It began in the spring of 1961. Steuben Glass and the Poetry Society of America set out to discover if the *spirit* of a poem could be expressed in crystal.

> *Karl Shapiro, William Carlos Williams, Conrad Aiken, Marianne Moore, W. H. Auden, Theodore Roethke, and other distinguished American writers were invited by the Poetry Society to submit previously unpublished poems.*

As the poems were received, they were given to Steuben's staff of designers. Manuscripts were circulated with the authors' names deleted. In this way, designers would not be influenced by a poet's reputation—only by the content of the poem.

The poems were read and read again. Sketches were made, revised—and often discarded. But slowly, designs were refined and perfected until they captured the mood and theme of each poem.

Then the glassworkers took over. With guidance from the designers, they translated the finished designs into pure crystal.

Success—after two years

Finally, the last piece of crystal sculpture was signed with a diamond-tipped stylus—Steuben's mark of approval.

After two long years, "Poetry in Crystal" had become an artistic achievement.

There are thirty-one crystal pieces in all. Steuben invites you to see them, and to read the poetry that inspired their design, at Steuben Glass—Fifth Avenue at 56th Street. Open Mondays through Saturdays, 9:30 to 5:30.

STEUBEN GLASS

Here are two of the 31 pieces from Steuben's exhibiti
—with the poems that inspired their desig

Glass design by George Th[illegible] · Engraving design by Tom Vincent

ORPHEUS

I must find her
Here in some meadow of myself
The song of an imaginary bird
May be her speech
Or a flower growing in the shade
Of a thought
May have roots that reach
Through the ambiguous shadows
Into the night.
It is my destiny to fracture time
And climb
To silence through the breach,
To touch a memory
And with a word
Kiss it awake.
I sing and as the music
Glistens,
Others see her shape.
I listen but I know
The face is only mist.
The chord I need
Is hidden in my grief.

CECIL HEMLEY

Glass design by Donald Pollard · Engraving design by Frank Eliscu

LEAVING

As we left the garden-party
By the far gate,
There were many loitering on
Who had come late

And a few arriving still,
Though the lawn lay
Like a fast-draining shoal
Of ochre day.

Curt shadows in the grass
Hatched every blade,
And now on pediments
Of mounting shade

Stood all our friends—iconic,
Now, in mien,
Half lost in dignities
Till now unseen.

There were the hostess' hands
Held out to greet
The scholar's limp, his wife's
Quick-pecking feet,

And there was wit's cocked head,
And there the sleek
And gaze-enameled look
Of beauty's cheek.

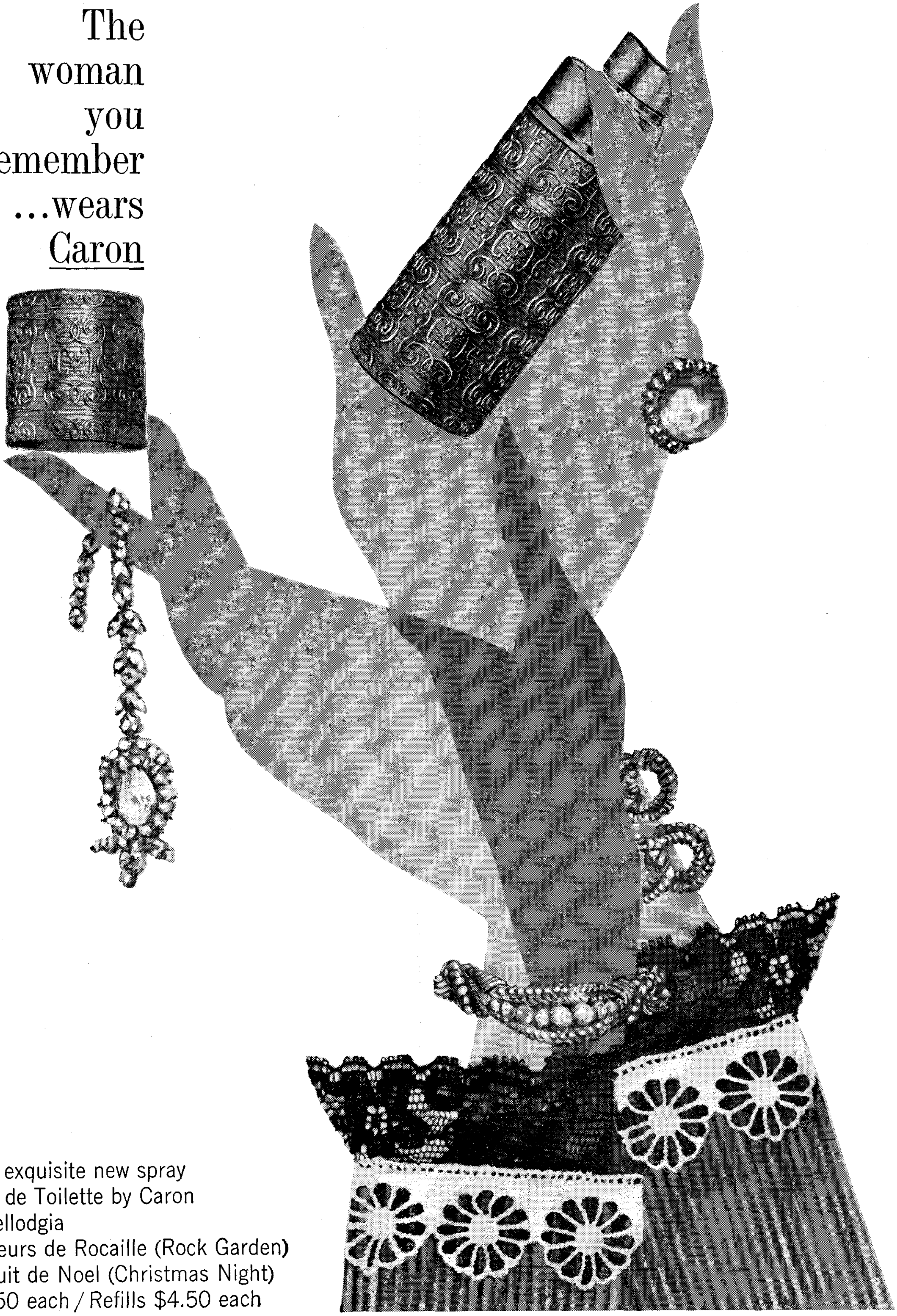
We saw now, loitering there
Knee-deep in night,
How even the wheeling children
Moved in a rite

Or masque, or long charade
Where we, like these,
Had blundered into grand
Identities,

Filling our selves as sculpture
Fills the stone!
We had not played so well,
If we had known.

RICHARD WILBUR

The woman you remember ...wears Caron



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- Fleurs de Rocaille (Rock Garden)
- Nuit de Noel (Christmas Night)

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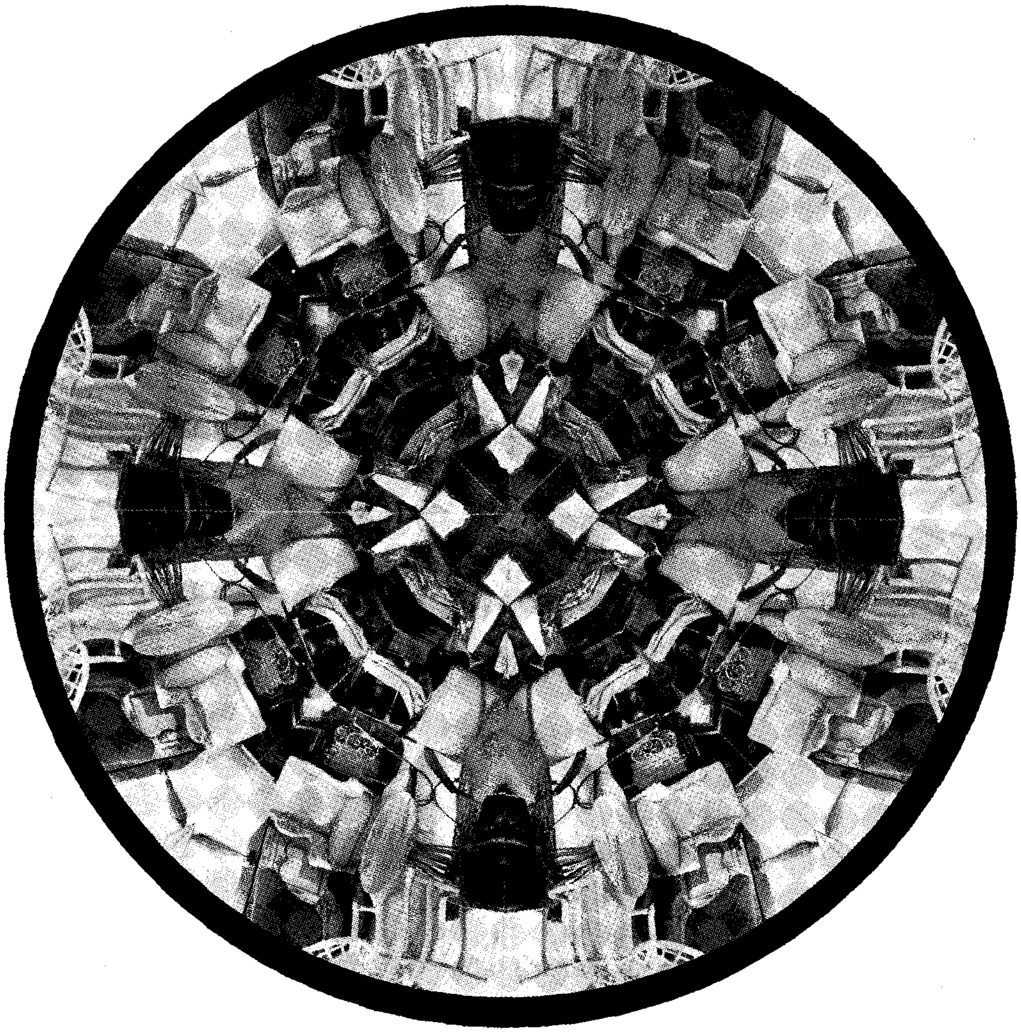

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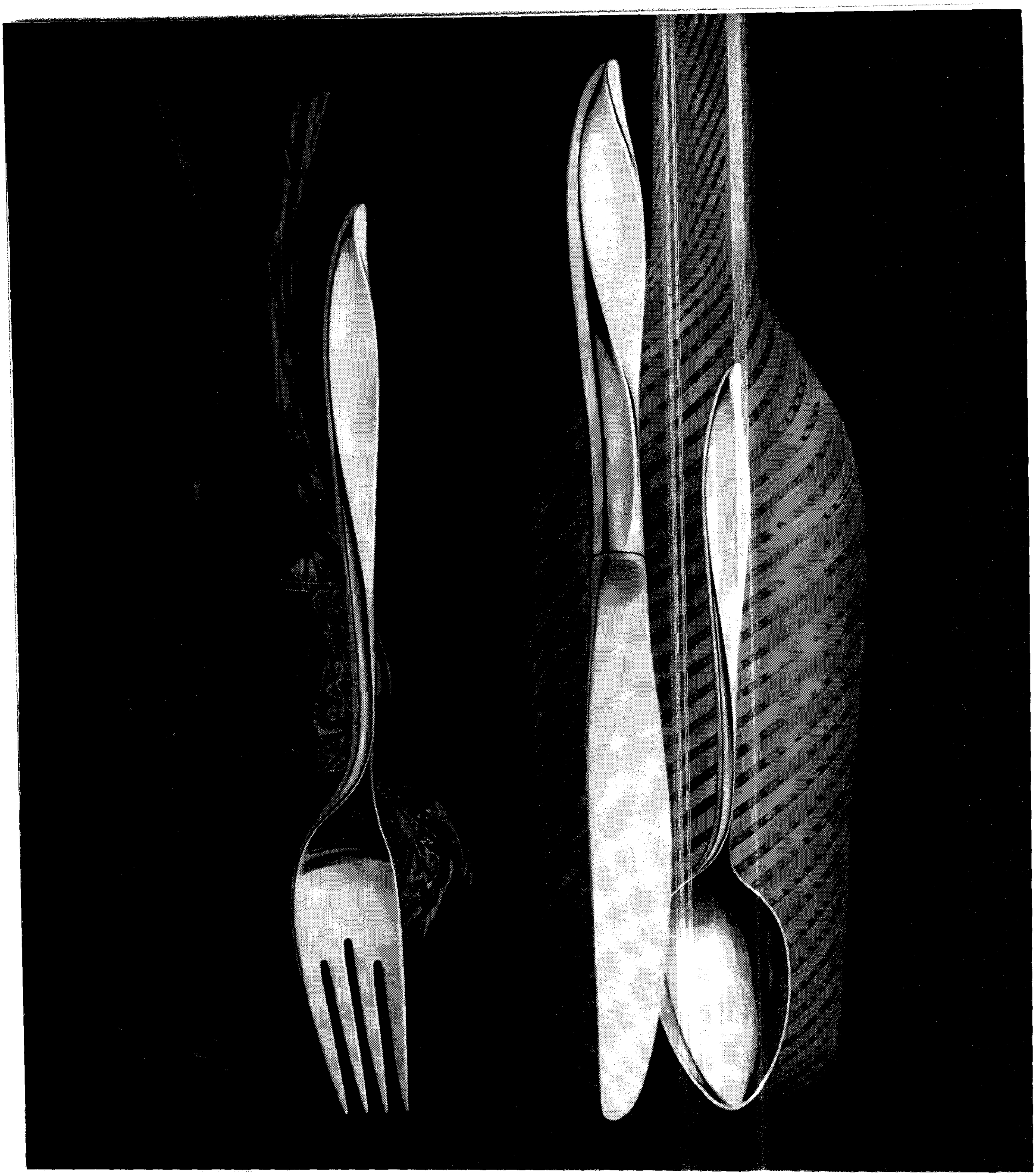

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Point?

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There are nine flights a week to choose from.

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Why not relax in Italian comfort? *Italians know what the word means.* They welcome you aboard as warmly as they would a friend. And they gladly do the little extra things that make a guest feel at ease. What a perfect drink! The sumptuous food! And the service! Staying at home was never like this. It's all so friendly, so Italian. Why not enjoy it wherever you go in Europe?

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AIRLINES

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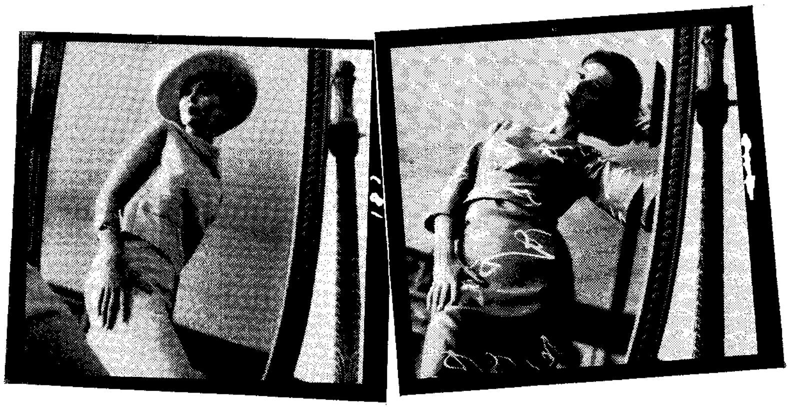
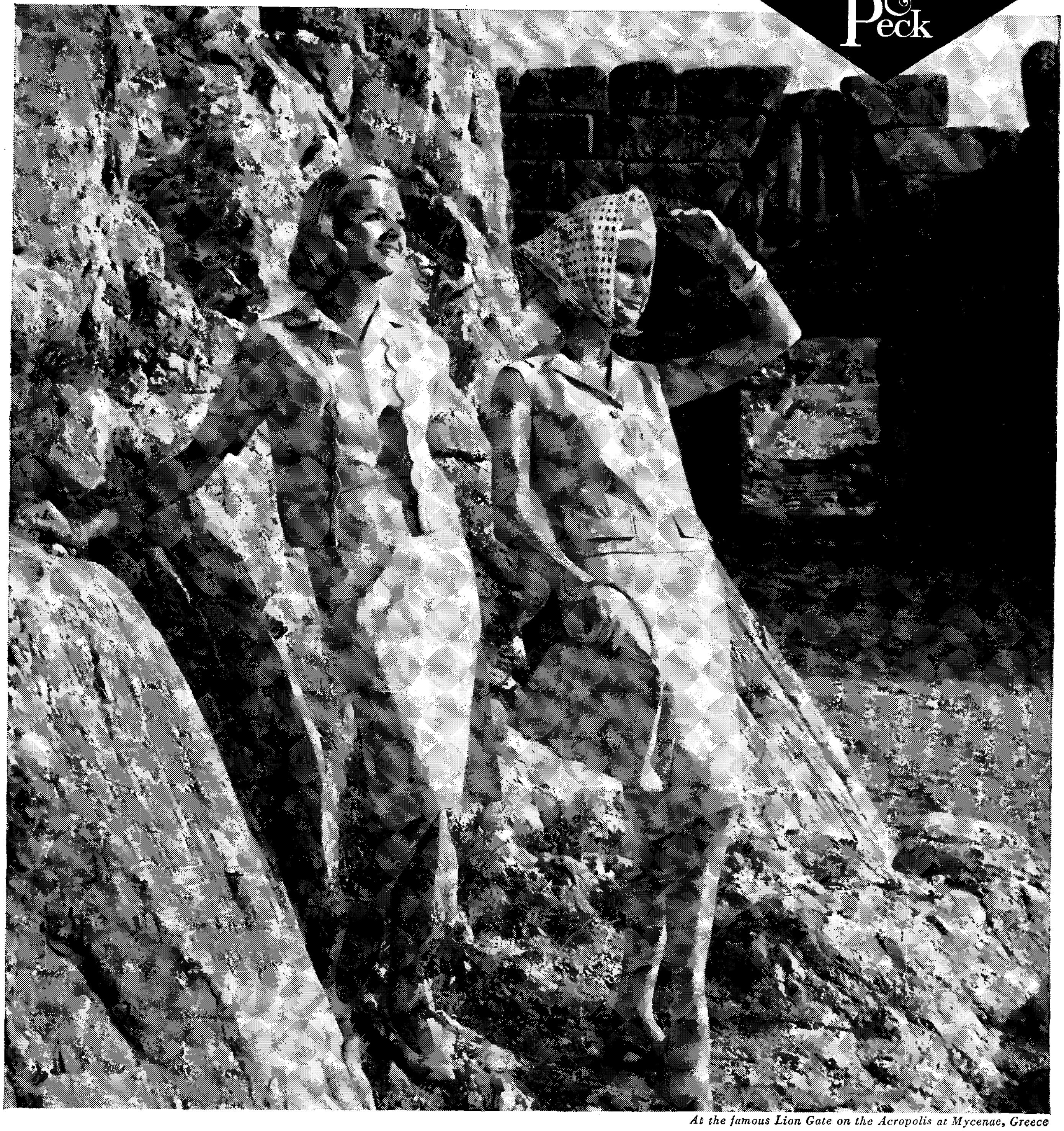
ow does an exciting photographer picture the women he shoots? Creative Art Kane, struck by the elegance of W. K.'s wife and e simple elegance of the clothes she wore, said, "My picture will call attention to this." Above: Mr. Kane photographed otographing W. K.'s wife in the exciting silk linen costume dress, rose or blue, 110.00. Below left: she wears a two-part silk linen th chiffon scarf in mirage with pistachio, sand with gold or pistachio with gold, 70.00. Below right: photogenic Japanese Skywriting silk print dress: blue, flame or sand, 75.00. The places to picture yourself in divine B. H. Wragge designs are: Bonwit Teller, all res; The J. L. Hudson Co., Detroit; Stix, Baer & Fuller, St. Louis; I. Magnin & Co., Calif.; Rich's, Atlanta. 6 to 16 sizes. **B. H. Wragge**

Art Kane Pictures W. K.'s Wife



Peck & Peck



At the famous Lion Gate on the Acropolis at Mycenae, Greece

The Peck & Peck Girl discovers the Fashion in Fortrel in the new pale pastels

The weave is lineny—the fabric, fabulous Celanese Fortrel® polyester and rayon. *Left:* sleeveless blouse and skirt with scalloped cardigan, 8 to 18, *29.95.* *Right:* the new longish overblouse drops over a stem-slim skirt, 8 to 16, *25.00.* Both in cream beige, sky blue or lemon yellow.

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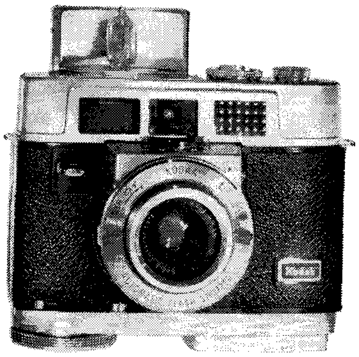

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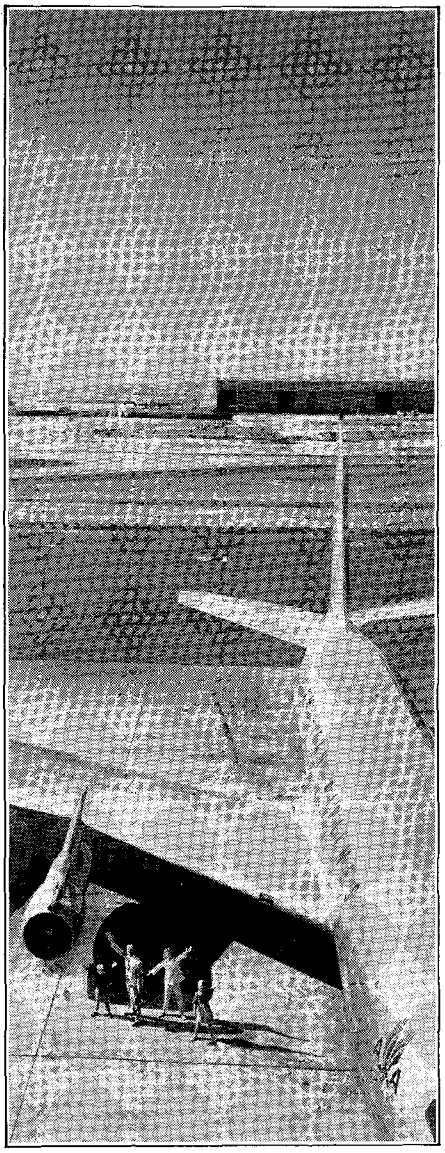
THE PEPPERELL FAMILY'S GRAND TOUR AMERICAN

☆ CHAPTER 6: IN JANTZEN ☆

Being, an excursion for diversion (mainly via American Airlines), always in clothes made of marvelous Pepperell cottons, which are the very best wash-wear kind – being, also, resistant to fading, wrinkling, shrinking.

AMERICAN AIRLINES

1. Wearing a smile and a Jantzen beach shift, bias cut of Pepperell cotton (coral, green, yellow, blue, or white; sizes 8 to 16; about $11), Mother Pepperell went down to the sea to see what was doing.



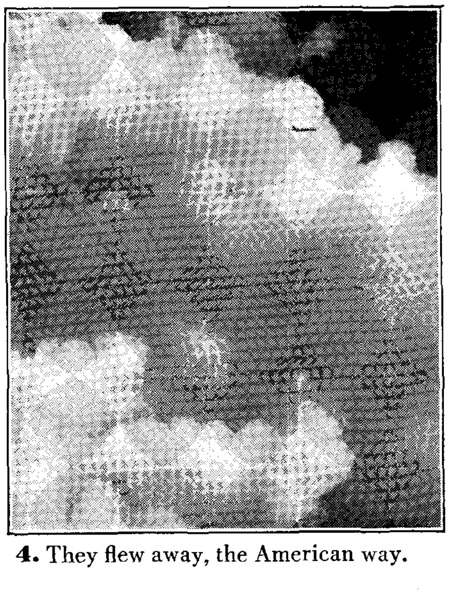
2. She was smiling because the Pepperells had arrived at a decision to take an American Airlines jet and visit the grandest resorts in the whole United States. During the entire trip she planned to wear nothing but great things by Jantzen.

Pepperell
Pepperell
Pepperell
the ultimate in wash and wear

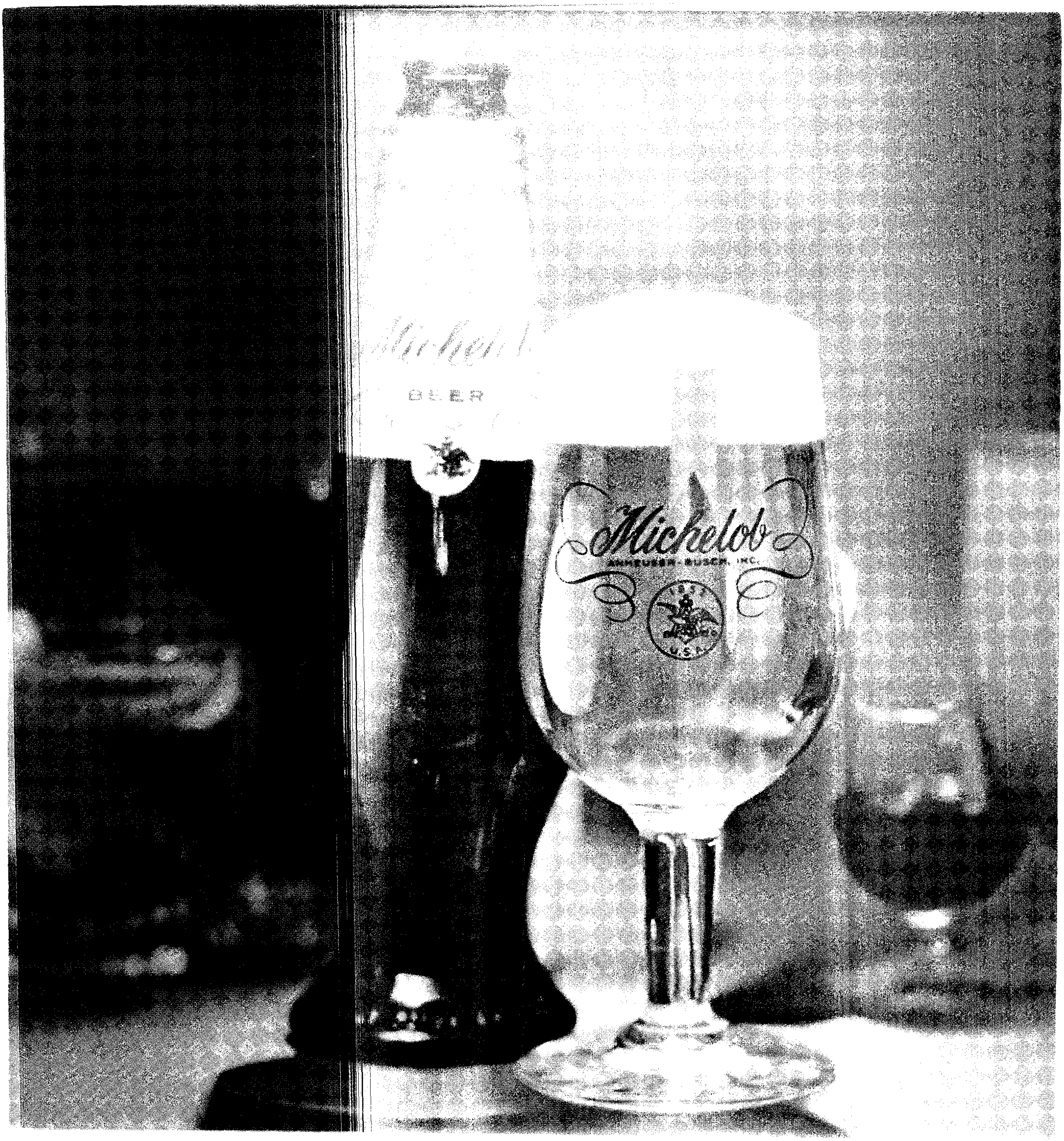
Travel in Jantzen sportswear made of Pepperell cottons, which you can identify by this hang-tag, at: Carson Pirie Scott, Chicago; Bullock's, Los Angeles; Bamberger's, Newark; Abraham & Straus, Brooklyn; Meier & Frank, Portland; Macy's, New York.

AMERICAN
ASTROJ

3. She had seven new pairs of Jantzen cotton pants with side-zipper closing: coral, green, white, yellow, blue, beige, and black. (Sizes 8 to 20, about $7.) Topping them were band-collared, button-front jackets, which she had gotten in coral, green, white, yellow, and blue. (Sizes 8 to 16, about $8.)



4. They flew away, the American way.



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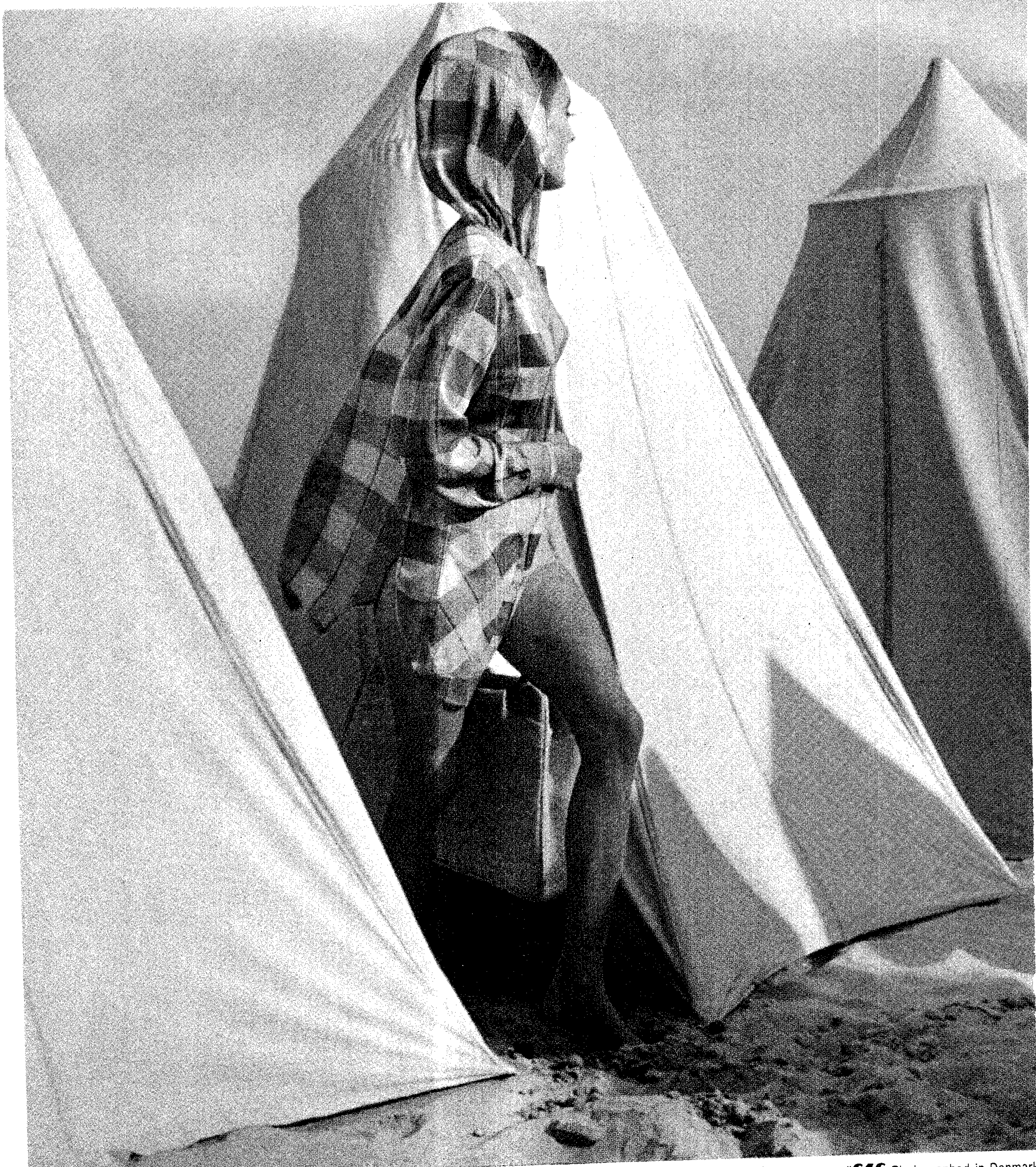

Fly to Europe in Scandinavian Style via SAS. Photographed in Denmark

WONDERFUL, WONDERFUL

Lady Manhattan® The prettiest way to get under cover this season...the Lady Manhattan® hooded beach shirt! In a gay multicolored pastel plaid...it's also the surest way to attract attention! Styled with long, long shirt tails and a larger-than-large pocket...made of 65% Dacron® polyester and 35% cotton voile that's fun to care for because it needs no ironing...tailored with fine Lady Manhattan detailing. Sizes 8 to 18, about $11. Priced slightly higher in the West. Lady Manhattan, 1407 Broadway, New York 18, N. Y. A division of The Manhattan Shirt Company.

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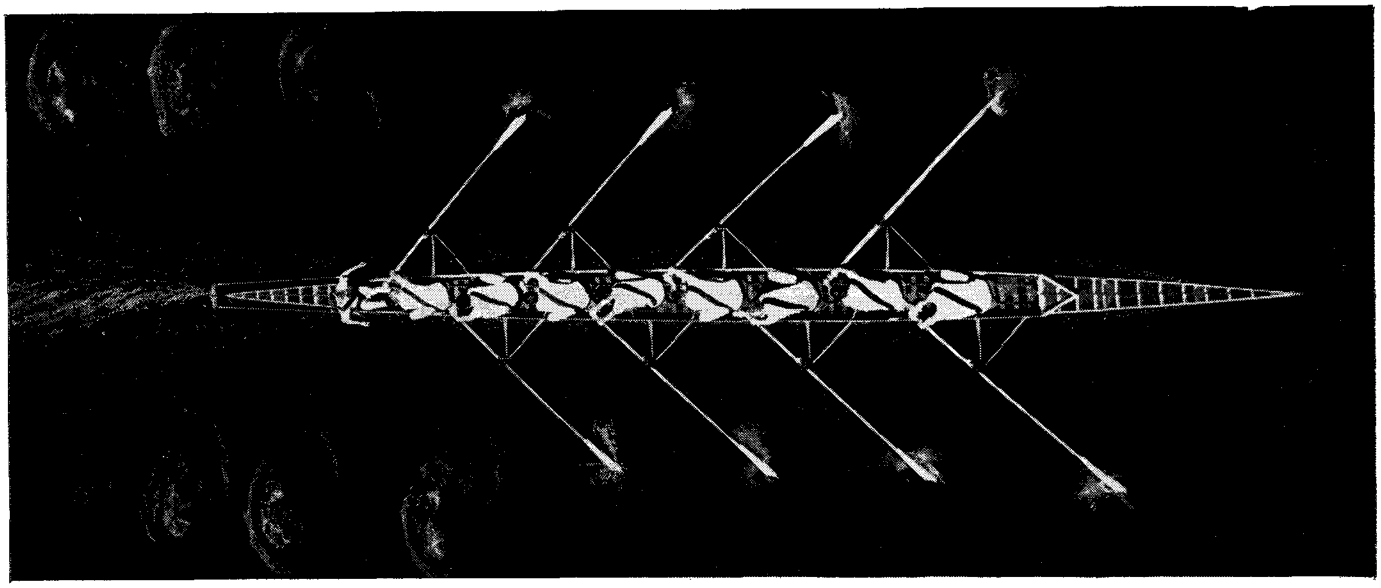

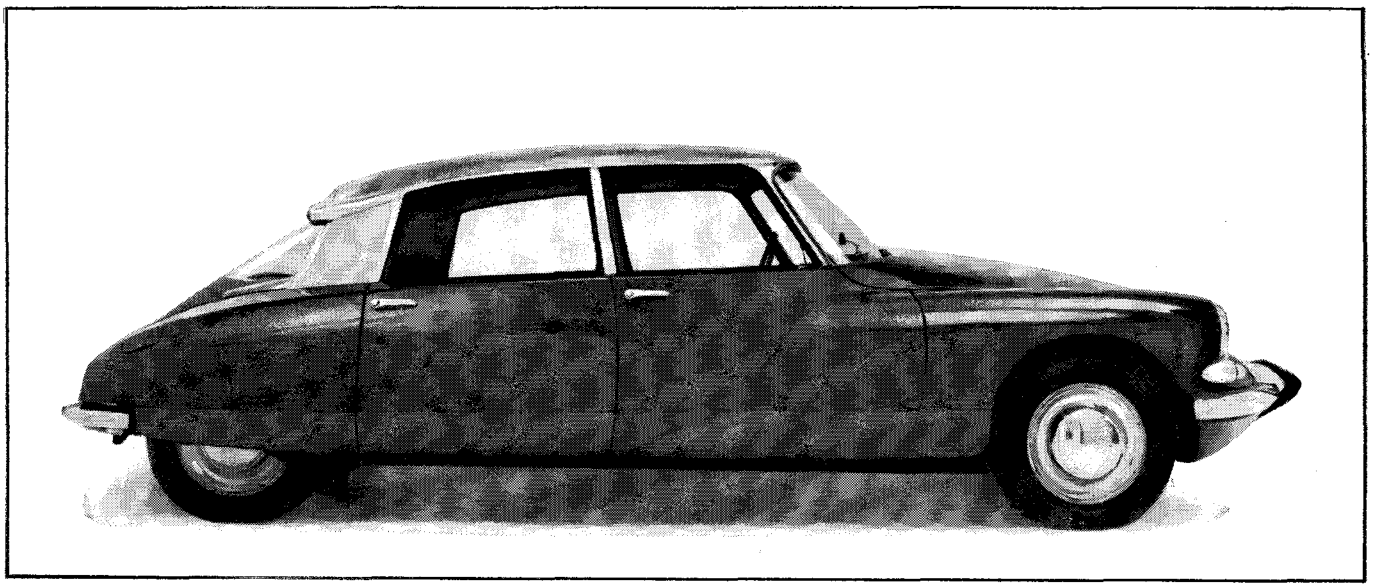

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First thing you sense when you slide behind the wheel of a Citroen is the fast, powerful crew you've got under the hood.

The motor will deliver 100 m.p.h. handily, if you ever need it.

Then there's the way it takes the road. It's the front-wheel drive. It actually *pulls* you around curves.

You feel a relaxed sense of control—an awareness you can step out and pass when you want to. It's a good feeling; helps your driving, too.

And the more you drive a Citroen, the more you appreciate its agility.

You'll find it's great in winter. No skidding, thanks again to front-wheel drive. No chains, no snow tires.

It's a car your wife can drive home some night in a blizzard—and you don't worry.

And in any kind of weather, you'll like the way a Citroen handles. A big car, it will turn in the same space as a small import—and park just as easily.

Other all-weather features: 28 to 34 miles to the gallon . . . the easy, restful ride of Air-oil suspension... power-disc braking... tires good for 50,000 miles.

Put them all together and you see why owners talk with such pride about the Citroen, why it becomes such a part of the family.

If you're looking for a car you can really fall in love with, open a flirtation with a Citroen.

A demonstration will do it!

Citroën

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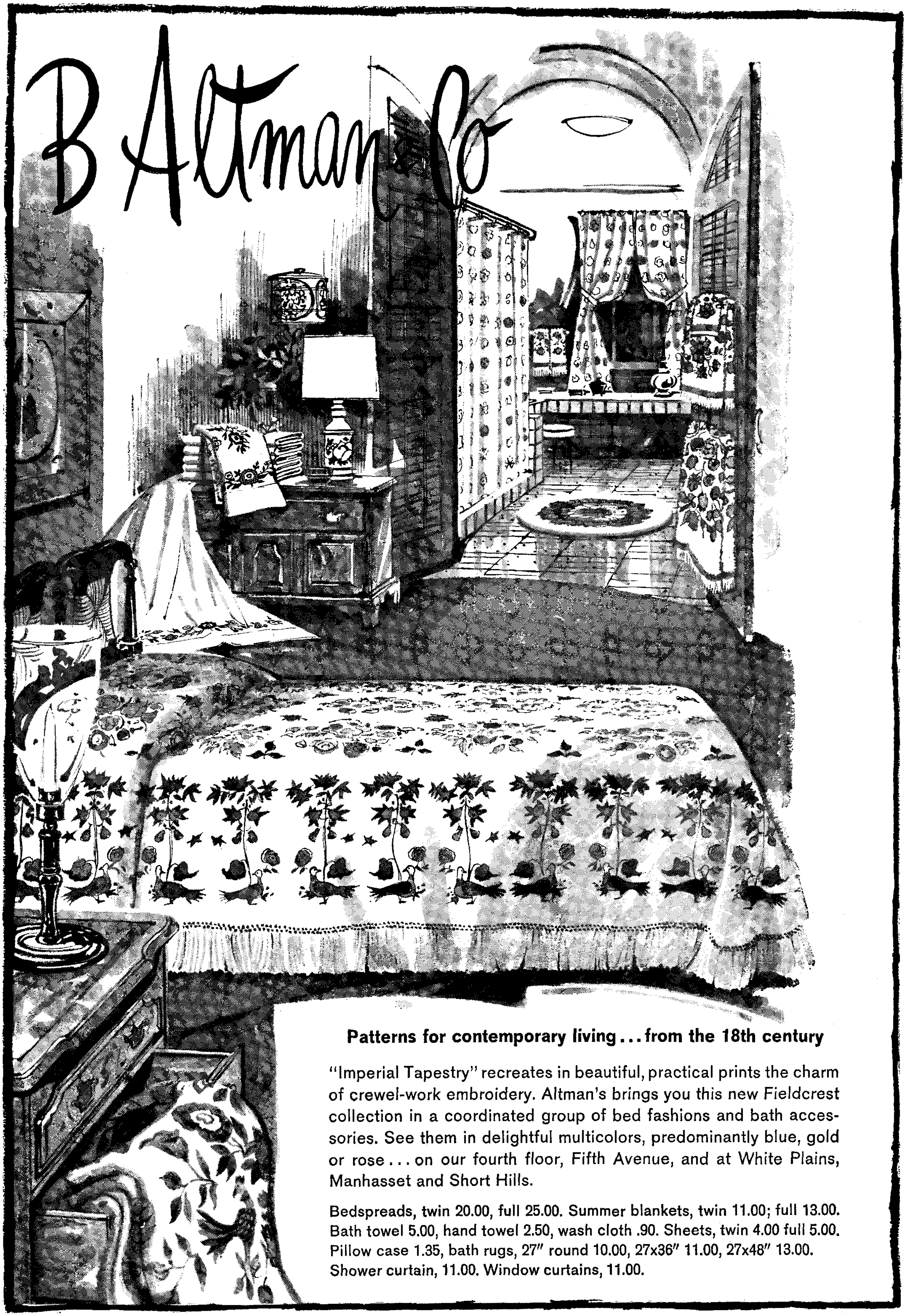

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

BEFORE 1930, theoretical physics was largely a European science. An American who wanted to learn the quantum theory went to Göttingen to study with Max Born, or to Copenhagen to study with Niels Bohr. In 1927, following that tradition, J. Robert Oppenheimer, then twenty-three, took his doctorate at Göttingen. In 1929—"homesick for this country," as he once said—he returned to the United States, to found, in California, schools of theoretical physics at Berkeley and at the California Institute of Technology, in Pasadena, which between them produced, directly or indirectly, most of the prewar generation of American theoretical physicists. During the thirties, Oppenheimer migrated back and forth between the two institutions (he held appointments from both), usually taking several students along. Before the Second World War, the atmosphere of American physics was like that of a small intellectual club in which all the active members know each other and each other's work. The cost of research was sufficiently low so that it could be met by the universities and private foundations, and the connection of the scientists with politics was no different from anyone else's. During the war, research in fundamental physics was largely suspended, and Oppenheimer, like most of his colleagues, left the university to do work on weapons. In 1941, he became officially connected with the atomic-energy program, and in 1942 he helped select Los Alamos as the site for the construction of the first atomic bomb. (Oppenheimer had got to know Los Alamos as a result of spending many vacations in the neighborhood.) There has probably never been a scientific-military community quite like Los Alamos. It was almost completely self-contained; access to the project was very limited, and the mail and telephone calls of the scientists who worked there were censored. Oppenheimer was certainly the center of the project. Not only was he the director but he personally recruited most of the scientists who worked there. After the explosion of the first bombs, in 1945, Oppenheimer became a public figure. Like most of the physicists who had worked on the project, he felt a deep responsibility for the future use and the control of atomic energy. Because of his role at Los Alamos and because of his remarkable ability to grasp and articulate complex ideas, Oppenheimer—who in 1947 was appointed director of the Institute for Advanced Study at Princeton, a position he still holds—became one of the principal spokesmen for science in the government, which he remained until 1954.

Before 1954, Oppenheimer's personal and political life had been the subject of continual investigation and review. The conclusion of these studies had been, until 1954, a confirmation of Oppenheimer's loyalty and integrity, and his security clearance—vital for anyone doing military work—had always been granted. In April of 1954, however, the Atomic Energy Commission appointed a new board to pass on his clearance. After studying substantially the same material that had been under review since the beginning of the war, the committee produced the curious conclusion that "he is a loyal citizen" but at the same time a security risk. His clearance was withdrawn. The hearing and its conclusion were deeply resented by a great part of the intellectual community both here and abroad, and came to symbolize the worst aspects of the McCarthy era. The feelings of most scientists were expressed during the hearing by the physicist I. I. Rabi, who concluded a description of Oppenheimer's wartime contribution by asking the committee, "And what more do you want—mermaids?" The hearing and the era are now a part of history and cannot be changed. But the recent decision by the Atomic Energy Commission (upon the unanimous recommendation of the Commission's ten-man General Advisory Committee and with the approval of President Kennedy) to confer upon Oppenheimer the Enrico Fermi Award, for his contributions both to theoretical physics and to the use of atomic energy, is a hopeful indication of a fresh political atmosphere. In this spirit of hope, we congratulate Professor Oppenheimer and the A.E.C. In a statement he made after receiving the award, Professor Oppenheimer expressed his own feelings with eloquence when he said, "Most of us look to the good opinion of our colleagues and to the good will and the confidence of our government. I am no exception."

THE simultaneous reappearance of spring and the newspapers has made it certain that one of our favorite urban flowers, the baseball box score, will burgeon and flourish through the warm, languid, information-packed weeks and months to come. When spring training began and Bertram (Big Six) Powers remained an obdurate holdout, our obsessively fannish mind tried to contemplate the desert prospect of a baseball season without daily box scores. The thought was impossible; it was like trying to think about infinity. Had we been deprived of our tiny lists of sporting personae and accompanying columns of runs batted in, strikeouts, double plays, assists, earned runs, and the like, all served up in neat three-inch packages from Pittsburgh, Milwaukee, Baltimore, Houston, and points east and west, only the most aggressive kind of blind faith would have convinced us that the season had begun at all or that its distant, invisible events had any more reality than the silent collision of molecules. Now, thank heaven, summer will be admitted to our breakfast table, and in the space of half a cup of coffee we will be able to discover, say, that Warren Spahn went eight innings at Candlestick Park and won his fourth game of the season while giving up five hits, that Al Kaline was horse-collared by Stan Williams at the Stadium, that Leon Wagner hit a double and a homer off Bill Monbouquette in Boston, that Jim Brosnan was bombed by the Dodgers in the top of the ninth at Crosley Field, and that similar disasters and triumphs befell a dozen-odd of the other ballplayers—favorites and knaves—whose fortunes we follow from April to October.

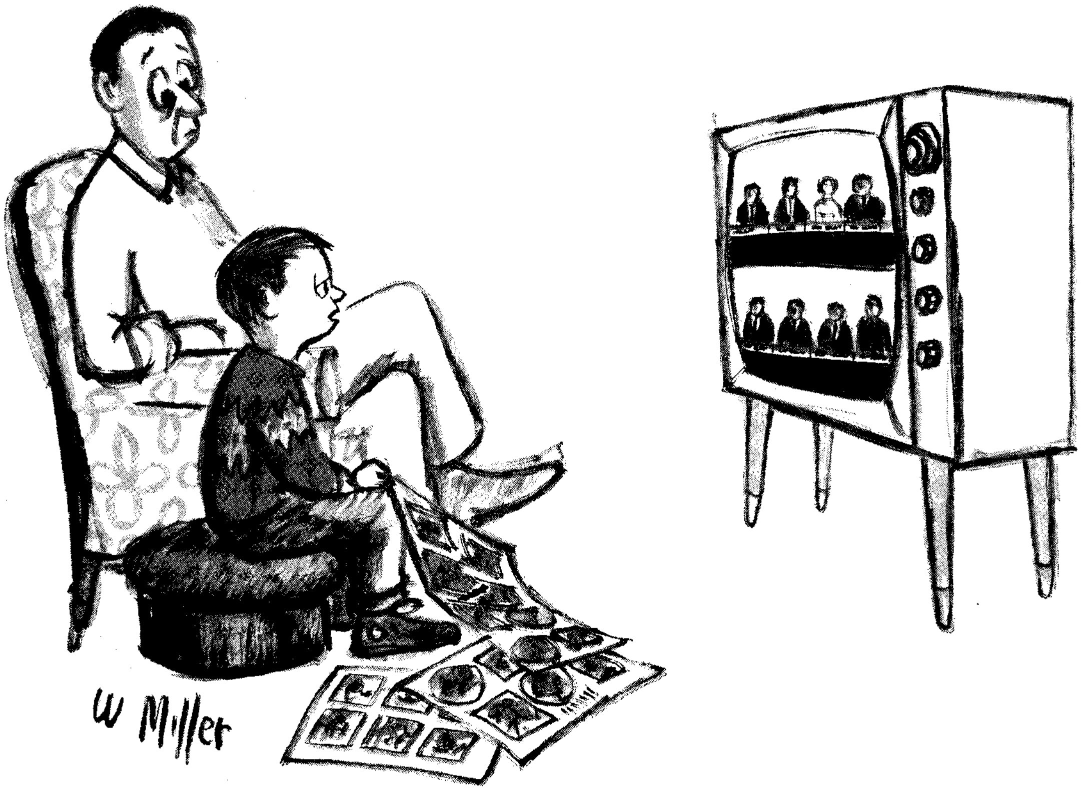
The box score, being modestly arcane, is a matter of intense indifference, if not irritation, to the non-fan. To the baseball-bitten, it is not only informative, pictorial, and gossipy but lovely in aesthetic structure. It represents happenstance and physical flight exactly translated into figures and history. Its totals—batters' credit vs. pitchers' debit—balance as exactly as those in an accountant's ledger. And a box score is more than a capsule archive. It is a precisely etched miniature of the sport itself, for baseball, in spite of its grassy spaciousness and apparent unpredictability, is the most intensely and satisfyingly mathematical of all our outdoor sports. Every player in action is judged against a standard of absolute perfection; no ball is thrown and no base is gained without an instant responding judgment—ball or strike, hit or error, yea or nay—and an ensuing statistic. This encompassing neatness permits the baseball fan, aided by experience and memory, to extract from a box score the same joy, the same hallucinatory reality, that prickles the scalp of a musician when he glances at a page of his score of "Don Giovanni" and actually hears bassos and sopranos, woodwinds and violins.

The small magic of the box score is cognominal as well as mathematical. Down the years, the rosters of the big-league teams have echoed and twangled with evocative, hilarious, ominous, impossible, and exactly appropriate names. The daily, breathing reality of the ballplayers' names in box scores accounts in part, it seems to us, for the rarity of convincing baseball fiction. No novelist has yet been able to concoct a baseball hero with as tonic a name as Willie Mays or Duke Snider. No contemporary novelist would dare a supporting cast of characters with Dickensian names like those that have stuck with us ever since we deciphered our first box scores and began peopling the lively landscape of baseball in our mind—Ossee Schreckengost, Smead Jolley, Slim Sallee, Elon Hogsett, Urban Shocker, Burleigh Grimes, Hazen Shirley Cuyler, Heinie Manush, Cletus Elwood Poffenberger, Virgil Trucks, Enos Slaughter, Luscious Easter, and Eli Grba. And not even a latter-day O. Henry would risk a conte like the true, electrifying history we recall of a pitcher named Pete Jablonowski, who disappeared from the Yankees in 1933 after several seasons of inept relief work with various clubs. Presumably disheartened by seeing the losing pitcher listed as "Jabl'n's'i" in the box scores of his day, he changed his name to Pete Appleton in the semi-privacy of the minors, and came back to win fourteen games for the Senators in 1936 and to continue in the majors for another decade.

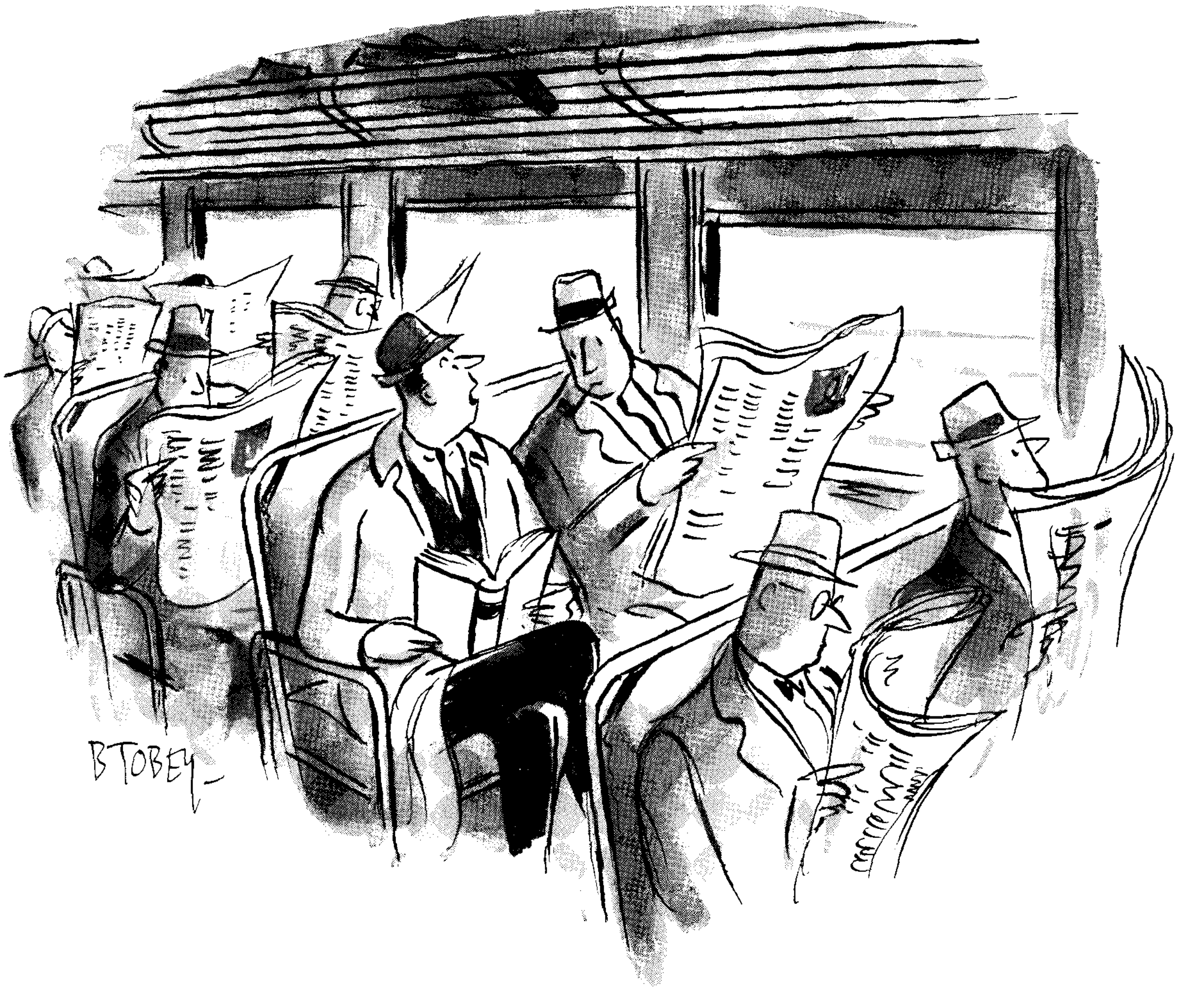
Yum Yum

WHAT would the Easter season be without the traditional Easter Show of the New York Botanical Garden? We visited this show, on its opening Saturday, in the company of Mr. Phil Clark, a recently employed member of the Garden's staff, who reported that our old friend Thomas H. Everett, the Garden's Assistant Director (Horticulture), was off on a round-the-world botanical cruise, in charge of a cloud of ladies, and that another old friend, Louis Politi, the Garden's horticulturist, who had arranged the current show, was so bushed after installing its bushes and blooms that he was taking the day off. "Do you mind if I first show you a permanent exhibition of plant fossils that we're setting up?" Mr. Clark inquired when we picked him up in the Administration and Museum Building. We shook our head, and he took us down to the basement, where some thirty thousand plant fossils, long in storage, are being culled. We looked at a cycad stump, a four-hundred-million-year-old extinct Gilboaphyton ("the oldest land plant known"), and a reclining thirty-foot-long section of an Araucarioxylon ("a tree from Alberta that is related to the Chilean pine often called monkey puzzle; our specimen was originally eighty feet long, but we didn't have room to show it all"). Mr. Clark said, "We're the only institution in New York that has a paleobotanist—Dr. Herman F. Becker, who came to us in 1958 from Brooklyn College. He's in charge of this exhibition. He spent the last three or four summers doing paleobotanical field research in Montana."

We followed Mr. C. outside, past a great tulip tree, yellow tulips, white and yellow crocuses, yellow dogwood, and brilliant-blue Siberian squills, and into the Main Conservatory, where nearly nine thou-



"Pierre Augustin Caron de Beaumarchais!"



"It's 'War and Peace.' I started it during the newspaper strike."

sand tulips, hyacinths, daffodils, cinerarias, clarkias, camellias, and other flowering plants, laid out in a perspective two greenhouses long, culminated in a twenty-two-foot cross of a hundred and fifty white Easter lilies. "Mr. Politi has tucked some unusual things in," our guide said, and drew our attention to a clump of Cistus villosus tauricus, or rockrose. "I've never seen Linaria look so good," he went on as we paused at a corner devoted to small-blossomed snapdragons. "Tightly knit. They're usually loose." A solitary bumblebee was buzzing around some azaleas, and a young lady with twenty youngsters in tow caught up with us and hailed our mentor. "Dr. Annette Hervey," he said, and introduced us. "She's a microplant specialist on our staff, and this is a botany class that she teaches at Hunter College. I wish more people would come to the Garden on *week*days, when it's comparatively empty. Sundays are usually so jammed you can't see anything in the greenhouses. I think people don't know how to *get* here."

He handed us a printed card that read:

Train	New York Central Harlem Division to Botanical Garden Station.
Car	Take north-south route to Pelham Parkway or Mosholu Parkway.
IND Subway	Sixth Avenue Concourse-205th Street (D) train to Bedford Park Boulevard.
IRT Subway	Change at 149th Street & 3rd Avenue for Third Avenue El; get off at 200th Street.

Next, we traipsed to a greenhouse devoted to tropical fruits and economic plants—orange, coffee, guava, ginger, vanilla orchids—and full of a delicious fragrance of citrus blossoms. A moment or two later, Mr. Clark said, "I wish they wouldn't call these century plants. They actually bloom about every fifteen years. Their scientific name is Agave, and their Indian name is maguey. Along with corn, they're the staff of life in Indian America. They're the source of pulque and tequila; they're used for roofing; their terminal needles are used as needles; they contain string, which can be used as string; and they can be burned and made into fertilizer."

We asked him where he had got his know-how.

"I was brought up in the botanically rich state of Minnesota, and I spent ten years as the garden editor of the Mexico City *News*," he said.

We left the conservatory and passed a vender of goodies just outside. "I love popcorn. Yum yum," a little girl was saying to her indulgent father.

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Hand-Lettered sign observed over an elevator signal on the sixth floor of the Hotel New Yorker: "Push up to go down."

M. Laporte

When we learned that M. Raymond Laporte, the French Consul-General, is about to retire, we invited him to a farewell lunch at a midtown club, but he persuaded us to come to lunch at the Consulate, at 934 Fifth Avenue, instead. "The club is an estimable one, and I have visited it with pleasure, but, as you know, my cook is a wizard, and, alas, I will soon have to let her go," he said. We had often heard M. Laporte, whom we had met shortly after his arrival, in the spring of 1959, mention, with astonishment, the magnitude of his official hospitality, so we now asked him if he would be good enough to prepare us a dossier on it. "Here you are," he said as we arrived, to find ourself one of half a dozen male guests, and he handed us a tiny sheet of paper on which he had written:

	Avril 59-Avril 63
Déjeuners	2,605
Dîners	3,735
	6,340
Cocktails	9,571
	+ 3,000 (1 janv. et 14 juillet)
soit	12,571
	+ 8,300 bouteilles de champagne

"Over six thousand lunch and dinner guests, and over twelve thousand cocktail guests, three thousand of them at

New Year's Day and Bastille Day receptions," he said, by way of explanation, and thereupon presented us with several other small slips, on which he had written:

Personnalités Françaises
Une centaine de parlementaires et anciens ministres
+ Jean Monnet
Chagall
Munch
Jules Romains
André Maurois
Alexis Léger

Ministres Français
Malraux
Soustelle
Pinay
Couve de Murville

Anciens Pts du Conseil
Mendès-France
Edgar Faure

Personnalités Etrangères
Mme. Golda Meir
Erich Maria Remarque

Personnalités Américaines
Mrs. Roosevelt
Gv. Rockefeller
Mrs. Wagner
Sr. Javits
Gv. Meyner
Mr. McCloy
Mr. David Rockefeller
M. Am Houghton
Arthur Sulzberger
W. R. Hearst
David Sarnoff
Orvil Dryfoos

Theatre and Movie
Marilyn Monroe
Joan Crawford
Paulette Goddard
Charles Boyer
Simone Signoret
Yves Montand
Anthony Quinn
Laurence Harvey
Fernandel

Mode
Rouet (Ch. Dior)
Ad. Gimbel
Nat. Ohrbach

Réceptions Particulières
Narcotics Bureau Brigade of the Bronx
Musiciens de Jazz

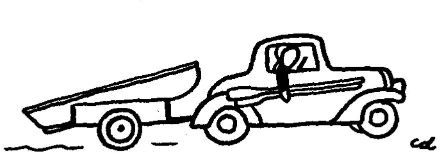
We thanked him for his homework and asked about the Narcotics Bureau guests.

"New York has given me quite a number of strange opportunities," he said. "Three years ago, the Federal Bureau of Narcotics informed me that a great deal of heroin was coming in from France, and asked me to get the French narcotics people to coöperate in preventing that. As a guest of the New York police, I participated in one or two raids in Harlem and the Bronx, and spent five or six days visiting prisons, where I talked to inmates of the addicts' sections. I attended the trials of some of them, and then I gave a cocktail party for my guides—thirty policemen and their wives. The men weren't in uniform, but they carried their pistols. It was a good party. I believe it's no longer the case that much heroin comes in from France."

We went in to a delicious meal, which a typed menu proclaimed to consist of Œufs Princesse, Canard aux Navets, Petits Pois, Salade de Laitue, and Crêpes Mathilde. This was accompanied by a Pontet-Canet '53 *en magnum* and a Bollinger champagne. "I order the wines, and my maître d'hôtel, Victor Frizzole, orders the food, guided by my wife," said our host, who had graciously placed us at his right. "Victor and his wife, Rachel, who is the cook, have been with me for fifteen years—ever since I was counsellor of embassy in Greece. They've received many offers here, at up to three times what the Consulate pays them, but they've declined them all. Not a single sandwich served here has been made outside this house."

We asked M. Laporte for a retrospective view of his stay, and he said, "When I was sent here, I was a little disappointed. I'd never been here, I'd never been outside Europe—my posts had been in Geneva, Warsaw, Greece, and Paris—but now I'm deeply sorry to leave. I'm sorry not to have the sight of New York any more, especially the view from this house." He looked out the window at the spring green of the Park. "It's quite despairing to leave," he said. "It becomes absolutely fascinating to be a point of meeting for people, just because you're the Consul-General. You can risk to ask anybody, and everybody comes. One man from my country asked if he could meet Mrs. Roosevelt here; *I'd* never met her at the time, but after a call from the Consulate she received me the next day, and then she came to dinner. New York is like Rome at the height of the Roman Empire—the best musicians, the best artists, the best businessmen, not to speak of the best restaurants. I've enriched myself a lot in this town. A great part of my heart is in this town. And my wife especially loves your great beaches on Long Island. She's writing a book about New York. She's been an enormous help to me; she's gone to a thousand dinners with me."

We polished off the Crêpes Mathilde, which we were deeply sorry to finish, and, over a *framboise*, asked the C.-G. about the rest of the country. "I've made speeches in New York State, Connecticut, and Massachusetts, on everything from the economic progress of France to spring fashions in Paris," he said. "It's been fascinating to go to the provinces here; I've always found a great curiosity and lots of good will. At first, I was shocked by the religious invocations and the singing of 'The Star-Spangled Banner,' while looking at a flag, at every Kiwanis and Rotary Club; I thought that was obsolete and rather funny, but it isn't. It reflects a solidarity and an appreciation of fundamental values."



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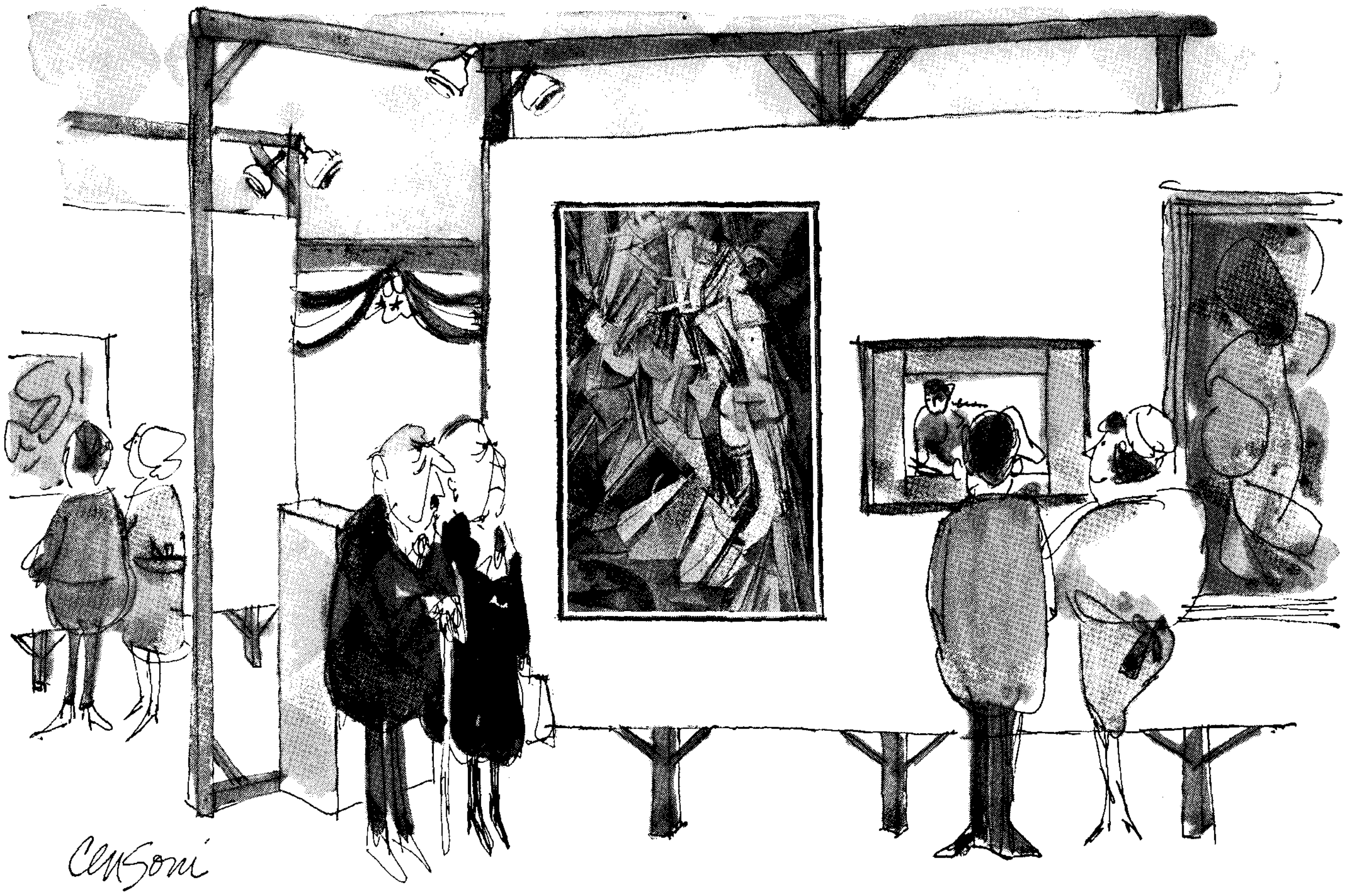
Incidental Intelligence (Theological Division): The First National grocery stores now offer a hundred extra trading stamps to each purchaser of Section 1 of the Holy Bible.

Giant Swing

SINCE we last paid a professional call on the circus, it has undergone some drastic changes in procedure and personnel, as we discovered in the course of a brisk opening-day tour of the Garden. For one thing, sawdust is out, having been replaced by portable matting. For another, the circus, which has always been an inside show here, has become an inside show everywhere else in the country except San Diego, where it plays in a ballpark, but without a tent. The big tent and the extra roustabouts required to raise it have gone the way of the sawdust. Once upon a time, it took ninety railroad cars to move Ringling Brothers from town to town; now it takes only seventeen. But enough of deploring the dead past! We assure you that the circus remains perfectly recognizable. In the basement of the Garden, for example, we found that the Greatest Show on Earth still employed plenty of live, nonplastic performing animals, including horses, elephants, and lions, and that Mr. Nate Eagle, the celebrated mustached manager of the sideshow, and Mr. Trevor Bale, the celebrated mustached lion-tamer, were both still on hand and still mustached. Also on hand were Gargantua II and Toto, widow of Gargantua I. (Gargantua II isn't, as you might assume, the son of Toto and Gargantua I, who died in 1949; he simply bears, for the soundest possible commercial reasons, the name of his distinguished predecessor.)

Señor José Tomás, keeper of the two gorillas, is a short, broad, rather fierce-



"I didn't like it then and I don't like it now!"

• •

looking Spaniard of fifty-nine. We met him in front of the gorillas' cage, which is a steel-barred, two-compartment affair, sheathed in half-inch-thick glass and air-conditioned. "I used to go into cage with them," said Señor Tomás. "Not any more. Gargantua II was friendly up to age of nine. Now he's twelve, and mean. He's been behind bars since he was two months old. That would be bad for anyone's temper—no? Toto is the sweet one. She had different life from Gargantua II. She live on big estate in Cuba, pet of human family, with her own little four-room house to play in." Gargantua II suddenly hurled his five-hundred-pound weight against the bars of the cage, which gave off a terrible clatter. "He's hungry," said Señor Tomás. "He wants his tea. I do all the cooking for Toto and him. Sixty dollars a week we spend for food. They like best roast chicken and broiled steak. For tea, I give a quarter of an apple pie apiece. The tea they like best is Lipton's, with a shot of Hennessy brandy."

Many familiar performers are to be seen at the Garden—The Great Alzana, cavorting on the high wire; The Amazing Captain Hugo Schmitt, roaring away at his elephant troupe; The Truly Marvellous Zacchinis, blasting themselves out of a cannon—but there are also lots of new ones, chief among them being a pretty eighteen-year-old blond aerialist named Victoria Unus. Miss Unus, billed as La Toria, is said by experts to be the greatest aerialist since the legendary Lillian Leitzel. Although this is her first season with a professional circus, she has started literally and figuratively at the top, on the high perch over the center ring. "I began training just four years ago," she told us. "My father is a performer—he's Unus, The Man Who Stands on One Finger—and my mother comes from a family of acrobats, but at first I had no interest in circus work myself. Growing up in Sarasota, I thought I wanted to be a beautician. Then my father took me to a performance here at the Garden. I looked around at all the lights and listened to the beautiful music and looked up at the rigging and said to myself, 'I'd like to hang here.' Well, and so here I am."

Miss Unus started training under a seventy-year-old aerialist named Wolfe Roth. "At first, I couldn't do a single chinup," she told us. "At the end of three weeks, I was doing fifteen. He really put me through the mill. Some days, I'd go home with bloody hands and knees, but he couldn't break me." Miss Unus graduated from high school last June and auditioned for Ringling Brothers early in January. "That was the big test," she said. "I walked out there and started my act. First I did some rollups, then some styling, just to catch my breath, and then some arabesques and 'planges' and ring tricks and splits and bird tricks, and then a half-cross and a handstand. All the while, the place was so quiet you could hear a pin drop. Then I went into my finale—the one-arm giant swing, in which I hang from the rope with my right hand and swing my body up over my right shoulder in a complete circle. I started swinging and kept going—ten, twenty, fifty, seventy, eighty swings. I didn't stop till I hit a hundred. It brought the house down. I hear some old-timers were even crying. Imagine my doing that to them!"

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EXCERPT from a telephone conversation between a six-year-old boy and his girl friend: "O.K., Joy. You can be the boy *and* the dog. And you don't have to ring the doorbell when you come around. Just bark."

A FLYING START

YOUNG Mr. Harington was paying one of his usual studious visits to the Abbey Antique Galleries and had as usual brought Mrs. Harington with him. Seeing them come in, the assistant, mindful of a previous recommendation, unobtrusively withdrew; the gentleman was one of those customers, like the pot in the proverb, who won't come to the boil if they are watched. Mr. Harington had settled to his studies, and Mrs. Harington, who couldn't positively withdraw, was giving an appearance of having done so, gracefully killing time with the patch boxes and vinaigrettes displayed on the rosewood sofa table, and eventually rewarded by finding something she could study, too. She stood patiently, cradling it in her hand. Once or twice, she held it out, saying, "Look, Richard. Isn't this rather . . ." But Richard was absorbed in the decision whether or not to buy the *églomisé* mirror, and did not turn his head.

If a poet or artist had happened to be walking down Abbey Street and had glanced in at the window which framed Richard and Lizzie Harington amid the dusk and glitter of the showroom like two elegant fish poised tail downward in a rather overfurnished aquarium, he might have wondered why anybody should be interested in antiques when the Abbey Galleries contained two such strikingly handsome specimens of the contemporary. The third denizen of the aquarium (a crab, not a fish, and therefore stationed, not poised), Mr. Edom, the gallery owner, was lurking behind an Empire harp, waiting for Mr. Harington to make up his mind. The young gentleman was a distinguished customer, one who paid on the nail and scorned to bargain; but it did not do to hurry him.

There was a sudden stir in the aquarium. Richard had taken the wallet out of his pocket. But a moment later he put it back again, and with the coquettish flick of a fish moved away to examine a George II coffeepot. His examination was appreciative but did not go deep. Noticing this, Mrs. Harington came forward, holding out her hand. "Look, Richard. Isn't this rather charming?"

On her palm lay a very small enamelled locket, shaped like a heart; against a scarlet background and framed by a band of seed pearls was the head, in full face, of a gray cat with a pretty expression. "I suppose it's Victorian," she said.

Mr. Edom, coming forward in his turn, said, "Second Empire."

Richard Harington gave the locket a brief but careful scrutiny. "I don't like it."

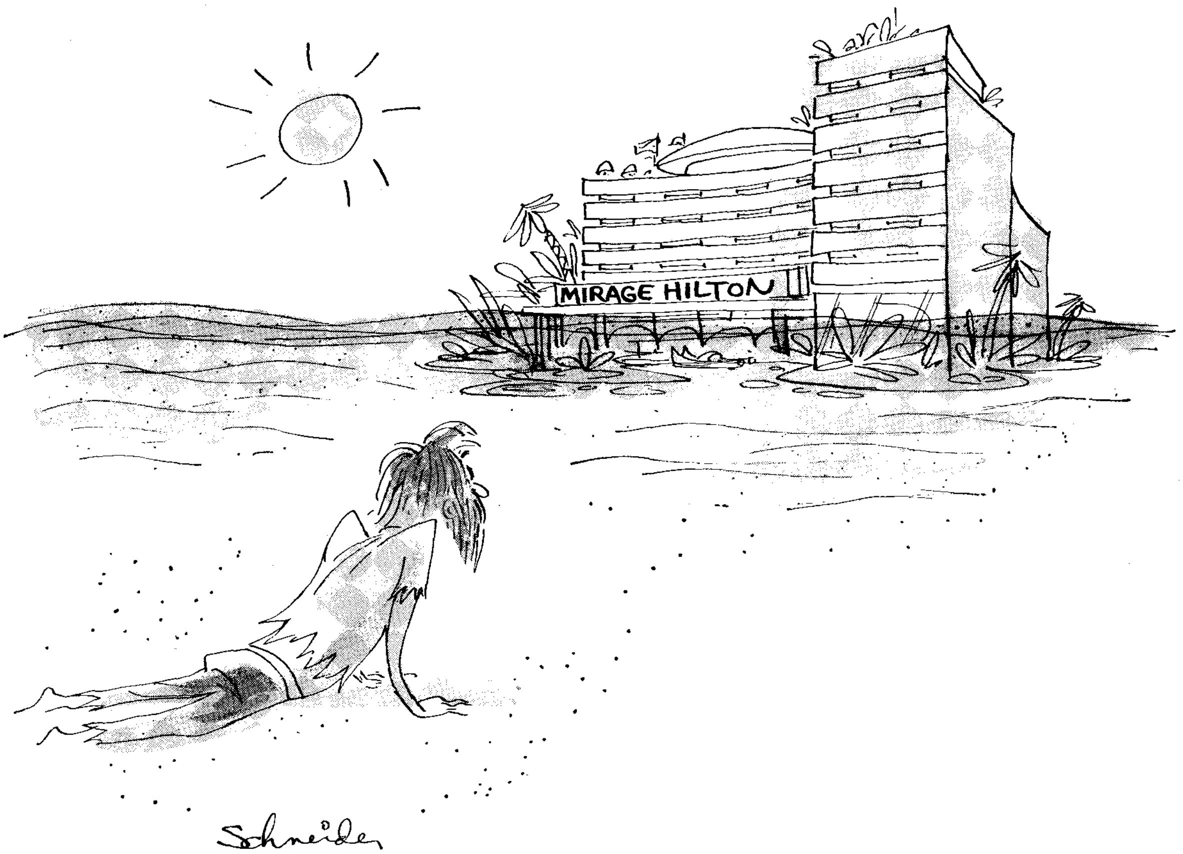
Her lovely, tranquil countenance registered no shade of disappointment, of protest, of private disagreement. Without a word, she replaced the locket on the velvet-lined show tray whence she had taken it, and began to turn over a portfolio of prints.

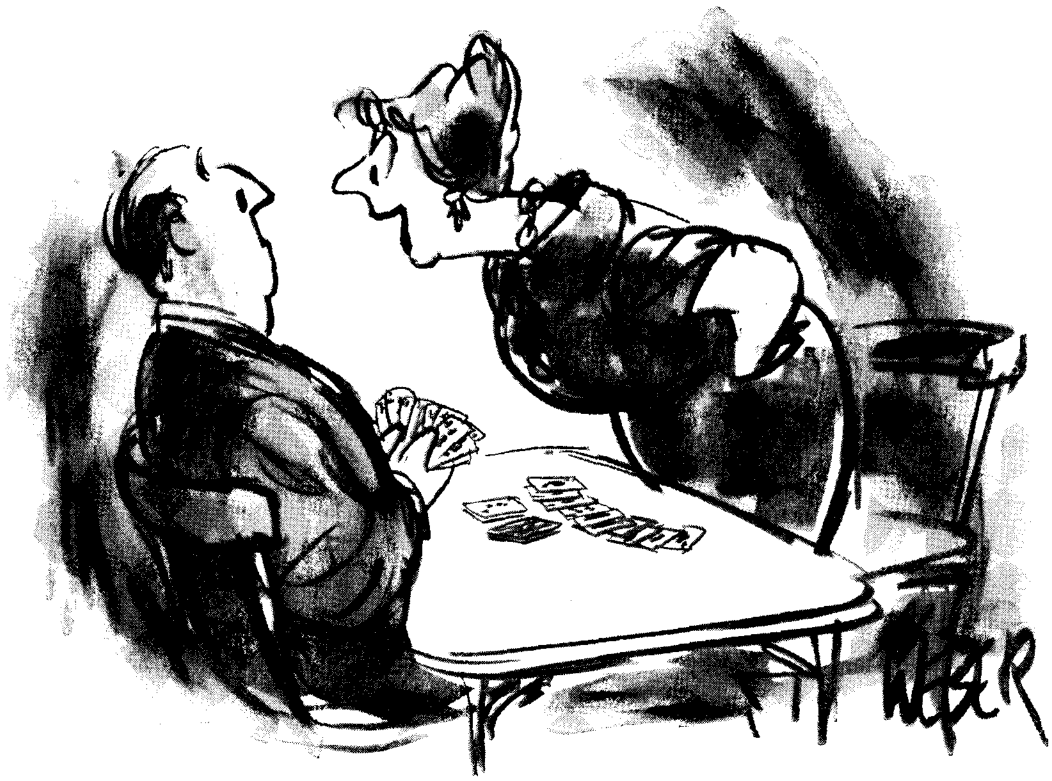
She's not out of quite the same drawer as he, thought Mr. Edom—a fact which he had for some time suspected. Too tactful. Poor young lady, she wouldn't get her locket! A shame, really, since she had been so taken with it. But, of course, young Mr. Harington was absolutely right; the locket would have looked quite unsuitable—trivial, and even slightly disgraceful—attached to that classically long, full, white neck. It wasn't that Mr. Harington grudged his lovely Lizzie a pleasure, didn't love to decorate her: the necklace of white jade, the set of French paste, the Nattier fan—no end to the things he had bought her; though lately the ardor of his choosing had turned more strongly to the furnishings of his son and heir. But if you possess both flawless taste and a flawlessly lovely young wife, you are bound to feel as a connoisseur as well as a husband. A matter of what you might call sacred and profane love, thought Mr. Edom; they can't be expected to curl up under the same blanket. That is what flawless taste brings you to, rendering you unable to enjoy both the draped beauty and the plump dreamy charmer who leans over the wellhead as though she were smiling at the reflection of her breasts. Flawless taste—an excellent thing in a customer but outright ruin to any art dealer if he once allows it to dictate to him.

Meanwhile Mr. Harington had left the coffeepot, paused awhile for another survey of the Waterford comports he had looked at last time and wouldn't get this time, either; and returned to the *églomisé* mirror. There he stood, gazing at it with the whole power of his sight—and not even noticing the reflection of himself that it gave back. I hope he gets it, thought the dealer. He deserves it.

And at that moment the door opened and a lady came in. Could anything be more unfortunate? Wringing his hands behind his back, Mr. Edom approached her in silence.

"Have you got a pair





"Gin!"

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of Staffordshire prophets?"

"No, Madam. I have no Staffordshire of any description."

Short of spitting in her face, he could scarcely have made himself more repelling. Trembling with thankfulness, he saw her go away.

Mrs. Harington had strayed her way into the more miscellaneous assortment at the back of the gallery. Mr. Harington was still fixed before the *églomisé* mirror. Time went on.

"I'll have it." Raising his voice, he called, "Lizzie! Come and look at this. Shall we have it?"

"Oh yes! It's an enchantment. I've been longing for you to get it."

It reflected her as though she were standing in the doorway of a trellised arbor. Mr. Edom came sidling into the background of the picture. "So have I, Mrs. Harington. I knew it was Mr. Harington's piece. So much so that whenever a London dealer has come in I've stepped it up by another fifty guineas. Defended it with my life, you might say."

Out came the wallet again, and a neatly folded check was drawn from it and filled in with young Mr. Harington's usual care. Whether he made out his checks for a sum of one figure or, as in this case, three, he wrote them with the same deliberation, read them over with the same care, and checked them against the receipt. Meanwhile, Mrs. Harington had gone in search of her gloves, which she had put down, she said, somewhere or other.

"I think you left them on the sofa table, Mrs. Harington."

"So I did! Mr. Edom, you're wonderful. You're a falcon. You notice everything."

TOGETHER they left the gallery, he with his receipt, she with the heart-shaped locket. Mr. Edom had noticed this, too.

Having summoned back the assistant, he got out his ledger and wrote against the *églomisé* mirror, "R. Harington Esq. 4 V 62," and against the locket the word "Lost," with no date. He felt no animus; indeed, he felt a kind of admiration, and even a degree of tenderness. She had known what she wanted; she had secured it. She might become a collector yet. What would she go in for? Cats, or heart-shaped objects? Both are much collected, so in either event she had made a flying start. Heart-shaped objects, cats . . . Since she was not invigilated by flawless taste, her collection might end by being more illustrious, and certainly more interesting, than her husband's accumulation of virtuoso pieces. But the little locket would not appear in it; she would keep that strictly to herself. *Deep in my soul the something secret dwells*—a poem by Byron which he could not altogether remember. *Lonely and lost to light for evermore.* Then something about a sepulchral lamp. He reflected with pleasure that he had undertaken to supervise the delivery of the mirror that same evening. He wanted to see her again, to view her in this new and interesting light of larceny.

But he was disappointed; she was, he learned, upstairs, putting her little boy to bed.

It was several weeks before he saw her again, on another of young Mr. Harington's studious visits to the gallery. It was during a spell of very hot weather, and she carried the Nattier fan. But even before he recognized the fan he saw that a change had taken place; for now her lovely, tranquil countenance had acquired a pretty expression.

—Sylvia Townsend Warner

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OUT IN THE COLD

All day today the sea gulls cried.
All day they cried, if not because of you,
then not at least because I asked them to.
I've got enough poor bastards on my side;
I'm not a Greek, I can be satisfied
to share a chorus with the shrill sea mew
without pretending it's an interview
with souls plucked from the shipwrecked as they died.

I've got enough cold company: the guys
you used to tell me how you used to see
before I came along and you got wise.
Where are they now, in what capacity—
those dear, well-meant, unsatisfactory
approximations of the eventual me?

—George Starbuck

WE KNOW THAT YOUR HEARTS ARE HEAVY

PIGEONS are crowding the window sill to keep out of the rain. The drizzle has just turned to downpour, and the birds have flown up from Boston Common. They are stepping on each other’s toes to find a footing on the two-inch ledge. The victims of missteps do not fall six stories and spatter their blood on the pavement; they merely hang in midair, flutter a hundred wet black feathers, and immediately land back on the ledge, dancing a wild two-step to get dry.

The phone rings, and I spin around. Before I quite realize it is the phone and not my employer coming in the door, I have hidden in my lap certain papers from the top of my desk that are obviously not the work I am supposed to be doing, and have picked up a pencil, which I poise professionally over nothing. I compose myself enough to lift the receiver.

“One moment, please,” says the operator, and then I hear my mother’s voice coming to me from Miami.

“Mother!” I cry.

“Janet, darling, how are you?”

“Is anything the matter?”

Long-distance calls always frighten me. My family is neither rich nor sophisticated enough to call merely to talk. There is always a reason. The last call from home came because my mother heard that a hurricane was approaching Boston, and she wanted Danny and me to move out of our rickety attic apartment in Cambridge and go to a sturdy hotel until it was over.

Since my mother does not answer me immediately, I say, “Are you and Daddy all right? Is Carol all right?”

“We’re fine,” she says. “How are you? How’s Danny?”

“We’re fine,” I say. “Is anything new?”

“How’s the weather up there in the North Pole? I thought it’s supposed to be *spring*, and the low was eighteen yesterday.” My mother studies the Boston highs and lows and reports to us in every letter how much better off we’d be in Miami. She cannot understand why the University of Miami would not be just as good a place for Danny to do his graduate work as Harvard.

“We had a hailstorm last night,” I add, for no sensible reason.

“And how is your job?”

“It’s fine, it’s fine.”

I wait, and then it comes. “Janet, Daddy is flying to New York this afternoon. Uncle Benny has had a heart attack.”

“Oh, no,” I say. “Poor Celia.”

Celia is my cousin who is four days younger than I am, and who looks like Elizabeth Taylor. She is due to have her baby any day. I say this to my mother.

“She’s due *today*,” my mother says. “The poor child.”

“Is it very serious?”

“He died, darling. Uncle Benny died.”

I am silent for a moment, digesting this. My Uncle Benny is my father’s elder brother. He looks just like my father (though I in no way resemble Elizabeth Taylor), and he is very rich and lives on Park Avenue in Manhattan. He has always been my favorite uncle, even though most of the relatives do not like him because of all his money. I think he has always loved me because I look so much like him.

“How is Daddy taking it?” I say. Outside, the pigeons are now standing on each other’s heads.

While my mother is saying that he is as all right as can be expected, it occurs to me that I will go to New York to see my father, whom I have not seen in a year. I tell my mother that, and she says she doesn’t want me to go, and I say I will, and she puts my father on to argue with me, and suddenly I say something frightful. I tell my father that I want to come because I have never been to a funeral and I want to see what one is like.

He is angry, I am sure. I see him thinking, Do you imagine a funeral is a *show*? And I am thinking, in self-defense, it was very unfair of all of you to conceal Grandma’s death from me when I was in college and not tell me till after the funeral, so that I still can’t believe she is dead because I was not *there*. I have never seen anyone dead, and I am twenty-two, and I think I must not grow one day older till I do.

But my father is too preoccupied to get angry. He simply says there is nothing much to see at a funeral; he is going to fly back to Miami as soon as it is over, and in just two months, in June, he and Mother and Carol will all drive up to Boston to see us, and there’s no need for me to go to any funeral, especially if the weather is bad. He does not sound very convincing or stern, though, which is strange, because those are the things my father usually is.

Finally, I say what one of us always says on long-distance calls, “This is costing a fortune,” and my mother gets back on the line to tell me to keep warm, and then I remember that my Aunt Beth, Celia’s mother, died less than a year ago, and I ask my mother if Uncle Benny might not have died of just being sad.

“On Park Avenue,” my mother says, “a heart attack and too many sleeping pills can be the same thing,” and the call is over and I am left with all kinds of terrible thoughts.

I lean forward to stare out over the Common, and the papers in my lap slide to the floor. I pick them up and set them back on the desk. They are greeting-card verses. Someone has told me that you can sell greeting-card verse for two dollars a line. If I can sell one eight-line verse a day, I will be able to quit this job, which I hate, and stay at home and not have to go on the hideous subway every day. The money from the verses will help put Danny through graduate school just as surely as the money from this job in the publishing house.

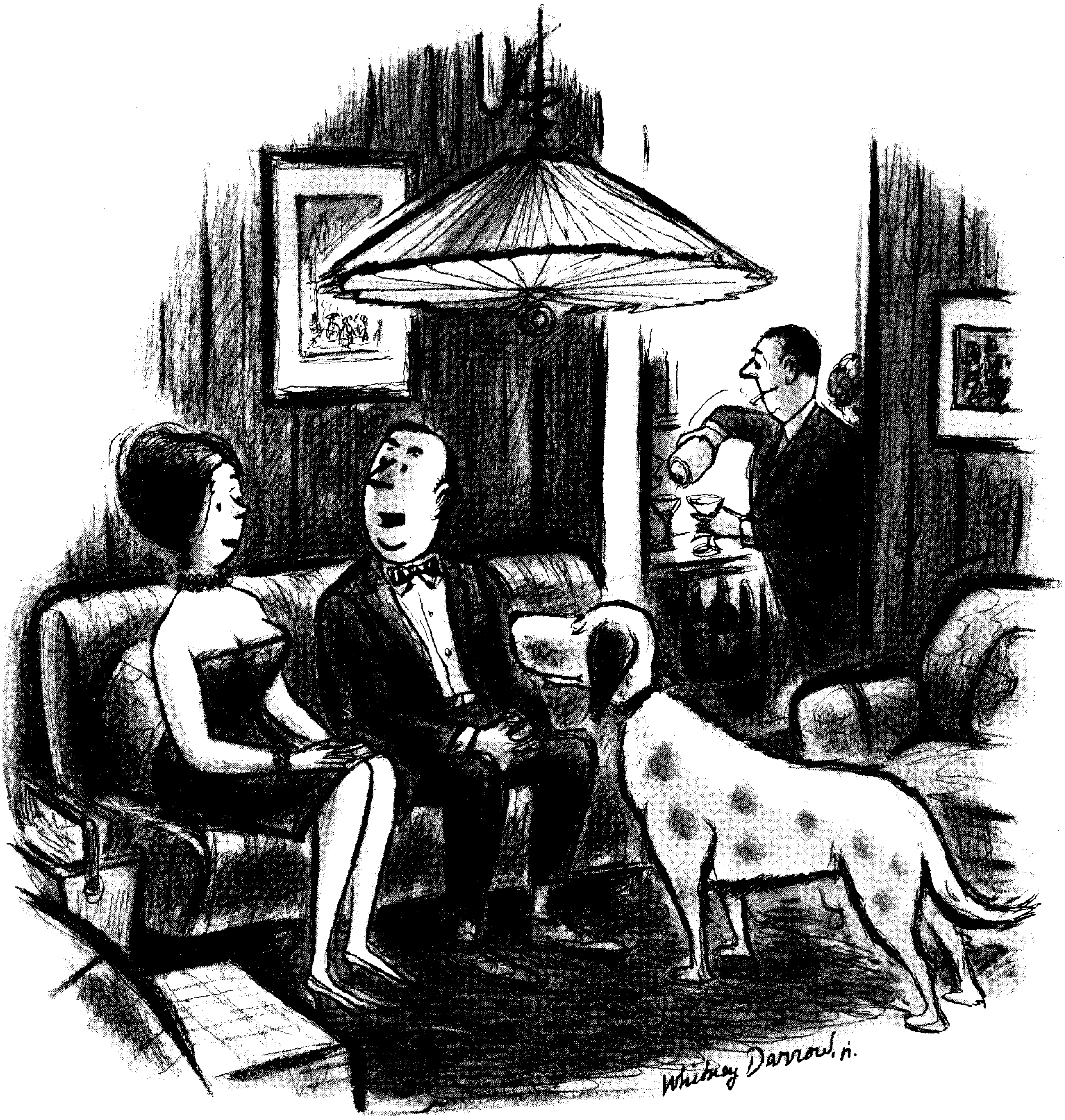
Today I have been doing Bereavements. In the last week, I have written a number of Birthdays, Get Wells, Mother’s Days, Wedding Days, Baby Arrivals, and Valentines. Today, a gloomy April day, seemed appropriate for Bereavements. I think of Uncle Benny, and then I read the verse I composed this very morning:

We know that your hearts are heavy
And your sorrow is very deep,
But remember: The Lord loves all his lambs
Who rest in Eternal Sleep.

Obviously, it is not quite right. It is not, as my title says, “A Comforting Thought During Your Time of Bereavement.” But then, I have never been bereaved; it is no wonder I cannot write sincere Bereavement verses.

I decide I am going to New York despite my parents’ wishes. And right now I am getting out of this office; I can’t stand it here any more. I put my verses into my purse and go down the hall to tell Mr. Cowper that I have to go to New York to a funeral, and I say it so fast and sadly that he perhaps thinks it is my father and not my uncle who has died.

I take the subway to Harvard Square and walk home from there. Danny has the hi-fi on; he is playing the sad songs of Schubert again—the rain has affected him, too—and when I get to the top of the third flight of stairs I knock on our door. He opens it and I say without


Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"Once I've said hello, I don't know what else to say."

• •

looking into his eyes, "I have to go to New York to see my father. My Uncle Benny just died, and my father is flying to New York this afternoon."

"What?" says Danny, and to my horror I find myself smiling as I repeat the words.

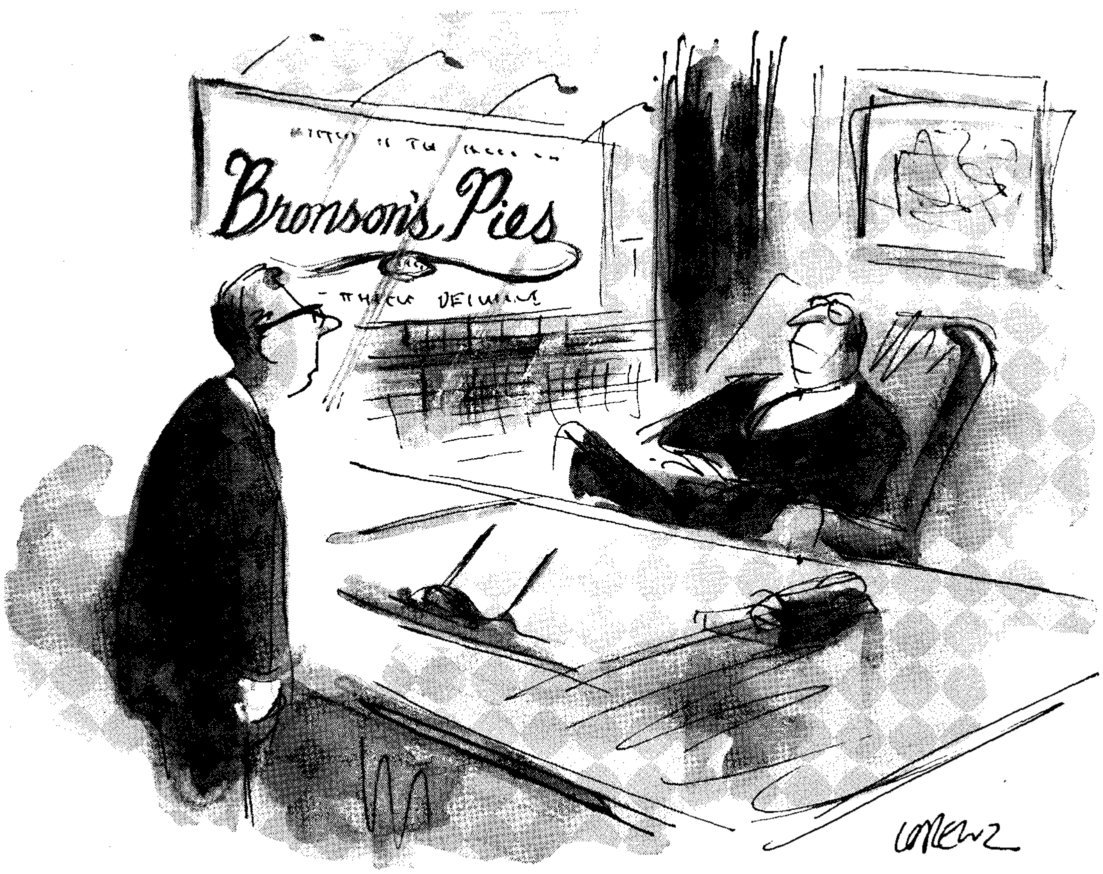
Danny does not see. He helps me peel off my raincoat, and throws it across the back of a chair. He turns off the phonograph, and then closes the book he has been reading.

"I have to call the bus station and see when a bus leaves," I say, and at the same instant Danny is saying, "It's a bad day for such a long trip, but I think we can make it O.K. if we drive slowly."

I am shocked. It has not occurred to me that Danny will come. I have been imagining this as a private family affair. Danny does not like families, and he will not like mine. None of them are the kind of people we would have for friends, but I feel for them something akin to love, which makes them bearable, while Danny has no reason at all (except that I am his wife) to be tolerant of their crudities and illiteracies. I fear that he will be impatient, then offended, then angry, and finally will insist that I leave with him, which I will not want to do. I shall see this through to the end, even if it means disregarding Danny's wishes.

However, none of this can be explained. Danny is already saying he will have to miss his advanced seminar, but it is more important that I go to New York.

In less than twenty minutes, we are ready. We leave the attic in a mess—the bed unmade, crumbs under the kitchen table. By one o'clock, we are on the Massachusetts Turnpike. At the



"Mr. Bronson, I think I'm entitled to a bigger slice of the pie."

Connecticut state line, the rain turns into snow, and we now have to go thirty miles an hour instead of forty.

Before I understand that something has happened, Danny has stopped the car suddenly and is pulling out his wallet. In a moment, a highway patrolman is looking in my window.

"Open it!" Danny says, nearly shouting at me.

The patrolman takes Danny's license and reads it. "Are you going to a fire?" he says.

I wait for Danny to say we are going to a funeral. He says nothing. It seems he has changed lanes unsafely. The patrolman talks across me. He is very young; wet snow is clinging to his hat and to the tip of his nose. He is lecturing Danny about reckless driving, and I keep wanting to say, Please don't yell at us—it is snowing so hard, and my Uncle Benny is dead, and my father has to come thirteen hundred miles in an airplane this afternoon to see his dead brother, and my cousin has a baby in her, which is about to be born any minute.

The patrolman is now writing out a ticket, and is asking Danny if he is a student. He talks on and on, and I could kill Danny for not telling him. I want to tell everyone that someone has died whom I love. It is so important—how can anyone give us a *ticket*?

Finally, we are driving again, very slowly. Danny is chastened. His lips are tightly closed, he is trembling slightly, and I do not say anything.

WE get into New York at eight-thirty, and, by calling several relatives, we learn the whereabouts of my father. He is at the Lakeview Chapel, where Uncle Benny is laid out. It takes Danny nearly another hour to find the chapel. Though we were both born in Brooklyn, neither of us knows Manhattan. I walk a few feet in front of Danny as we approach the funeral parlor. My heart is beating very fast. In the lobby, which is very much like a hotel lobby, a man at a desk asks us which "party" we are with. "We are with the Goldman party," I say, and Danny and I look at each other.

Danny has met my Uncle Benny once, just after the death of Aunt Beth. On our honeymoon, we stopped in New York and had dinner with him. His two children were there—Celia and Fred—and Celia's husband, Glen, and Fred's wife, Melissa. Melissa was obviously pregnant, and Celia was also pregnant, though we did not know it. My Aunt Beth had always had a delicate heart, and the relatives attributed her death mainly to the fact that Melissa was a Catholic.

The night we visited, my Uncle Benny spoke very softly and sadly. He said he was getting along—he was trying to keep busy, the children came to dinner once a week, he would get used to being alone in time. After dinner, he took us aside and said, "Look, children, if you ever need anything—money, *any*thing—you know it's here waiting for you. Just call me collect. Please remember that. You know you don't have to be bashful with me." He put one arm around me and one hand on Danny's shoulder. "You never have to worry as long as I can help you out."

Danny thanked him, and I kissed him, and for a minute he covered his eyes with his hand. Then Fred came in to show us his wedding pictures. Fred's wedding had been an immense affair, at which it was said my Uncle Benny got drunk and cried, and in nearly every picture was my Aunt Beth—a large woman, with a lovely straight nose and her hair pulled back in a chignon. None of Uncle Benny's brothers or sisters had been invited to the wedding. Only his Park Avenue friends had that honor. The youngest of the three brothers, my Uncle Sol, had said, "Benny didn't want his poor relatives from Brooklyn there. God will punish him for such a sin."

The punishment having now been visited upon Uncle Benny, Danny and I walk across the soft, deep carpet of the lobby to the elevator, and are taken to the fourth floor. There is a great commotion coming from the end of the hall. We advance, and enter an anteroom where there is a coat rack. I glance through an open door into a larger room and get the impression that everyone is standing there holding a highball. For one instant, I see my father—tall, beloved, hunched over slightly, his arms crossed over his chest as though he is cold—talking to some person I do not know. I look away, pretending I have not seen him, and Danny takes my coat and hangs it up. I stand there, looking down at my shoes, and suddenly my father is hugging me, his suit jacket scratching my cheek. I kiss him, and turn my face away, feeling tears rise and then subside. Then I look at him and say, “Oh, Daddy.” He hugs me again, and, remembering, releases me and shakes Danny’s hand. Danny is already uncomfortable, but there is nothing I can do. I must think about other things right now. I forget about Danny, and later see him sitting alone in a corner at the far end of the room, his chin in his hand, his eyes staring at nothing.

My father, holding me tightly by the hand, does not reprimand me for coming. I understand that he is glad. We weave around groups of standing people; no one, of course, is holding a highball, but that impression is still with me. I see the faces of aunts, uncles, cousins—all of them from the same neighborhood in Brooklyn, all of them together for the first time in probably thirty years. Most of them have not seen me since I was “so high.” A few stop us to tell me that, and to marvel at the fact that I am now married. “Where is the husband?” they say, and I point to Danny, in the corner, who looks as though he might be Uncle Benny’s son, the way he is sitting so quietly, staring so sadly at the rug. “Imagine!” they say. “*Married!*” Mostly, they are marvelling at how old they have grown. An occasion such as this moves them to philosophy. There is talk of dying everywhere. After all, Uncle Benny was only fifty-four—it could happen to anyone.

My Aunt Ida comes over to us. She is a widow. My Uncle Benny has been supporting her and her nine-year-old daughter Charlotte for the past six years. “Janet dear,” she says, “what a stunning suit you are wearing!”

I stare at her. Her brother is dead, and she is telling me I am wearing a stunning suit. Suddenly I am struck by a horrible thought—this is *Celia’s* suit I am wearing! Over the years, since Celia and I were children, my Aunt Beth used to make up a package of Celia’s outgrown clothes every few months and send them to my mother for me. The last package had been sent about a year ago. It contained the suit I am wearing. Fred’s clothes went to my Uncle Sol’s son Bill. Even though both my father and my Uncle Sol now lived in Miami, my Aunt Beth, I am sure, had continued to think of them as the poor Brooklyn relatives.

In a moment, my Aunt Ida wanders off, and my father leads me firmly down the length of the room. He says softly, “Have you seen Uncle Ben?”

“No,” I say. “Where is he?,” at the same moment understanding that he is right in this room with us.

My father puts both hands on my shoulders and gently turns me around, and there, in front of me, is the dead man.

What, when I first came into the room, I thought was a display of flowers is not merely that. Sunk deep into hundreds of expensive blooms is a beautiful coffin. The upper half is open; the lower half is closed and covered with roses. In it lies my Uncle Ben in a navy-blue suit. He is wearing a tie. In his pocket is a handkerchief with the initials “B.G.” I cannot look at his face. There is a feeling in my body I have never had before, of something stopping or freezing. My father is beside me, but I know that when I look at the face of the dead man I will see the face of my father—it does not matter that *now* it is my Uncle Ben. I look at the face. It is not my father. It is not my uncle. It is the face of someone who is not there. There are my uncle’s cheeks, and his nose, which is shaped exactly like my nose, and his lips, but the color of life is gone. The feeling I have is as real as my heartbeat: he has gone out.

But where has he gone? I become hysterical and turn to my father.

My father steadies me, and leads me out into the hall. Near the elevator, where it is quiet, he sets me down on a bench. “Janet,” he says.

I cannot control myself; it is more terrible than I can stand. My father’s dear flesh, which I am touching, cannot stay forever. My mother cannot stay, Danny cannot stay, my sister Carol cannot stay. *I* cannot stay! It is too much to explain. I am able only to cry against my father’s sleeve. Danny, who has come out after us, is holding one of my hands, and I kiss his fingers, and I kiss my father’s sleeve, and then I take a deep breath and stand up.

In a few minutes, we all go back to the filled room. People are looking at me. They are probably thinking, Why is *she* so upset? It is not *her* father.

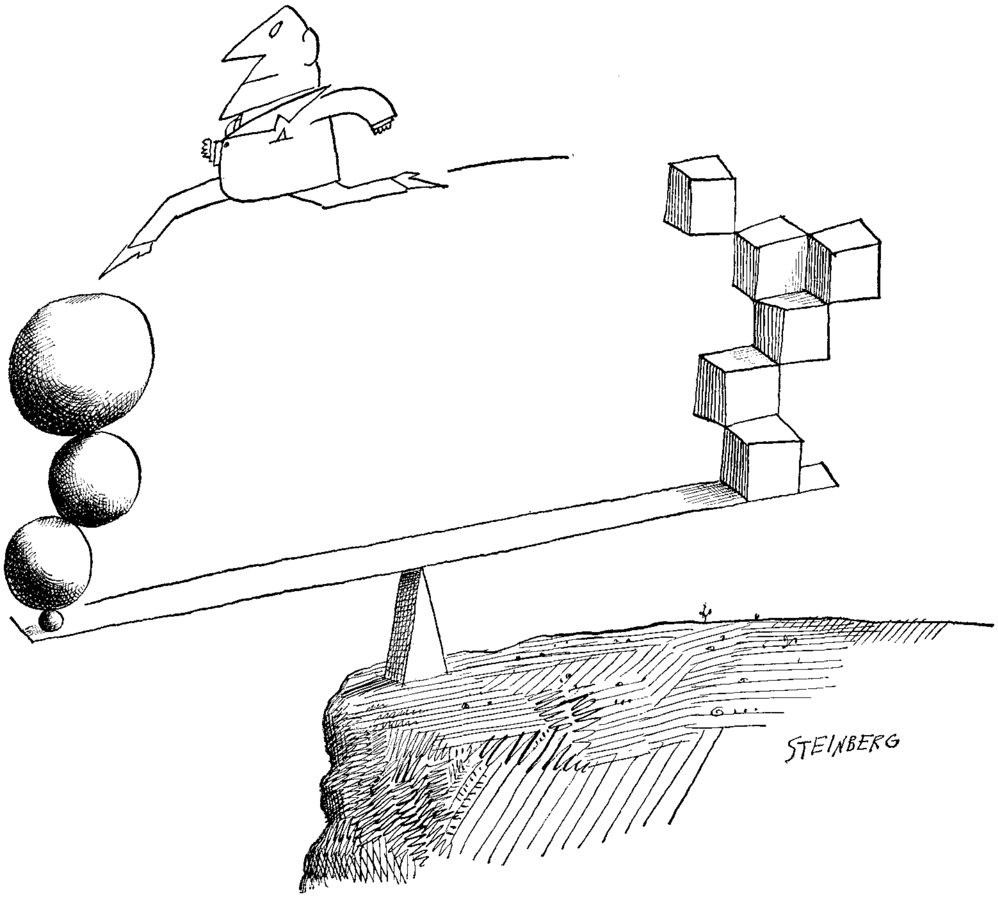
I speak to no one, and find myself, finally, beside Celia. She is in a low chair, dressed in a black maternity dress, her belly swollen so large it does not seem part of her. She is pale, but she is wearing lipstick, and her hair is fashionably combed. I feel as though she is twenty years my elder. In one year’s time, she has had two deaths and a conception happen to her. Nothing has ever happened to me. I don’t know what to say.

Celia says, “I’m so happy for you. It must be wonderful to see your father.”

“Oh, no!” I say, but she is going on.

“It is *so* nice you could see him after so long. I’m glad someone is getting some pleasure from this.”

She means to be polite—she is showing her good breeding—but what can she mean? Her finishing school has not



taught her that you do not have to offer your father's life in politeness.

I say, "I'm very sorry, Celia," and she smiles at me. She is very beautiful.

Then I leave her and go to the corner in which Danny has been sitting all evening. He and I sit there together, and I watch my father go back to the coffin and stand before it with his head bowed. What is he thinking? What is he remembering? What is he feeling? "Danny," I say, "I can't stand it. I can't *under*stand it."

"Sh-h-h," he says, squeezing my hand, and that is all the help he can give me.

Just then, a little gray-haired man comes into the room. He shakes slightly from a palsy, and he makes an announcement. "Will the immediate family of the deceased view the body once again if they wish to, as the coffin must be closed in a half hour and cannot be opened tomorrow before the funeral."

He leaves as quickly as he has come, and my father moves away, to give Celia and Fred the last half hour.

Fred walks toward the coffin and looks into it, and then walks away, squeezing his eyes shut as though he has a pain in his head that he cannot endure. Celia and her husband approach it, holding hands, and stand before it for a long time. Celia's arm is now around her husband's waist, and I see her clench her hand into a fist and bang it against the small of his back in a tiny futile gesture. I am ashamed of my outburst. She is a braver person than I am.

The little palsied man comes back into the room, and Celia and Glen back away from the coffin. She does not see, but from where I am *I* see the little man take a comb out of his breast pocket, lean into the coffin, and comb my Uncle Ben's hair neatly back off his forehead. Then he lowers the top half of the coffin and seals my Uncle Ben inside.

People are getting their coats. There is some difficulty about where Danny and I will spend the night. My father is staying with my Aunt Pearl and Uncle Carl in Brooklyn. My Uncle Sol, who has flown from Miami with my father, and my Aunt Ida, who lives all the way out on Long Beach, are also staying with them. My Aunt Pearl and Uncle Carl say *we* should come home with them, too, but I know they live in a one-bedroom apartment and have no place to sleep so many people. They will manage, they say, but Danny is doubtful. He would rather we stayed at a hotel. I cannot explain to him that we *can't* stay at a hotel—this is not a night one leaves the family. He should not have come along if he cannot do what has to be done.

Fred comes up and says why don't we stay in Uncle Ben's apartment. There are three large bedrooms (he means we do not have to sleep in the bed that Uncle Ben died in); no one is using them.

Danny is willing, but my father wants me with him. He feels what I am feeling. "I haven't seen her in a year," he explains to Fred. "We'll manage somehow."

Danny and my father and I all get into our car, and we follow my Uncle Carl's car back to Brooklyn. Everyone will meet at the synagogue the next morning at eleven.

SEVEN people are to sleep in an apartment that has only two single beds—Danny and I, my father, my Uncle Sol, my Aunt Ida, and my Aunt Pearl and Uncle Carl. My Aunt Pearl is trying to arrange things. It seems it is a very delicate question, the delicacy lying in the fact that Danny and I are newlyweds. We are to sleep together, and yet we cannot be given a room to ourselves. Do older people think that newlyweds make love even on the eves of funerals? From their whispering and arguing, it seems so. The conclusion is that we will have to take the consequences of this death. So Danny and I are assigned one of the single beds, my Aunt Pearl and Aunt Ida, who are sisters, the other, and a beach chair is set up at the foot of our bed for my Uncle Carl to sleep on. In the living room, my Uncle Sol will sleep on the couch and my father on another beach chair.

Danny is hating this—he will not sleep in a room filled with strangers; he will not be subject to their curious opinions on young love; he will not be the object of ridiculous imaginings—but he says nothing, because he is afraid to upset me further, and I am grateful.

It is bedtime. To be done with it, Danny undresses and is the first in bed. I am next. We both feign immediate sleep. It is frightfully hot. I am wearing a high-necked flannel nightgown, packed because it was so cold in Boston when we left. It must be ninety-five degrees in the apartment. My Aunt Ida crawls into the second twin bed, which is less than a foot from our bed. She sighs. She says, to no one in particular, "Isn't it wonderful how fast the young can fall asleep?" My Uncle Carl, who weighs over two hundred pounds, gingerly lets himself down on the beach chair, which creaks terrifyingly. "Oh, God," he says.

My Aunt Ida's head is toward me, and she is breathing in my face. I am choking. I cannot move, because I am supposed to be asleep. Danny seems actually to be sleeping. It is the only sensible way out of his ridiculous situation.

For a while, there is nothing but creaks and sighs. I imagine my Uncle Sol and my father already asleep in the living room. The conferences about the sleeping arrangements have embarrassed my father, too—we did not even say good night. My Aunt Pearl comes into the dark room and sits down on the edge of the bed in which Aunt Ida is sleeping. Suddenly a flashlight beam illuminates the ceiling.

"For God's sake, Pearl, what are you doing?" says Uncle Carl from his beach chair.

"Sh-h-h," she says. "Setting my hair."

On the ceiling I can see the giant corkscrew of a ringlet.

"Aw, come on," Uncle Carl says. "Go to sleep, Pearl. It's nearly three o'clock."

"Shut up," she whispers. "I'll look enough like a witch already from crying." There is the clink of bobby pins. "*How* could Benny have killed himself?" she says into the dark.

"Who says that?" says Uncle Carl. "The maid found him dead in bed. A heart attack."

"Don't tell me," says Aunt Pearl. "He was living death all the time since Beth died. His heart was broken. He was a broken man."

"With all his millions?"

"Oh, shut up. Money isn't everything."

"You'll wake the children."

"They're not such children. They're married to each other."

I see on the ceiling a giant corkscrew subdued to a circle. The flashlight must be in her lap, shining up through her hair.

"I once told him to drop dead," my Aunt Pearl says. "God forgive me. I was eighteen and I wanted to go to the roller-skating rink at the Greek's. My father was dead already, and Benny was the head of the family. He said I couldn't go—it was a cheap place; he didn't want me picking up boys. I said too bad, I'm going anyway, so he grabbed me and put me over his knee and spanked me. I told him to drop dead. Heaven help me, Carl—he's dead."

"Yeah, thirty years later," says Uncle Carl. "Look, Pearl, go to sleep. Don't make yourself suffer."

"Suffer, suffer," my Aunt Pearl says. "To be alive is to suffer." She is crying now. The beach chair creaks, and Uncle Carl's head looms on the ceiling. Then the flashlight is shut off.

"Carly, Carly," Aunt Pearl is whispering. "We should only go together. God should be good to us. I don't want to be without you—we should go at the same time."

Uncle Carl is whispering and Aunt Pearl is crying, and, finally, gratefully, I fall asleep.

I WAKE, and the night is not yet over. There is the sound of breathing all around me. From the living room comes the grating sound of someone snoring. Could it be my father? When I lived at home, he did not snore. But that was years ago, before I went away to college. Danny's knee is in my back and I cannot change position without falling out of bed. I hold back the blanket and step onto the floor. I tiptoe into the bathroom, where I wash my stinging eyes with cold water and comb my hair with someone's green comb. I do not know what to do. I cannot return to the narrow, stifling bed, but neither can I leave Danny there alone. What would happen if he should wake and find himself alone in the midst of all my breathing relatives?

But I will only be gone a little while. In the living room, my father is pressed into a narrow beach chair. He is snoring. I stand above him, wanting to kiss him. "Daddy," I whisper, but he does not waken.

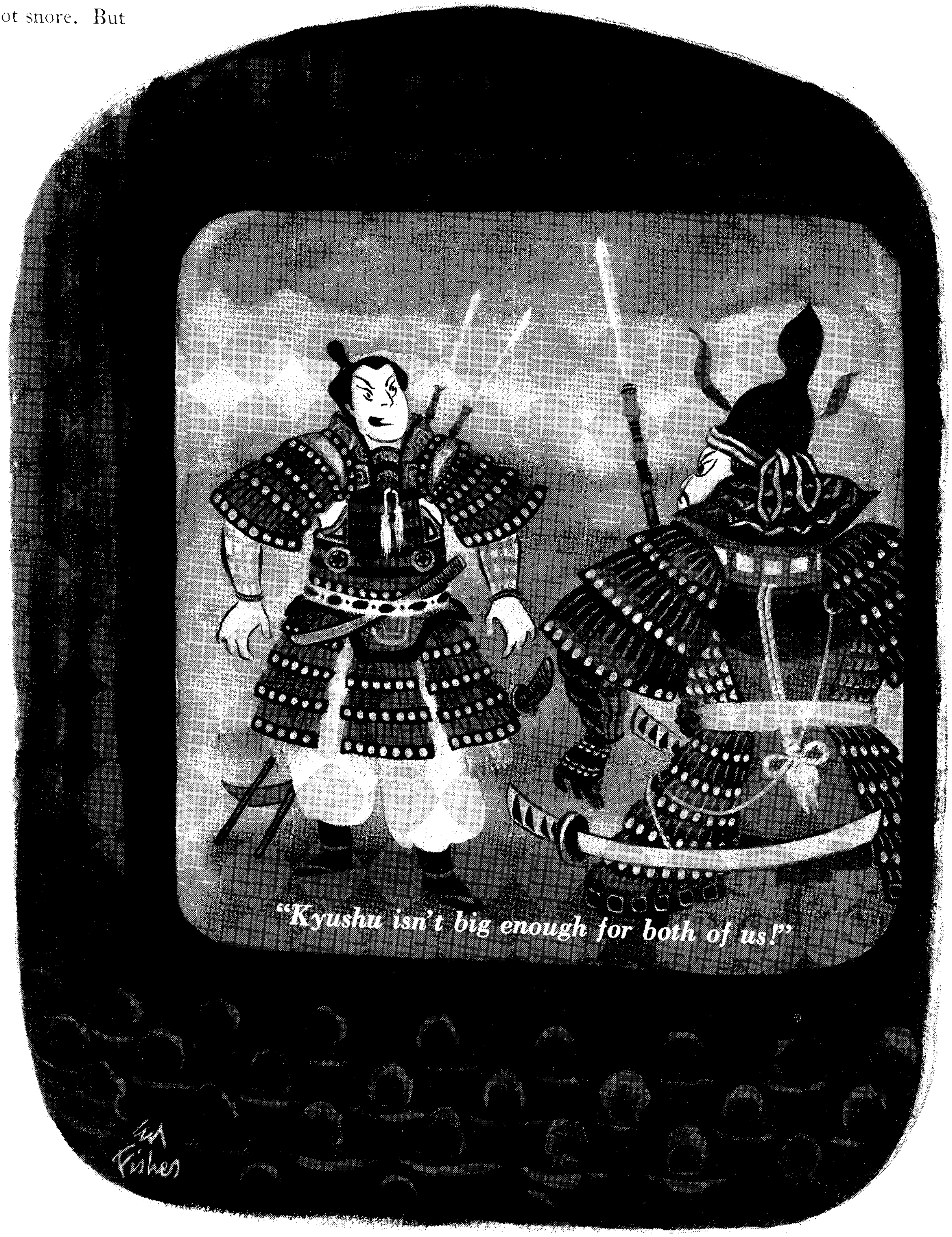
Finally, I put my coat on over my nightgown and go outside. It is windy and cloudy, but there is a faint suggestion of dawn. My Uncle Carl's apartment is only two blocks from the house in which I spent my childhood, and I walk there. Perhaps *it* will tell me something about where the years go.

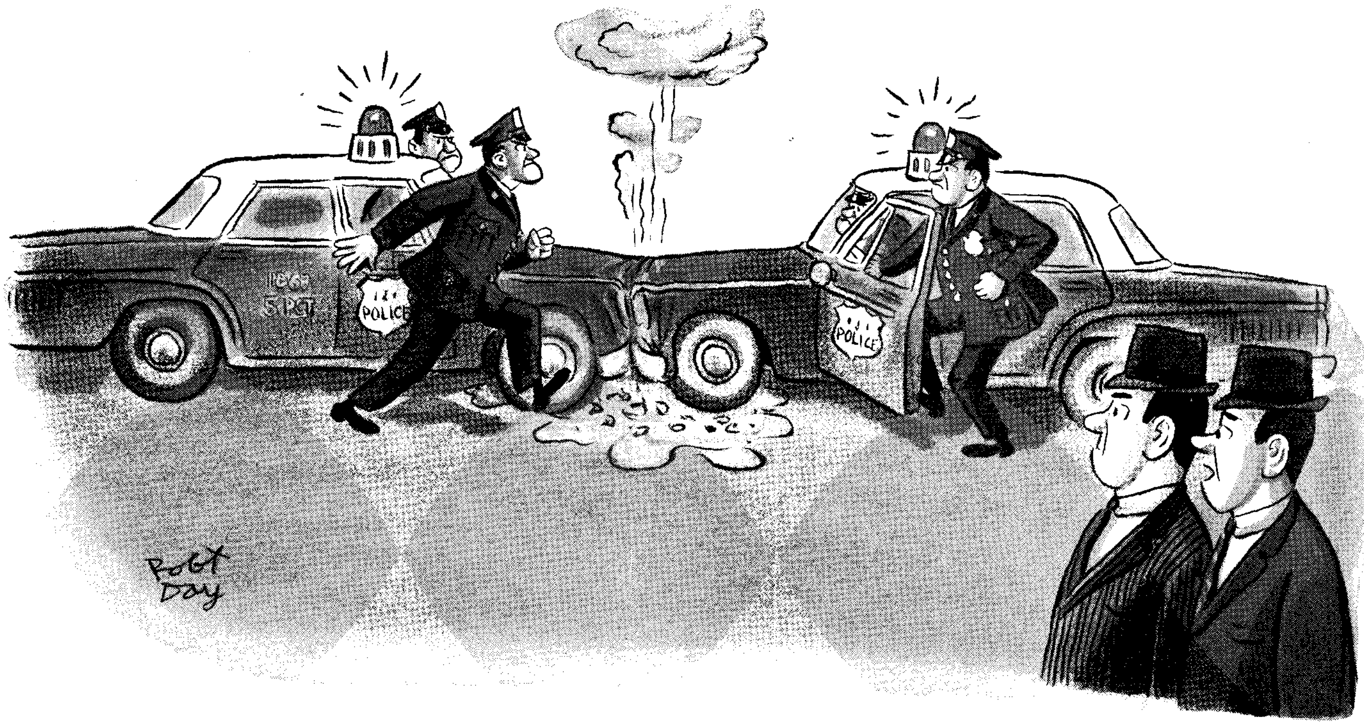
The house is smaller and meaner and uglier than I ever imagined. The front yard, which had been like a hundred acres to me, is not more than fifteen feet long. I feel cold and foolish; my nightgown is sticking out from under my coat. I go back and crawl into bed with Danny. I am grateful for his warm body, because I am shivering. The next time I wake up, it is morning.

IN the living room, they are finally talking about what they have all been thinking of: the will. Uncle Sol says solemnly, "Ida, I hope you have been provided for."

Aunt Ida says, a little shortly, "There is nothing to worry about."

Uncle Ben has been supporting her for six years, and she evidently does not wish to discuss it. She sits on the couch between Uncle Sol and my father, and ruffles her short black hair with her fingers. She does not wash her hair more than once a month. She vacuums it. She uses a drapery attachment from her old Electrolux, believing that it stimulates the brain. Aunt Ida has been very superstitious since the night Uncle George died; he had a convulsive seizure on the night of a full moon, and Aunt Ida believes he was under a spell. She swears


"Kyushu isn't big enough for both of us!"
Ed Fisher



"This ought to be good."

• •

he bared his teeth at her, like a wolf, before he passed out of this life. He was not "lost" to her, though, since she felt his life force pass into her body, and she believes she has the strength to live and raise her child alone because she has two life forces bouncing about within her. For the last few years, she has been a health faddist. In her purse, she carries a dozen pill bottles.

Presently, Uncle Sol says, "We are not worried, Ida—we only hope Ben had the foresight to make a will." The brothers of the Goldman family have always looked with suspicion on wills and insurance policies. They seem like asking for trouble. "A man like Ben," says Uncle Sol, reflecting rather desperately, "a man with such a business mind must have had the foresight." Uncle Sol leans back, a frown on his forehead. It is known that Uncle Ben, in order to avoid certain income taxes, years ago put one of his corporations in Uncle Sol's name. As a return for this favor, Uncle Ben has been paying Uncle Sol's income tax every year, in addition to paying him a token salary of fifty-five dollars a week. Uncle Ben promised Uncle Sol's son, my cousin Bill, a new car on his eighteenth birthday. Bill is now seventeen. Uncle Sol's meagre earnings from his fabric store will never afford Bill a new car. Neither will those earnings support Uncle Sol's family if the store is his only income. Uncle Sol sighs. "Ach," he says, "an ugly business."

"I wonder," says fat Uncle Carl, sitting on the edge of the beach chair my father slept in, "whether there was fancy paper business—accountants and lawyers, things like that."

"Sure there was," says Aunt Pearl. "A man like Ben doesn't keep his money in a piggy bank."

"I was just thinking maybe he arranged with his lawyer or someone that Ida should be taken care of if anything happened."

"There's nothing to worry about," says Aunt Ida.

Aunt Pearl says, "Carl, run out and get something for breakfast. Bagels and lox."

Carl rises. My father goes to him and presses a bill into his hand. "Buy it with this," he says.

"Don't be a big shot," Uncle Carl says, shoving it back. "I got plenty of money."

Uncle Carl has not got plenty of money. Five years ago, he sent Aunt Pearl to her brother to ask for a loan. Uncle Ben loaned them five thousand dollars to start a dry-cleaning store with. The store failed. Uncle Carl now works as a cutter in a dress factory. It is clear that Uncle Carl is wondering if Uncle Ben tore up that IOU, or if accountants will unearth it and force payment from him. He leaves to get the bagels and lox.

"What about you, Abram?" says Uncle Sol.

"*What* about me?" says my father. "What do you think about a will?"

"I think we shouldn't worry about it. There are other things to think about this morning."

Uncle Sol is silenced. He and my father look down at their laps.

Aunt Pearl goes into the kitchen to prepare for breakfast. In a minute, she calls, "Ida, come help me."

Aunt Ida sighs, gets up from the couch, and goes into the kitchen. In a few minutes, Uncle Carl comes back with two brown paper bags. He sets them in the kitchen, and puts up two card tables in the living room. Aunt Ida returns from the kitchen, carrying one empty plate. She places it in the center of one of the card tables, and sits back down on the couch between her brothers.

We hear a cry from the kitchen. "Damn her, damn her, damn her!" Aunt Pearl is sobbing.

Carl runs to the kitchen. "Pearl! What's the matter?"

"My God-damned sister," she sobs, coming to lean against the wall of the living room and point at Ida. "I ask her to help and she carries in one lousy dish. I'm up all night, and I have to cook for everyone, and my husband sleeps on a beach chair in his own house, and she sits on her fat behind."

"Pearl," my father says, getting up and going to her. "There's no need to fight like this today. Everyone is upset. Try to calm down."

"Oh, shut up!" she screams. "Who

do you think you are—big brother Ben, bossing me all over the place?"

"Stop that," my father says. "*Stop that!*"

"Just like old times," Aunt Pearl goes on, wildly. "Ida gets away with everything and I get stuck with the dirty work. Where was Ida when Mama died? Do you know where she was? She was at a *party!* That's where devoted Ida was."

"Pearl, Pearl!" cries Uncle Sol. "What's the *sense?*"

Aunt Ida is still sitting on the couch, twisting her fingers together.

"Don't *you* talk!" Aunt Pearl shouts at him. "Who do you think it was who almost *killed* Mama? *You*, with that *shiksa* you nearly married!"

"ENOUGH!" My father, now the eldest brother, now the head of the family, gives the sternest order I have ever heard. "THERE WILL BE NO MORE OF THIS."

Everyone is silent.

Finally, Uncle Carl says, "Come on. Let's have breakfast."

Little by little, the air calms; we all settle down at the table. Danny has come in from the bedroom, all dressed and shaven. He looks embarrassed because he has heard the fighting. "Good morning," he says.

Aunt Ida smiles at him. She is in the midst of lining up her dozen pill bottles on the table. She offers pills to each. "Sol? Abram? Carl? Janet?" We shake our heads. She says softly, "Pearl, you?" Another no. Then, hesitantly, "Danny?"

Danny accepts. Aunt Ida beams. Into his palm she pours pills of many colors, shapes, contents. This is for good blood, this is for the circulation, this is for the liver. One is more mysterious—it is for life force. Danny doesn't wince. He swallows them seriously, one by one. Aunt Ida loves him. She smiles at my father— Your daughter has married a fine boy. She smiles at me— You have a fine husband. Everyone feels a little better.

On the table are onion rolls, bagels, rye bread. There is butter and cream cheese. There is whitefish and lox and sour cream and bananas and pickled herring. There is coffee and cream and sugar.

Everyone begins to talk about what a good man Ben has always been. It cannot be denied that he has been very generous to all of them. If he did not mingle with them socially, it has to be understood. After all, his friends were a different type; Beth was a different type. But Ben never forgot his family. They were never in need. Ben always believed blood ties were the strongest ties on earth.

Uncle Sol bursts out, "But why should *he* have been the only one to go to college? Why did the rest of us have to work in the clothing factory? Why was *he* the only one who was *bar-mitzvahed?* It wasn't fair." He seems close to tears.

Now they are bringing up old grievances. Ben had everything; they had nothing. Ben had an education, Ben had a car, Ben had a *chance.* They had no chance. They are all failures.

My father nods. He is agreeing that he is a failure. It is not possible for me to stand in front of all these people and tell him he is not a failure. I love him. He has done everything for me and for Mother and for Carol. He has worked like a dog in fifteen different businesses and sent me through college; he will send Carol through college. He has taught us to think, he has given us strength to cope with pain and fear, he has taught us to be honest and fair.

Aunt Pearl, who has been silent since the fight, now says, "It's ironical. Don't envy. He's dead, this brother of ours who had everything. His Beth is dead, his children are orphans, his grandchildren he will never see. Such good fortune, such luck is that?"

They are silent, considering. Indeed, the tables have been turned. Here they all sit in Brooklyn, eating bagels and lox, while Ben is in a coffin on his way to the synagogue.

"May he rest in peace," my father says. "No more talk now."

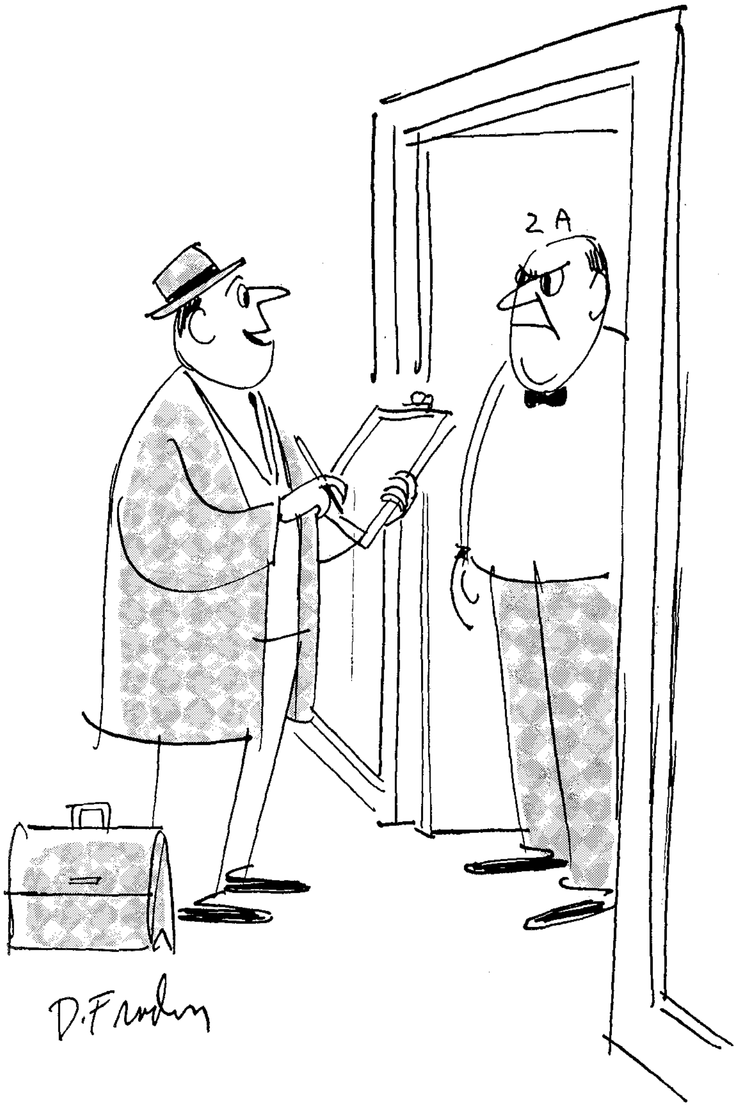
They observe that it is late, it is time to get started. The service is being held at eleven. The table is cleared quietly.

My father tells me to wear something warm. It is windy and rainy again, the worst kind of day for putting away in the earth. Again something is stopping, freezing in me.

We drive through Brooklyn, through Prospect Park, through downtown, across the East River into Manhattan. Somewhere, on the busiest parkway, we have a flat tire. We *can't* have one; we are already late. "Don't worry," says Uncle Carl. "They can't go ahead without us. They will wait." He must be thinking, but not saying, that Benny will wait, too.

My father is out of the car, kneeling on the road. His face is red with the strain of taking off the tire. "Danny!" I cry. "Help him!" He is only two years younger than Uncle Benny.

The flat tire is fixed; we go on. We are



"But, sir, if you don't respond to polls, how can your elected officials know what to do?"

aware of how risky the world is.

At the synagogue, I feel dizzy and weak from lack of sleep. Downstairs is a ladies' room. My Aunt Pearl is there before me; she is powdering under her eyes. "Janet," she says to me, "life is worse than you know," and she is gone. I stay there and try to quiet my stomach. I am afraid for my father. I have never seen him cry, but I am afraid I will see him cry today.

When I come up the stairs, an attendant stops me and says I am too late—I will have to wait outside.

"Wait outside?" I cry.

"Are you related to the deceased?" he asks.

"I am his niece," I say, and push past him. I am at least as important to this service as the Wall Street cronies who are here. They cannot keep me out. My father is waiting for me.

All the relatives are in a long line at the back of the room. The front three rows of seats are empty; the rest of the temple is filled. This is the Park Avenue congregation. These are all Uncle Benny's rich friends. We walk down the aisle. My father is holding my arm as he did at my wedding. Danny is walking behind us, alone. The line files into the front row. My father takes the last seat, and there is no room for me next to him. I have to sit in the second row, diagonally behind him.

Celia is also in the front row, looking as though she has not slept at all. She is wearing a black hat with a thin veil that covers her eyes.

The rabbi begins to speak. With a shock I see the coffin, not two feet from my father, right under the platform on which the rabbi stands. The top is completely covered with roses. It is so magnificent a box you can almost see the congregation reflected in its polished sides.

The rabbi is saying what a good man Uncle Ben was, that all of us know what an honor it is for a man's remains to be brought under the sacred roof of the *shul*. This good man was president of the Men's Club. No matter how busy he was, he never missed a Friday-night service. He was religious and pious and honorable. Sometimes, on a weekday morning, he would come into the temple alone and sit at the back, staring at the Ark of the Covenant. Ben Goldman was a fine man. Ben Goldman loved all his children.

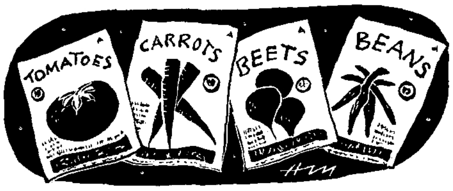
When he says that, he looks at the front row, where Melissa sits next to Fred, and he repeats, "He loved *all* his children." The Catholic daughter-in-law is included. This is a generous rabbi.

What the rabbi cannot mention—and what perhaps is Uncle Ben's greatest achievement—is that Uncle Ben has just been given a larger writeup in a new book called "Moneymakers" than anyone else in the country has been given. He has been described as the shrewdest chemical man in America in this book. A photograph shows him watching a ticker tape, a far from pious expression on his face.

The rabbi says, "And now this good soul has gone to join his beloved Beth," and I see my father cover his eyes, and I begin to cry. Danny takes my hand, but I gather momentum and am shaking so hard I cannot breathe.

Men come forward and lift the coffin. Very slowly, they walk toward the back of the *shul*, rose petals slipping off the coffin to fall under their feet. My father is the first to follow the coffin out. I drop Danny's arm and run ahead to hold my father's. He averts his face, and from deep in his chest I hear a ripping sound that I know is the sound of a man crying who has not cried in forty years.

Outside, in the wind, he is in control again. There are seven black limousines lined up to take the mourners to the cemetery. My father opens the door of the third limousine. "Get inside. I don't want you to catch cold."



"Where are you going?"

He points to the second car.

"I want to go with you," I say.

"I have to go with the brothers and sisters."

He won't let me argue. I get into the third limousine. In the second are the brothers and sisters, in the first the children of Ben and their mates, and in front of that the hearse, with Uncle Ben under his roses.

Danny leans back uncomfortably in one of the seats that have been pulled up from the floor—the most uncomfortable in the car. There are six strangers with us in the car. The driver is a pockmarked, yellow-skinned, unpleasant-looking man. Beside him are a couple with bored faces. In back of us are two middle-aged women and one very old woman.

The car moves slowly away from the curb. It is daytime, but the headlights of the cars in the procession are on. The yellow-faced driver maneuvers skillfully in the heavy traffic. This is just another working day for him.

One of the middle-aged women leans forward and taps me on the shoulder. "Are you related to Benny?" she asks in a rasping, masculine voice.

"His niece," I say.

"Are you Abie's girl?"

"Yes."

"I thought so. You look like him. I

* *

FAREWELL TO THE SHOPPING DISTRICT OF ANTIBES

Next week, alas, BOULANGERIE
Will bake *baguettes*, but not for me;
The windows will be filled, although
I'm gone, with brandy-laced *gâteaux*.

TABAC, impervious, will vend
Reynos to others who can spend
Trois francs (*moins dix centimes*) per pack—
Forget me not, *très cher* TABAC!

Grim BOIS & CHARBONS & MAZOUT
Will blacken someone else's suit,
And FLEURS will romance with the air
As if I never had been there.

ALIMENTATION won't grieve
As it continues, *sans* my leave,
To garland *oignons*, peddle *pommes*,
And stack *endives* till kingdom come.

La mer will wash up on the sand
Les poissons morts regardless, and
JOURNAUX will ask, though I'm away,
"UN AUTRE MARI POUR B.B.?"

—JOHN UPDIKE

"*Manchester certainly gets a lovely welcome every night.*"

• •

lived next door to your father in Bensonhurst. I was his first girl. My name is Mickey."

I am repelled. My father has as much as betrayed my mother with this vulgar woman.

"I didn't use to talk this way," she explains. "I had part of my voice box removed. Cancer."

The little old lady now taps me on the shoulder. "You want I should show you the pictures of my grandchildren? I'm your father's Aunt Sadie."

So this is Aunt Sadie, the aunt my father dislikes most. I do not know why, exactly, but I do know her husband owned a clothing warehouse and gave my father—then a boy of eleven—the night watchman's job in it. My father used to sit shivering in the dark, hearing rats run across the floor and imagining horrors he can hardly explain. For this he was paid twenty-five cents a night, while the same uncle sent Benny to Hebrew school.

The old lady is showing me snapshots. "This is Ruthie, she had a birthmark big as an apple, the biggest doctor in New York took it off, she's a beauty now, you could never know."

I nod wearily.

"They kicked me out from the family," she says. "Last winter, I was in Miami Beach, I called your father, he should come to see me at my hotel, he never came. Same with Sol. Probably the wives didn't let. I never liked your mother."

"Look," I say, "we're going to a funeral. Maybe we should all be a little quiet."

She sits back, silent.

We are out of the city at last. It can't be much longer. The couple in the front seat light cigarettes. The pock-marked driver then lights a cigarette for himself. We are coming into open country. The old lady taps me again. "Here," she says. She stuffs something folded into my hand. "That boy next to you must be your husband. I know you had a wedding. I was never invited, but I don't hold no grudge. Just because I was never invited is no reason I can't give a present."

It is a five-dollar bill. "Look, Aunt Sadie," I say. "I don't want it. It's not necessary."

"I have nothing against you," she says. "It's your mother who didn't invite me. Buy yourself something."

We are pulling into the cemetery. My heart pounds and I see a blackness before my eyes for an instant.

THE wound of my Aunt Beth's grave is not yet healed, and beside it a new one is open. They are sliding the coffin out of the hearse and carrying it toward the grave. A green rug is placed over the hole, a board across the rug, and the coffin upon the board. This is done very quickly, even before all the limousines are empty.

There is a canopy covering both graves. No tombstone marks Beth's grave; it is not yet a year. A chair is brought forward for Celia. She declines it with a shake of her head.

The canopy flaps in the wind, and the rabbi steps under it, carrying a closed black umbrella. The relatives gather in, and once again the gray-haired, palsied undertaker appears, now distributing long-stemmed red roses, one to each person. His expression is as blank as if he were dealing out a deck of cards.

I try to see past Celia's face into her thoughts. What if that were my father, locked in that coffin? What if his face were being put away from me forever? And then I ask myself a question against all knowledge. How do they know the dead are dead? What if, tonight, Uncle Ben opens his eyes and calls to be freed? Is Aunt Beth lying beneath this very earth, listening? Is she thinking, Finally, Ben, you are coming to sleep?

It seems against all things human, to bury someone under the earth who has breathed in light and air from the instant of birth. Why not lay the dead among green trees, in the open woods? Are not the ants and beetles better than the lead-sealed, waterproof, airtight, thousand-dollar mahogany casket?

My head is spinning in the pain of its own inadequacy. What does it *mean* for Uncle Benny to be dead?

The rabbi is reading the service in Hebrew. I do not understand it. At the end, at a signal of the rabbi's hand, Celia and Fred step forward. Celia steps too far, upon the unsupported part of the green rug, and lunges forward, nearly falling into the grave underneath. She is caught by my father and Fred, who hold her until she can balance herself again. Fred takes her hand, and the brother and sister say the Mourner's Kaddish: "*Yisgadal veyiskadash Sh'may rabbo be'olmo* . . ." They say it well—they have said it often for their mother. For a moment, I believe in the prayer; I believe there is God, this is His language, He is there, and Uncle Ben is all right. But my disbelief is suspended only until Celia steps back, nearly staggering, her face gray with anguish.

"Throw the rose," says the rabbi. Celia tosses the rose upon the coffin. Fred does the same. We all toss our roses forward, as though we are playing a game of quoits, and it is over. They are hurrying the pregnant girl out of the wind and back into the limousine.

But it is not quite over. The brothers and sisters of Uncle Ben remain behind. The four of them are crying, facing in the world's four directions, away from each other. Privately, each one is accepting the finality of his brother's death. It seems they are ashamed to look at each other, for when they are done with whatever each has had to do in his heart, they still do not draw together.

We pile back in the cars, in the same distribution as before, and we drive away.

There. I have seen a funeral—I have seen it all, and what do I know? I have understood nothing.

It is silent all the way back to Manhattan. The funeral party meets in Uncle Ben's apartment, where his maid, the colored woman who discovered his body, serves us corned-beef sandwiches and potato salad.

It is announced that the family will sit *Shiva* in two places—the brothers and sisters at Aunt Pearl's house, the children at Celia's house. But it is understood that Celia and Fred will not serve out the week of mourning, sitting on boxes on the floor, barefooted, the men unshaven, the women without color, the mirrors covered with sheets. They are of the modern generation; they have obligations; one of them has got to get a child born, the other has to learn the chemical business. Let the old folks sit *Shiva.*

Pleading his wife's tiredness, Celia's husband takes her away. Melissa and Fred leave with them. The strangers go, and the rest of us are left in Uncle Ben's house.

"There was no will," Uncle Sol says. "Fred told me."

So. All the money is to go to the children. No car for Sol's son, no rent for Aunt Ida. And do even *I* feel a little disappointed?

Nothing matters. I am sick of it all. I want to go home with Danny to our rickety attic where we bang our heads on the ceiling every time we get out of bed. I want to go back to my tiny office and watch the pigeons strutting on my window sill, which overlooks the Common. There are things to do—many things to do—and I understand that that is the only answer I shall have to all my questions.

—MERRILL JOAN GERBER

"I'm for the underdog because I'm an underdog."

•

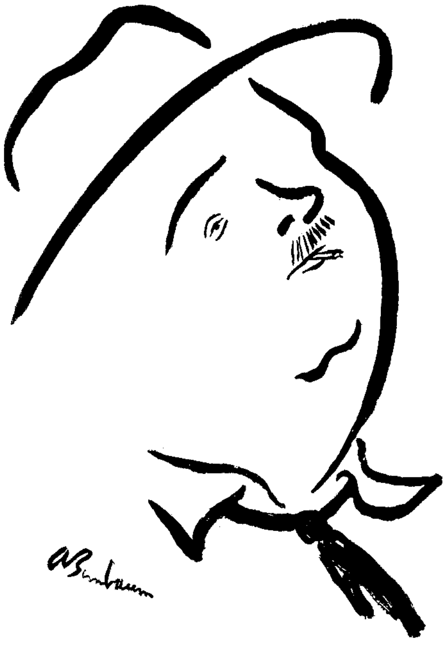
Q. We have a lock that fails to operate even after oiling with a light oil. What can we do to correct this? J.B.

A. Wrap a brick tightly with paper to use as a weight. Place the pages on a table with the edges even and put the brick on top. Make holes with an electric drill or even a nail and thread a shoe lace through the holes and tie.—*Salt Lake City (Utah) Salt Lake Tribune.*

Next question.

❋ PROFILES ❋

ENEMY OF GEMÜTLICHKEIT



Helmut Qualtinger

THE best known, least liked, and most controversial personality in Austria today is a fat, slovenly Viennese grocery-store clerk in his early sixties, with a cunning look in his watery eyes, a small Hitler mustache, a checkered political past, and a self-righteous attitude. Outwardly easygoing and *gemütlich*, he is filled with pity for himself but has none to spare for others. He alternately deplores his hard life and insists that his existence has always been *a Hetz* (a term that derives from the German word for "a hunt" and whose nearest American slang equivalent would probably be "a ball," as in "having a ball"). He is a scoundrel with a macabre charm that many Austrians and many foreigners as well find irresistible. He is at once dangerous and deplorable, fascinating and pathetic, and is literally a poor devil—poor and a devil. This complex character is so well known in Austria that the simple appellation "Herr Karl" instantly identifies him anywhere.

Herr Karl was born in Vienna around the year 1900, and for a short time both he and the twentieth century remained happily innocent. But then Herr Karl witnessed the death struggle of the Hapsburg empire; the First World War and its aftermath of anarchy, hunger, and inflation; the chaotic years of the Austrian Republic; the dictatorship of Chancellor Engelbert Dollfuss, who in 1934 ordered the Austrian artillery to shell apartment buildings occupied by Viennese workers who opposed him; the arrival of Hitler; the Second World War; and, after that, another period of anarchy, hunger, and inflation. Since the end of the Four Power Occupation, in 1955, nearly everybody in Austria has had more money and has lived better than ever before, admits Herr Karl—everybody, that is, except Herr Karl. He has remained in his badly paid job in the cellar storage room of a fancy grocery. When he has a chance, he steals a few bars of Swiss chocolate or empties a bottle of French brandy into a thermos jug that he carries in his briefcase, along with the bread and sausage he eats for lunch. He rarely steals canned goods from his employer, because he doesn't like the taste of canned food. He is a petty thief with principles.

Herr Karl is a lonely man. His two attempts at matrimony were failures—the first because his wife felt he was making too free with her funds, the second because he felt his wife was making too free with other men. He apparently has no friends, and never mentions his parents. The only relative he acknowledges is a distant cousin in Germany; they have never met, but they exchange Christmas greetings—"mostly because of the stamps," Herr Karl says. Herr Karl went through secondary school, but he didn't learn much, and, at the end of what he calls "the last war—the *first* last war," when he was seventeen, he went to work in a delicatessen. Ever since, despite many fluctuations in his fortunes, he has had a predilection for this line of work—"because of the opportunities," he explains. Even in the days of his apprenticeship, Herr Karl was nobody's fool. He already knew that politics was a dirty business. Besides, he says, in the nineteen-twenties one could never be sure which of the political parties was the strongest, so he didn't join any of them.

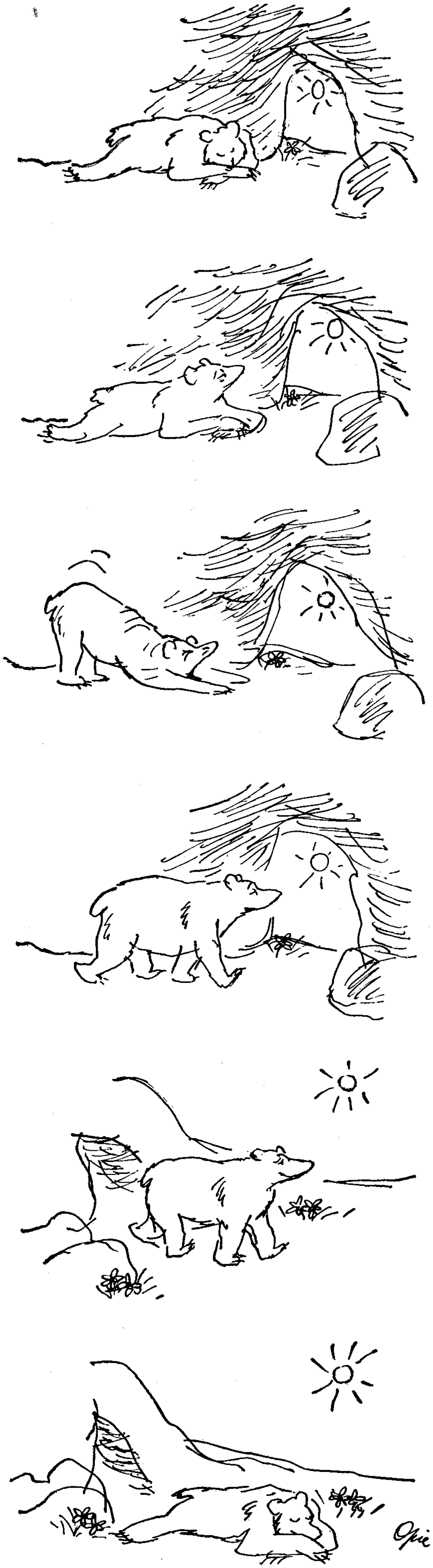
During the early nineteen-thirties, Berliners used to say that life was often serious but never hopeless. In Herr Karl's Vienna, life was always hopeless but never serious. Herr Karl himself was often unemployed during the depression, even though he had, after mature consideration, joined the Socialist Party, partly because through it he was given an apartment at a nominal rental in a municipal housing development and partly because the Socialists promised everybody a job, but mainly because they seemed to be the strongest party at the time. By 1934, Herr Karl had learned the value of election promises, so (though he hung on to his apartment) he switched to the *Heimwehr*, an anti-Socialist, anti-Republican, anti-Nazi Storm Troop organization, whose leader, Ernst Rüdiger Prince Starhemberg, had visions of setting himself up as a little Austrian Mussolini. The members of the *Heimwehr* were mostly disgruntled ex-soldiers living in a nebulous past or in a still more nebulous future—the sort of people who, as Herr Karl says now, "will join anything provided they get something out of it." He himself got five schillings for each demonstration he attended. It wasn't much, but it helped. After a while, Herr Karl had a hunch that the *Heimwehr* wasn't getting anywhere. (He was right; it never did.) A man of sound political instincts, he now joined the promising, though illegal, Austrian Nazi Party. The Nazis also paid five schillings for each demonstration, and it was nice to see the same old faces one had seen earlier among the Socialists and later among the *Heimwehr*.

"Don't misunderstand me," Herr Karl said the other day, his sly face taking on a sanctimonious expression. "Austria was always an unpolitical country. I mean, we Austrians were never political people. But a man has to eat, doesn't he?" In moments of emotional stress, or when he remembers a phrase from his schoolbooks or a cliché he has picked up from a political orator, he switches from broad Viennese dialect to a rather stilted *Hochdeutsch*. All the clichés are in *Hochdeutsch*. Herr Karl loves clichés. If a cliché doesn't fit the facts, he tailors the facts to fit the cliché.

HERR KARL, who is known to everybody in Austria, doesn't exist. He is the creation of Helmut Qualtinger, a thirty-four-year-old Viennese actor, playwright, mimic, philosopher, nonconformist, and congenital oppositionist, who, with a collaborator named Carl Merz, wrote "Der Herr Karl" as a one-hour, one-act, one-man television play. Qualtinger, who before the advent of Herr Karl had been a leading practitioner of a distinctively Viennese brand of cabaret satire, as well as a stage, radio, and television performer, first delivered this tour-de-force monologue in November, 1961, over the Austrian state TV network, and subsequently began playing the role of Herr Karl onstage with immense success not only in Vienna but also in Munich and other German cities. There has been talk of translating "Der Herr Karl" for presentation in France and Italy, and also of Qualtinger's bringing it to New York. Qualtinger is not surprised by such international interest. "Herr Karl is everywhere," he says. "In Italy his name may be Carlo. He was for the monarchy, then cheered when Mussolini spoke from his balcony in the Piazza Venezia, and is now a loyal defender of the republic. And in France M. Charles was, in turn, for Clemenceau, Poincaré, Léon Blum, Laval, Pétain, and de Gaulle. The truth is that the little man can't afford much civil courage. The fifth freedom—freedom to speak out for what you believe in even if it costs you your job—is not for him."

A high point of Herr Karl's recital is his memory of Hitler's advent in Austria. Herr Karl becomes so emotional when he remembers those days that he automatically switches to *Hochdeutsch:* "Ah, the excitement! The jubilation! The happiness! There's no use trying to tell you. No one would believe it today. After all those terrible years, the Viennese were in a kind of ecstasy. That was really *a Hetz.* By the time the Germans marched in, the Viennese policemen had put on swastika armbands. We were all standing in Heldenplatz, near the Imperial Palace—an immense crowd, stretching as far as the eye could see—one big family. We were all in a trance—we were *together.* Hitler? Definitely a great personality. Maybe it was a crime to mislead all those good-natured people—but one sensed greatness in the man. I once stood right in front of him at the City Hall, at a meeting of *Blockwarte* [block wardens in the Nazi Party]. He looked at me out of his blue eyes, and I looked back at him. He spoke the word '*Ja!*' and I knew everything. We understood each other."

And so Herr Karl, formerly a member of the illegal Nazi Party, was in good legal standing once more. He is angry about some of the things that people have been saying lately. "For instance, there was a man in our apartment building, name of Tennenbaum," he says. "Really a nice man. Now, someone had written some things about Jews on the sidewalk, and Tennenbaum was ordered to clean them away. I mean not only Tennenbaum but the other Jews, too. I took him down to the sidewalk. The janitor stood there and laughed; he always liked *a Hetz.* Goodness, it was all in a spirit of fun, and nothing serious happened to Tennenbaum. He survived, and came back to Vienna after the war. I saw him on the street one day and greeted him—'*Habe-die-Ehre, Kompliment, Herr Tennenbaum,*' I said—and he looked the other way. How do you like that? It wasn't my fault, was it? I mean, *somebody* had to clean that sidewalk. The janitor didn't see why *he* should do it. All these things you hear today are exaggerated. It was *a Hetz,* that's all. I got nothing out of it, absolutely nothing. Others were smarter. I mean, they Aryanized Jewish stores, homes, businesses, and got rich. What did I do? Just took Tennenbaum down to the sidewalk. I was an idealist."



As an idealist, Herr Karl joined the N.S.V., the National Socialist People's Welfare Organization, and collected money from the occupants of his apartment building, in return for which he provided them with thoughtful, uplifting slogans, written by such people as Goethe and Hitler—"Health Is Duty," for example. He told people to hang them up on the wall next to Hitler's picture. He also worked for Winter Relief, and he became an air-raid warden. Somehow, Herr Karl was not drafted into the Wehrmacht, perhaps because the government felt that the home front needed strong men like him—men who could keep cool in a crisis. After air raids, Herr Karl helped distribute emergency rations among people who had been bombed out. He now admits that he hung on to some of the rations himself—probably enough so that he could have opened his own delicatessen, if he'd wanted to. "People who had just lost their homes weren't hungry," he says, by way of explanation. "They were glad to be alive. They had more important things on their minds than food. And if anyone complained,

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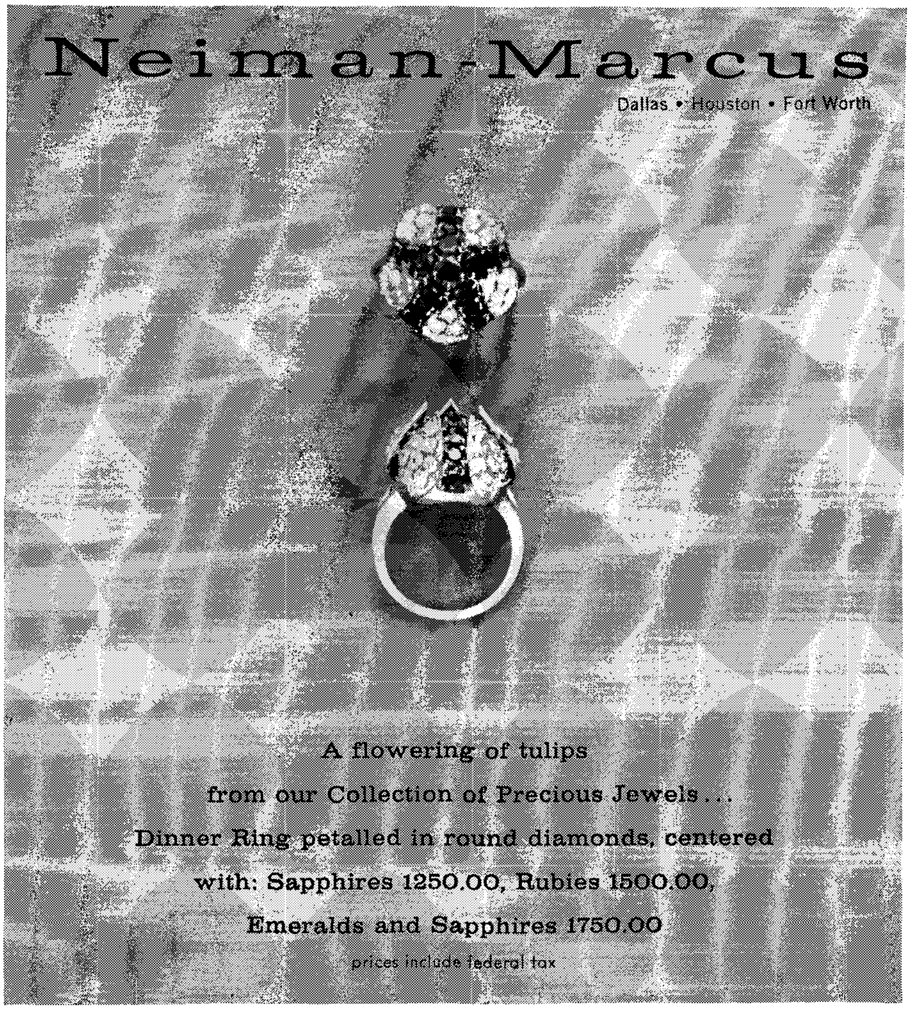
I gave him a look that made him shut up. I learned that from the Führer."

The arrival of the Red Army in the spring of 1945 is still remembered most unpleasantly by many people in Vienna. Women hid in attics and cellars, and when they had to go outdoors, they made themselves as unattractive as possible. The exact number of arrests and kidnappings that the Russians were responsible for will never be known. Some of the people who were missing then are still missing. Herr Karl, however, adjusted himself to the new situation: "My stupid neighbors got frantic and rushed their pictures of Hitler off to the garbage dump. Not me. I left mine on the wall. When the Russians came to our building, I took them upstairs. 'Come with me, *Tovarishchi*,' I said. Then I tore my picture of Hitler from the wall and trampled on it. They liked that; they said '*Khorosho!*' ['Good!'] and went away. I speak a little Czech; I have always had an understanding of the Slavic mentality. So I had everything I needed. Then, a few months later, the Americans came to Vienna, and we were *really* liberated."

Herr Karl had an understanding of the American mentality, too. His former Nazi friends said that it was easy to get a job with the Amis, and Herr Karl didn't hesitate to heed the new call of duty. He had always been a staunch defender of Western civilization, hadn't he? He went to work for the Americans as one of their civilian guards, who wore helmets, like the military police, and guarded parking lots, motor pools, and PXs all over town. "We took good care of American property," Herr Karl says now. "When an Austrian approached, we would chase him away: '*Weg da!* Go away, you!' " The experience later helped Herr Karl to get a good job as a parking-lot attendant at a coffeehouse on the Kobenzl, a hill in the lovely Vienna Woods, overlooking the city, where members of the occupation forces came to dine and dance.

Finally, on May 15, 1955, the Austrian State Treaty was signed by Russia, the United States, France, and Britain, giving Austria back to the Austrians, and Herr Karl was right there when it happened. "It was a glorious day," he says. "We stood in front of the Belvedere Palace—an immense crowd, stretching as far as the eye could see. One big family, just like in 1938 in Heldenplatz. Maybe the family had become a little smaller, but then there is less space around Belvedere Palace. And when the Chancellor came out on the balcony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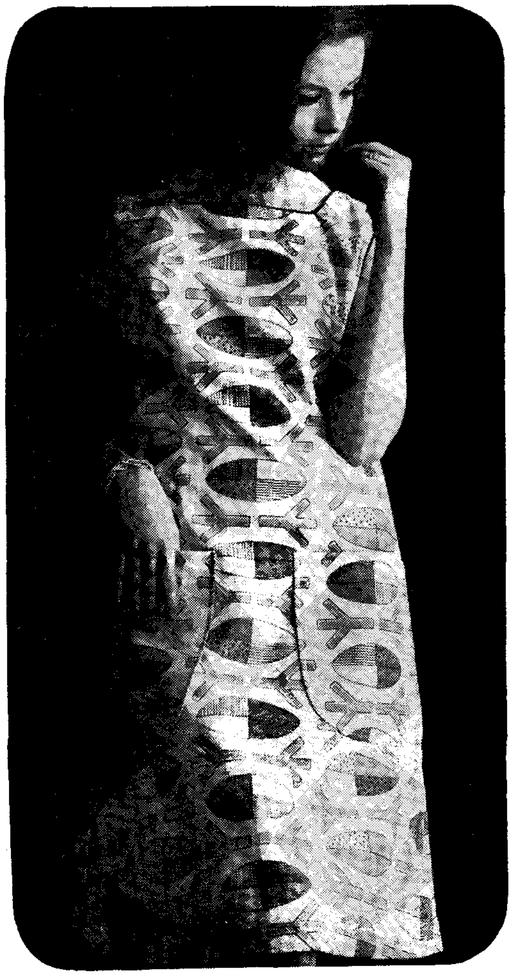
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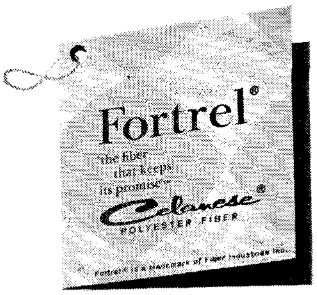
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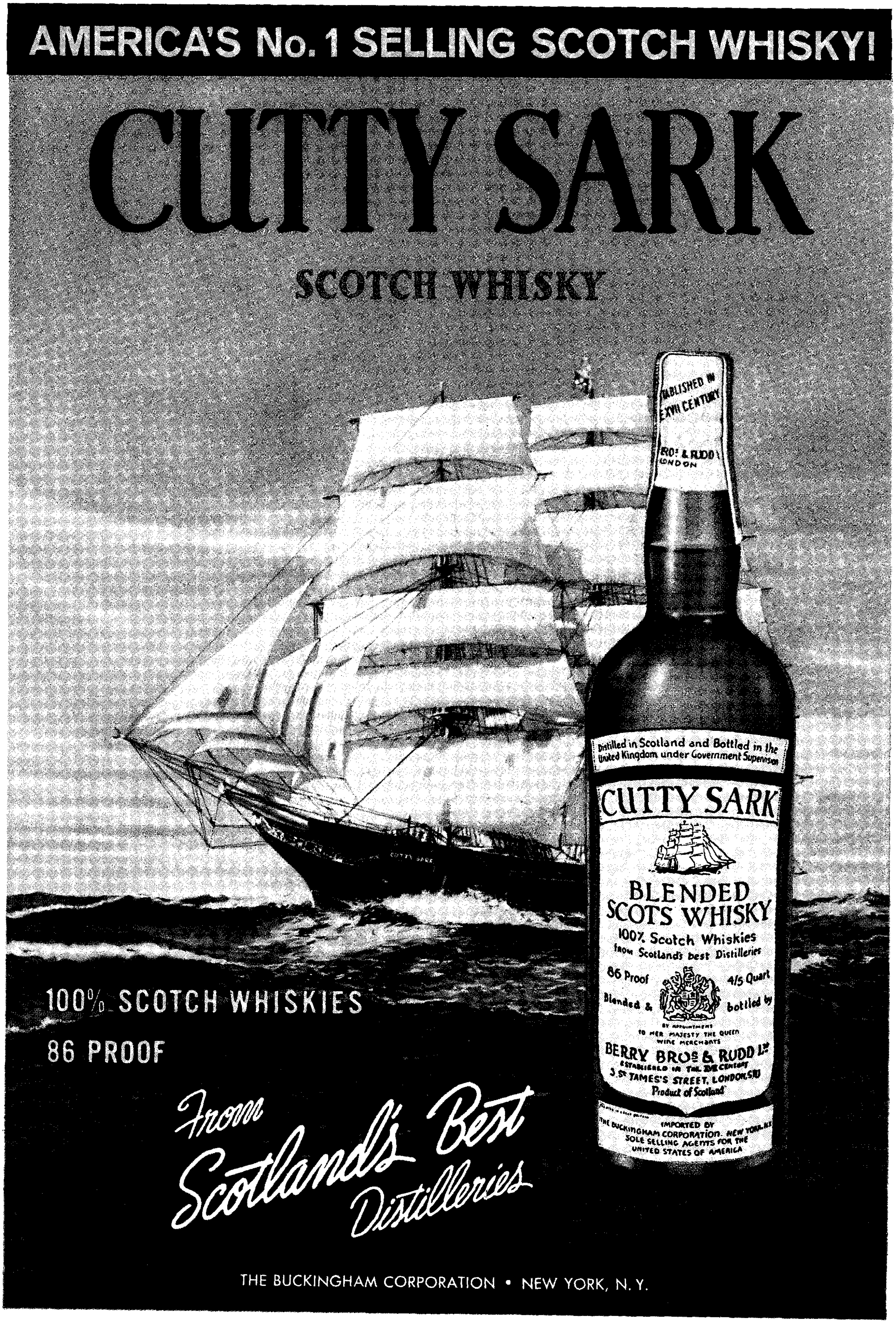
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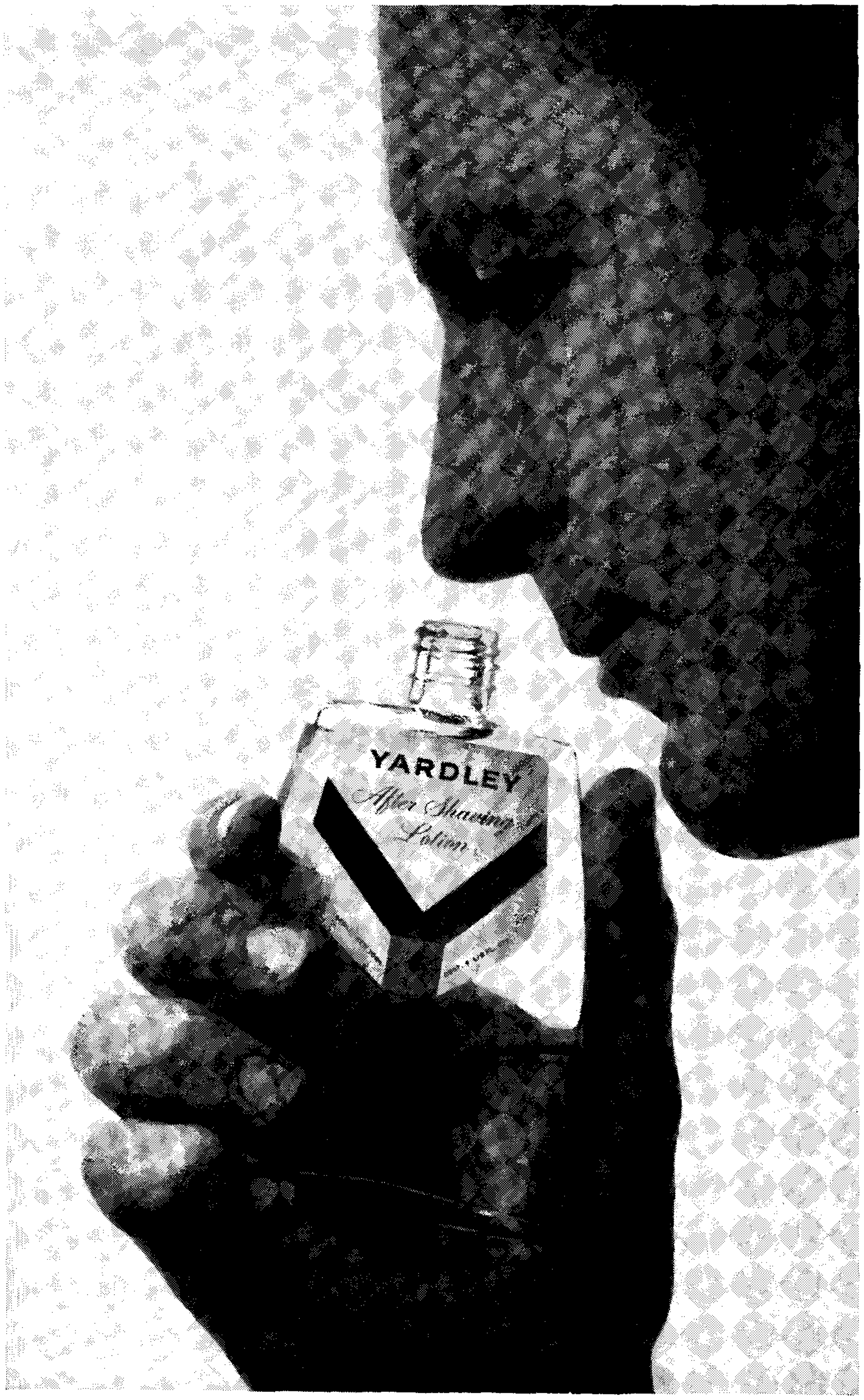
with the other *Herrschaften*—Mr. Dulles was there, too; I remember him well—and said 'Austria is free!' a jubilant cry went up out of a thousand throats. What a great moment that was! And I said to myself, 'Karl, you've done it again.' "

Looking back over his life, as he sits in his cellar on a crate of canned tomato juice, Herr Karl is convinced that he hasn't done too badly. He has had the satisfaction that comes from helping other people. He has worked for the National Socialist People's Welfare, for his neighbors, for the Russians, for the Americans, for his community. "Whatever I did, I always put a little of my heart into it," he says.

Herr Karl takes a swig of cognac from his thermos jug and says once more that he has not wasted his life, as so many people have. He's got something to show for it—his apartment in the municipal apartment building, for one thing. He also has a good, dark Sunday suit, which he rarely wears. And when he gets older, the welfare state will take care of him. He has health insurance, social security, some drugs for pain, and some sleeping pills. He sleeps badly and suffers from nightmares. Sometimes at night he is almost afraid to go back to his lonely apartment. He sits at the *Gasthaus*, drinking another beer and watching television, until it is closing time. Then he pays up, says good night, and goes home, a man of the people who always did what was expected of him.

WHEN "Der Herr Karl" first appeared on Austria's television screens that November evening, pandemonium broke loose. Even before the program had ended, the network's switchboards were jammed with calls, from both furious and enthusiastic listeners. Austria's whole population was split into two camps. "Un-Austrian!" cried some people, and "Qualtinger is a bird that fouls its own nest." A good many people disagreed. "Herr Karl set out to step on the toes of a certain type of character, and a whole nation screamed with pain," wrote Hans Weigel, a Viennese author and critic. What the Austrians call *die unbewältigte Vergangenheit* (the unconquered past) suddenly became very much alive. Thousands of letters flooded the network and the newspaper offices. "No sooner has grass grown over the whole story than a camel like this comes along and eats it up," an angry business executive commented. Some politicians professed themselves shocked. Young people were



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especially vociferous in expressing their disapproval. The Catholic Youth Organization protested that "this portrait of a scoundrel leaves us no hope for the future." A woman who had just returned from America wrote, "We Austrians are too tolerant. In Russia a man would wind up in prison for doing such a thing. In America they would tear him to pieces."

Later on, when he began performing "Der Herr Karl" at the Vienna theatre called the Kammerspiele, Qualtinger delightedly reprinted the letters in the playbill, along with a letter that Herr Karl himself had supposedly written to him and Merz:

> DEAR SIRS:
>
> I've long hesitated to write to you, because I'm rather a quiet one, and hate to get involved in arguments. . . . I have to tell you that you are wrong. I'm not a spoilsport and I don't mind *a Hetz*, but too much is too much. What you did is a scandal. You've offended our great nation of fiddlers and dancers, the charming *Kulturvolk*. What our soccer players have patiently built up after years of dribbling, you've torn down in an hour. It was a crime for you to make me look like what no Austrian has ever wanted to be. . . . But the young people gave you the right answer. Our youth is unspoiled, wholesome, and full of courage, and it unswervingly goes its way. The young people shouldn't be bothered with the things you mentioned about the past. One should be glad they are spared our sad experiences. And the young people know that such a man as myself does not really exist. . . .

There was more public outcry, for Qualtinger had touched another exposed nerve; in present-day Austria, the uncomfortable Nazi past is almost never mentioned in school history classes, or by parents at home, so the younger generation has had very little conception of what happened under Hitler. Moreover, Qualtinger had debunked Vienna's proverbial *Gemütlichkeit*, its heart of gold. "Wherever the fallout of Qualtinger's deadly satire comes down, no flower of romanticism will grow for a long time," the weekly *Wochenausgabe* editorialized. Many people expressed a hope that "Der Herr Karl" would not be presented abroad, "because it would ruin the tourist trade." Curiously, the most vitriolic protests came not from Herr Karl's own class but from the educated bourgeoisie—professors, doctors, engineers, lawyers, architects, government officials, business executives. Herr Karl's reminiscences seemed to touch them to the quick. "The solid, respected citizens who subscribe to the Burgtheater and the Philharmonic concerts have good manners and wouldn't dream of

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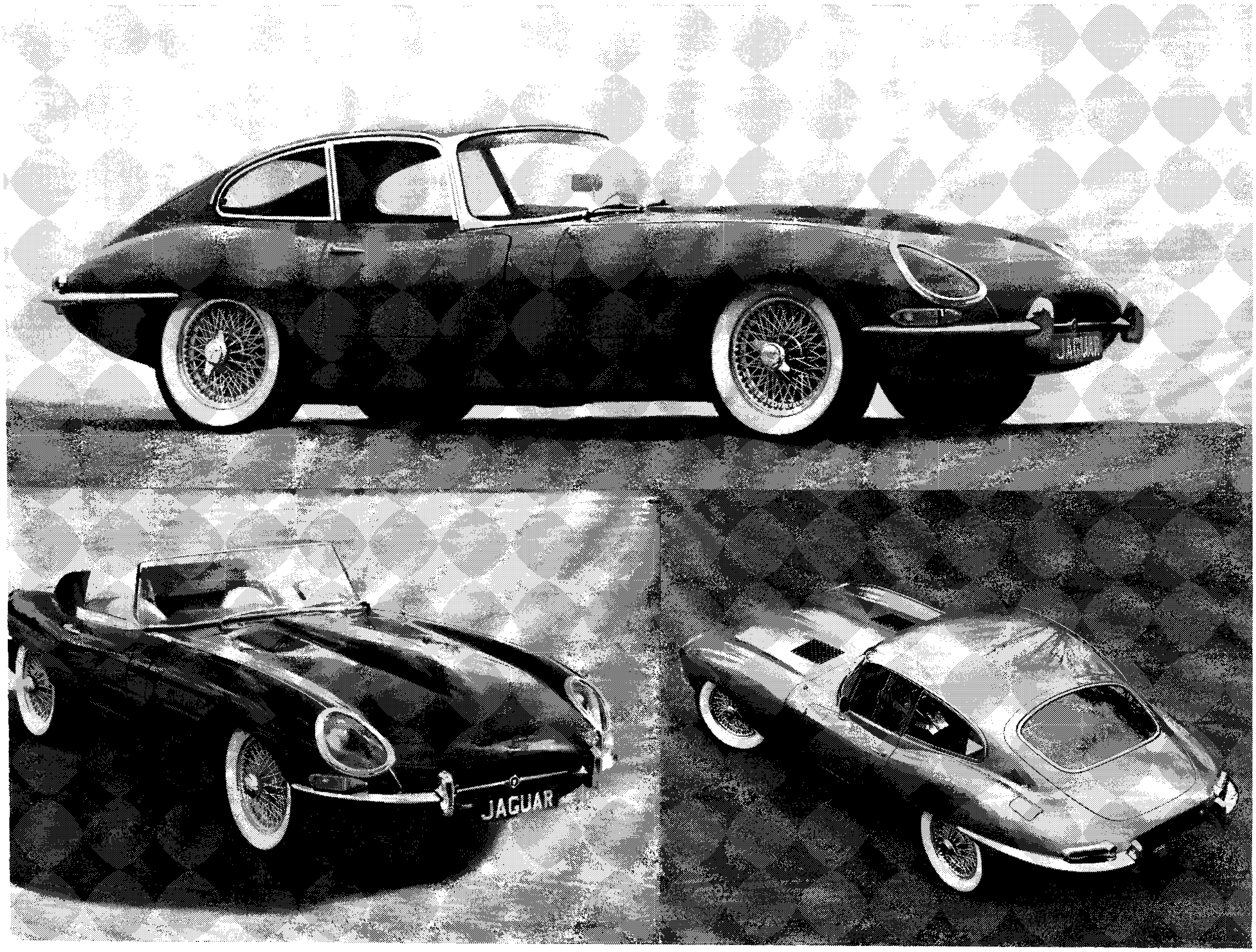

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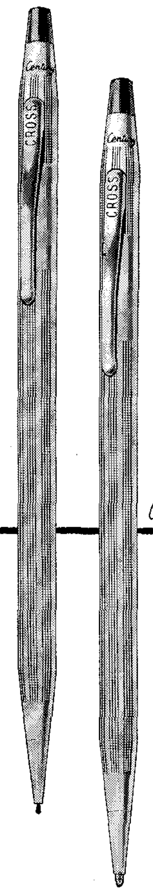
booing me," Qualtinger has said. "They suffer in silence. But they hate me." Heimito von Doderer, possibly Austria's greatest living novelist (author of "The Demons," among many other books), who is a friend of Qualtinger's, calls such people "the Herr Karls with chocolate frosting who are all around us." As for specifically political reactions, Austria's small but noisy group of neo-Nazis didn't attack "Der Herr Karl;" instead, their newspapers registered amused contempt. To them, Herr Karl was just one more proof that Hitler had been right when he did away with Austria's independence. The Communists contented themselves with classifying Herr Karl as a specimen of the decadent *petite bourgeoisie*, and a "typical Western opportunist."

For some time, protests continued to be heard throughout the country. Then, as Qualtinger went on making his stage appearances, they began to give way to praise. From the start, Austria's leading newspapers raved about the show. "Brilliant," said *Neues Oesterreich*. "Bravo, Herr Qualtinger!" said *Die Presse*. "Not every era produces a 'Don Carlos' by Friedrich Schiller but we can be satisfied that our time has produced a Herr Karl," Weigel wrote in *Kronen-Zeitung*. Juvenile-delinquent gangs in Vienna awarded outstanding members the title of "Herr Karl," presumably for shiftiness and shadiness beyond the call of duty. After Qualtinger's show moved on to Germany, *Die Welt*, of Hamburg, called it "the complete anatomy of a national soul," while *Die Frankfurter-Allgemeine Zeitung* wrote, "Herr Karl told the Austrians more awful truths than they had heard in the past sixteen years." But there were also powerful voices reminding the Germans that Herr Karl was not an exclusively Austrian phenomenon. "If Germans could at last learn to discover the Herr Karls among themselves, they wouldn't have to look for Herr Karls among their political neighbors," said the influential weekly *Christ und Welt*. The German weekly *Neue Illustrierte* published actual photographs taken after the Anschluss, which showed assorted Herr Karls making Jews clean sidewalks while assorted Viennese looked on delightedly. But most Viennese needed no such proof of Herr Karl's existence.

THE man who dared debunk the worldwide legend of Viennese *Gemütlichkeit* has at various times been compared in appearance to Jackie



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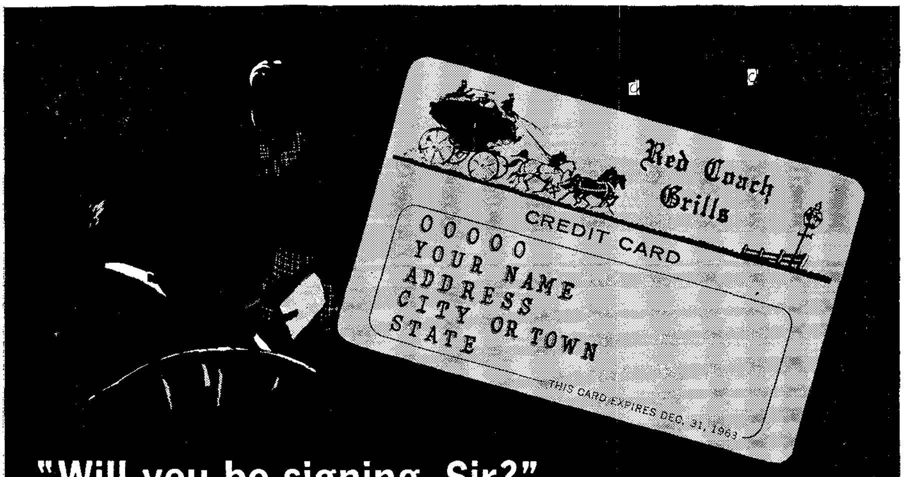

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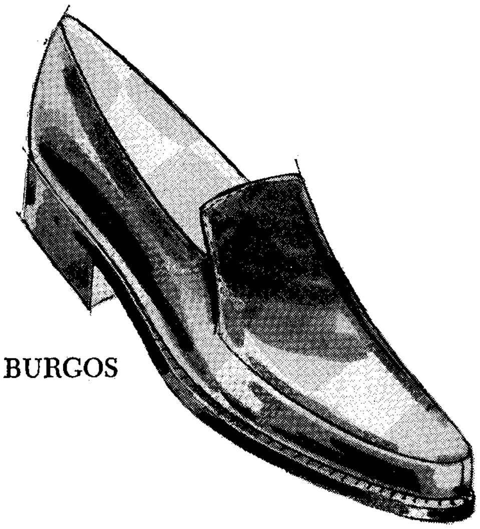

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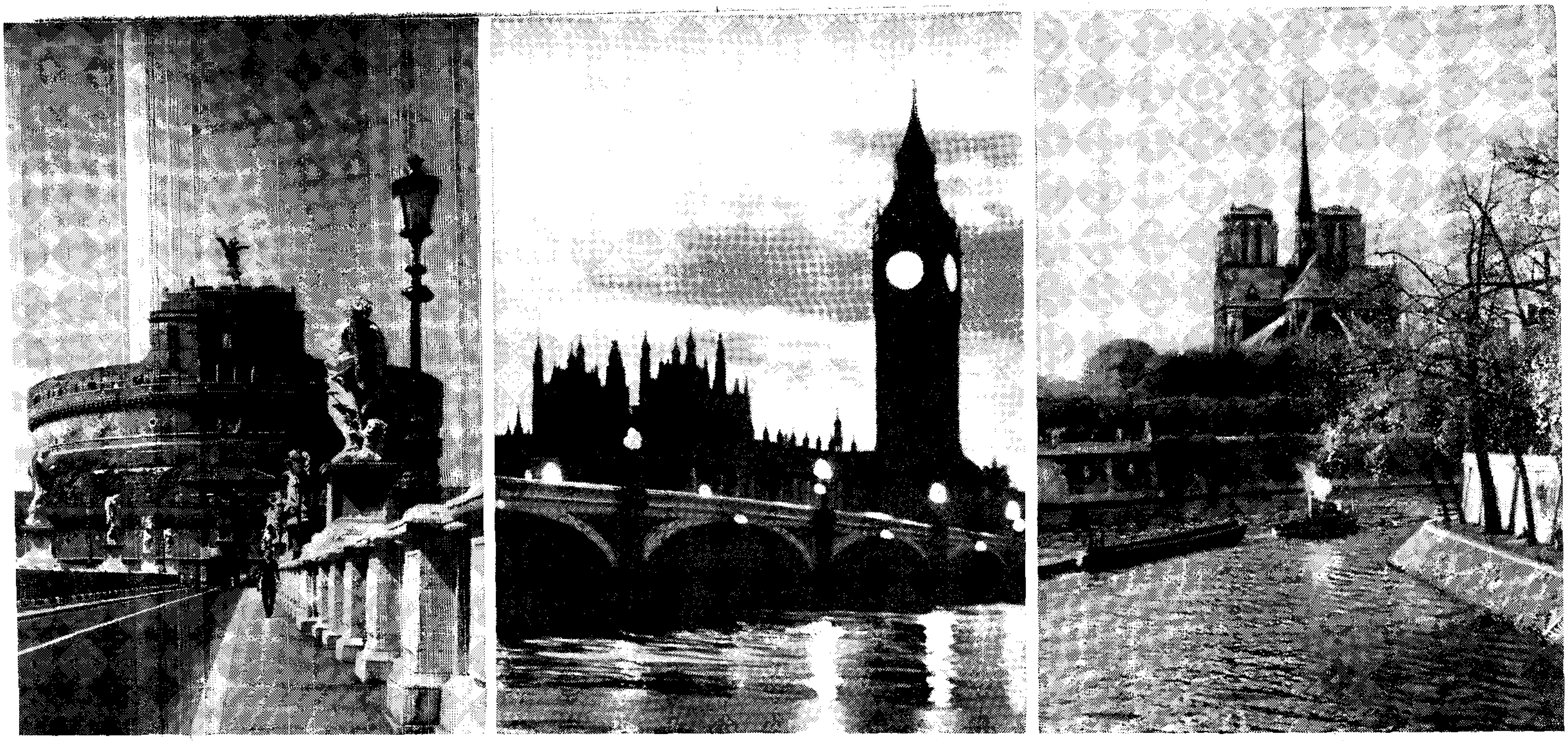
Gleason, to Orson Welles, and to Brendan Behan. His round, guileless face, with its rather delicate features, grayish eyes, and tilted nose, is able to register emotions through a subtle range from infantile innocence to demonic meanness. As for his figure, it gives the impression of being completely spherical, and the comic effect of his presence is not lessened by his movements, which are the swift, agile ones of a much slimmer man, or by his voice, which is high-pitched and light. Though he has had no musical training, he is able to sing a perfect high C, and if he had not become a successful playwright and actor, he might well have become a famous tenor—a lost opportunity that he does not regret, since he has small respect for the mental capacity of tenors. As it is, he uses his vocal talents only for impromptu offstage acts, such as an imitation of someone he identifies as the second lyric tenor of the Kiev Opera House—a performance in which he slightly shakes his throat with thumb and forefinger while emitting the tremulous, wobbling high tone of what the Viennese call a "*Kravattl-tenor*," or "necktie tenor." Qualtinger often interrupts his conversation with bits of mimicry like this, finding it easier to imitate people than to describe them.

Despite such demonstrations, Qualtinger, offstage, most often gives the impression of being a shy, sensitive man, subject to protracted stretches of bleak depression. The idea of "Der Herr Karl" came to him during some particularly gloomy weeks in the summer of 1961, when he spent days lying on his bed and staring aimlessly out into the hot gray sky of Vienna—a sky that he recalls as having been the color of dishwater. As he stared, he began to think of a small fancy-grocery store he had once frequented with his long-time literary collaborator, Merz. The latter, a tall, silver-haired man of fifty-six, is a skilled essayist, parodist, and novelist, who began his career composing satirical sketches for Viennese cabarets back in the early nineteen-thirties. In the grocery store, Qualtinger and Merz had whiled away the time chatting with a young actor friend who had taken a job there between theatrical assignments. In the dark, damp cellar of the store, there had been an elderly stock clerk who spent long hours complaining about the world in general and about his own sad fate in particular. Qualtinger had become fascinated by the man, who, even though he revealed himself to be something of a chiseller and



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petty thief, had a certain morbid charm. Now, as Qualtinger lay on his bed, the man's personality took possession of his mind. He mentioned this to his wife, who is herself a writer, and whose literary judgment he respects highly. With her encouragement—and, presently, with that of Merz (who had been one of the first people in Vienna to recognize Qualtinger's unusual talents), he began to improvise the rambling monologue of Herr Karl. After Qualtinger had tape-recorded some of the material, he played it back again and again, becoming utterly despondent in the process. The monologue, he felt, was formless and probably worthless. (Qualtinger's characteristically glum outlook prompts him even today, when he is one of the best-known men in Austria, to claim that most of his countrymen don't know his name, and think it is something like "Quantinger" or "Quandlinger.") Merz, however, shook Qualtinger out of his dark mood by setting to work to bring some order out of the script. In nine days, "Der Herr Karl" had been given its final form. Qualtinger's seemingly disconnected utterances all fitted in somewhere and made sense. "One thing is certain," he says now. "Every single sentence has at one time been spoken by someone in Vienna, or, if it hasn't been spoken, it has been thought."

Qualtinger was an angry young man some time before the species became fashionable elsewhere. Over the years, mainly as a cabaret monologist, he has been angry about nepotism and *Freunderlwirtschaft* (the Austrian expression for using influence in high places), about pompous politicians, "famous experts," fat-cat businessmen, powerful bureaucrats, the press, and the police. He has lambasted spoiled rich boys, beatniks, *Halbstarke*—or "half-strong ones," the leather-jacketed members of juvenile gangs—and petty criminals. He has directed his shafts at the Austrian government *in toto* and at many of its members individually, at the House of Hapsburg-Lothringen, at American colonels and Russian colonels, at Nazis and neo-Nazis, and at the Central Committee of the Communist Party of the U.S.S.R. He has also satirized and ridiculed such sacred Austrian cows as Johann Strauss and Herbert von Karajan, the Vienna State Opera and the Salzburg Festival, the country's soccer stars, and its unofficial demigods, the *Ski-Kanonen* (the muscular young idols of the slopes and of the ski lodges, whom he dealt with in a song called "The Après-Gigolo"). The more popular his targets, the mer-

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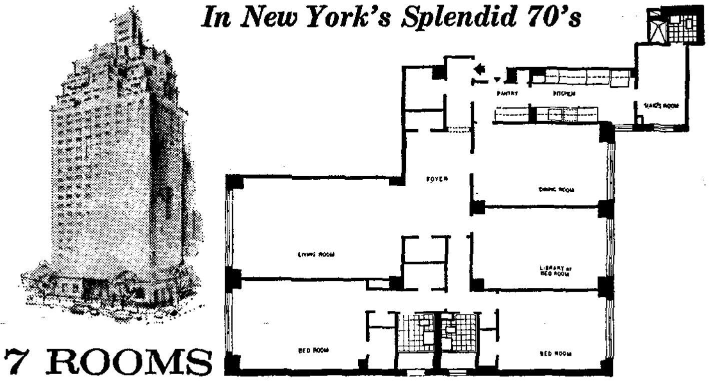

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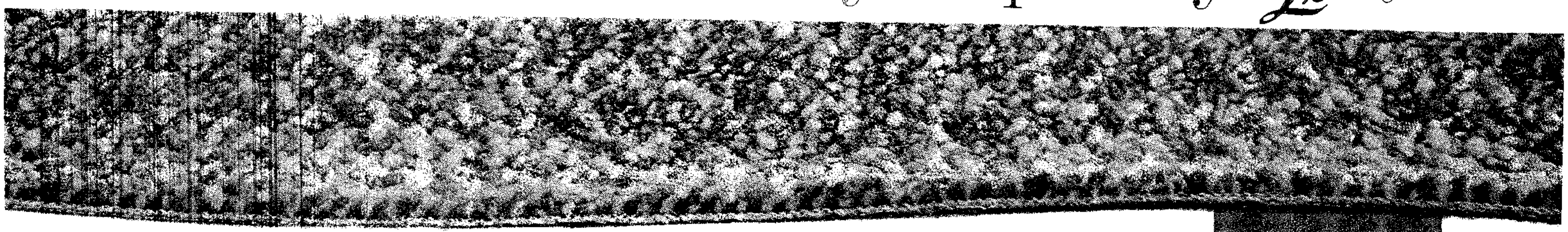

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rier for Qualtinger. He has dared to debunk the all but sacrosanct institution of the *Heuriger*, in a memorable sketch about a group of cronies passing a cozy evening in one of these small al-fresco wine cafés in the countryside, where groups of *gemütlich* Viennese love to gather in spring and summer. The friends profess undying fondness for one another as they sing and drink together, but whenever one of them gets up and leaves for a moment, the others criticize him viciously. Only one man seems popular with all the rest; when *he* gets up and leaves, they talk about what a nice fellow he is, so cultivated and well read, and how he has never taken unfair advantage of anyone. There is, they agree, nothing wrong with him, except . . . Only at the end of the sketch do this man's companions reveal the source of their misgivings about him, when, as they depart, they say "Good night, Herr Kohn."

Qualtinger has often looked for his targets outside Vienna. Austria's Alpine hillbillies from various mountain areas have come in for their share of his ridicule, and a while ago Qualtinger went so far as to poke fun at that important segment of the voting population, the farmers. After several farmers had been tried for murdering their *Ahnln* (grandparents or parents) in order to get inheritances, Qualtinger, in a radio program that he described as being part of a fictitious series called "The Farmer's Friend," sardonically suggested surefire methods for the safe and efficient extermination of Grandpa:

> In sunny Carinthia they use the axe, in Styria they throw the *Ahnln* into the cesspool. In historic Burgenland some folks have set fire to their house with Grandpa in it, but such activities should always be coördinated with proper insurance action. In the Tyrol, where people are traditionally cheerful and good-natured, they always keep a supply of arsenic in their snow-white kitchens. . . . And in Upper Austria [here Qualtinger paused significantly], the *Heimat* of the *Führer*, they produce a sort of *Most* [new wine] that will eliminate the sturdiest octogenarian.

Among the more inspired of Qualtinger's earlier satires were some that he directed at the Russians in Austria during the Four Power Occupation. For several years, he conducted a radio program called "Red-Red-Red" (Austria's American Zone radio network was called "Red-White-Red," after the Austrian national colors). In the role of a Russian named Ivan, he sent greetings from Siberia to his friends the Austrian Communists in Vienna, "where I spent the best years of my life," or conducted quiz

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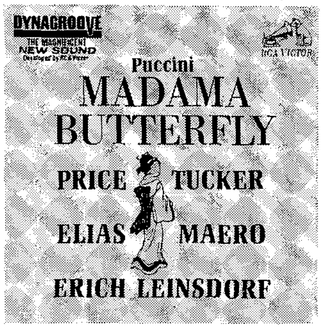
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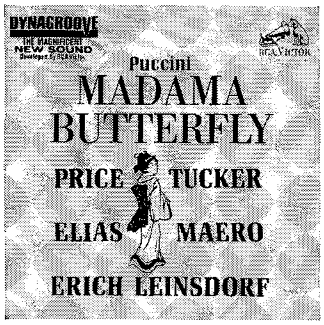

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programs ("Is the bathroom a Russian invention?"). And Qualtinger and Merz suggested some subjects for articles in an Eastern-style *Reader's Digest:* "My Most Unforgettable Commissar," "How to Strengthen One's Character Without Going to Jail," and "Your Word Power," the last including the multiple-choice question "What is the NKVD? A. An insecticide. B. A Russian prayer. C. A very old brandy. D. Four letters from the Russian alphabet."

In the early nineteen-fifties, Qualtinger was a co-author and an actor in several anti-Communist sketches presented in cabarets. On various occasions, members of the audience got up and left, not because they weren't enjoying the shows but because they were afraid to be seen enjoying them. In 1959, when the Austrian government, after considerable public discussion, permitted a Communist-backed International Youth Festival to be held in Vienna, Qualtinger and Merz wrote a sketch called "Geisterbahn der Freiheit" ("Ghost Train of Freedom"), which began with a farewell speech by an American delegate:

> Friends—the American delegation says goodbye to you. You cannot imagine what these days have meant to us. We saw the world from another side, where no oppression, terror, hatred exist. . . . These days will give us new strength to continue the fight for a free and independent America.

The plot mainly concerns Peter and Sosia, two young people from the East who have decided to stay in Vienna and ask for asylum but who encounter so much stupidity, malevolence, and lack of understanding that in the end they unhappily conclude that there is nothing for it but to go back where they came from.

Qualtinger's indignation knows no political boundaries. During the occupation, over the Red-White-Red network, Qualtinger used its airwaves to satirize U.S. Army doctors who had warned the wives of American servicemen in Austria not to buy meat on the local market lest they "play with the lives of loved ones" and who themselves then had polluted Vienna's pure, mountain-spring water with foul-smelling chlorine. On one occasion, again vigorously biting the American hand that fed them, Qualtinger and company performed "The Swing of the Nibelung," in which Siegfried became Sigi, Brünnhilde became Bess, and the Rhine Journey took place on the Mississippi. In general, the Americans laughed with

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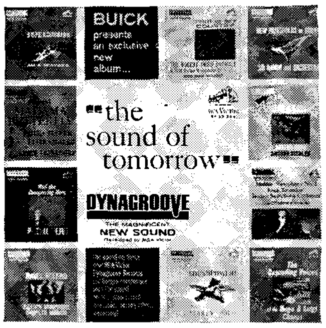
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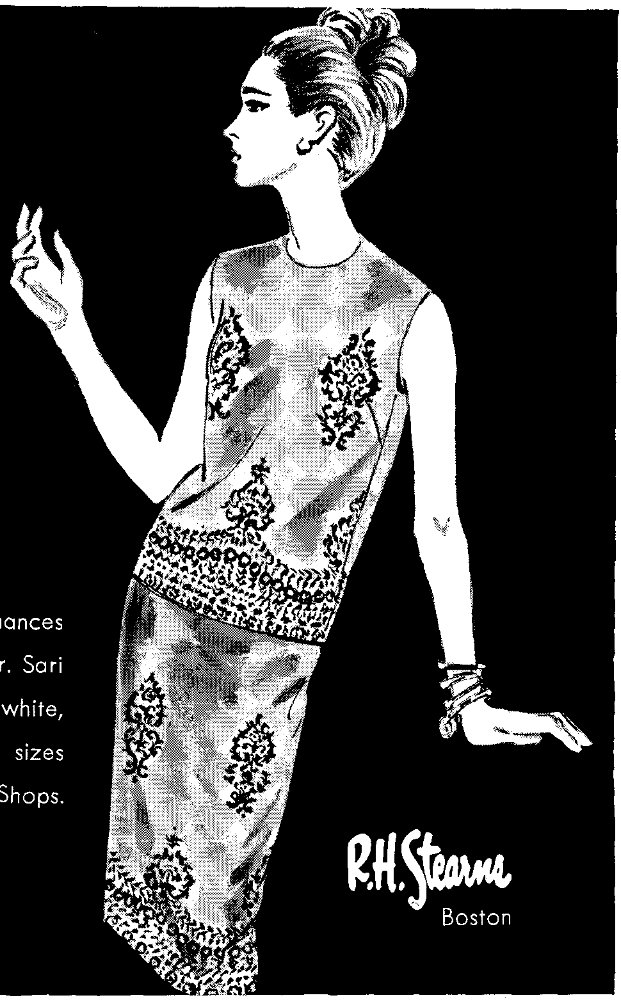

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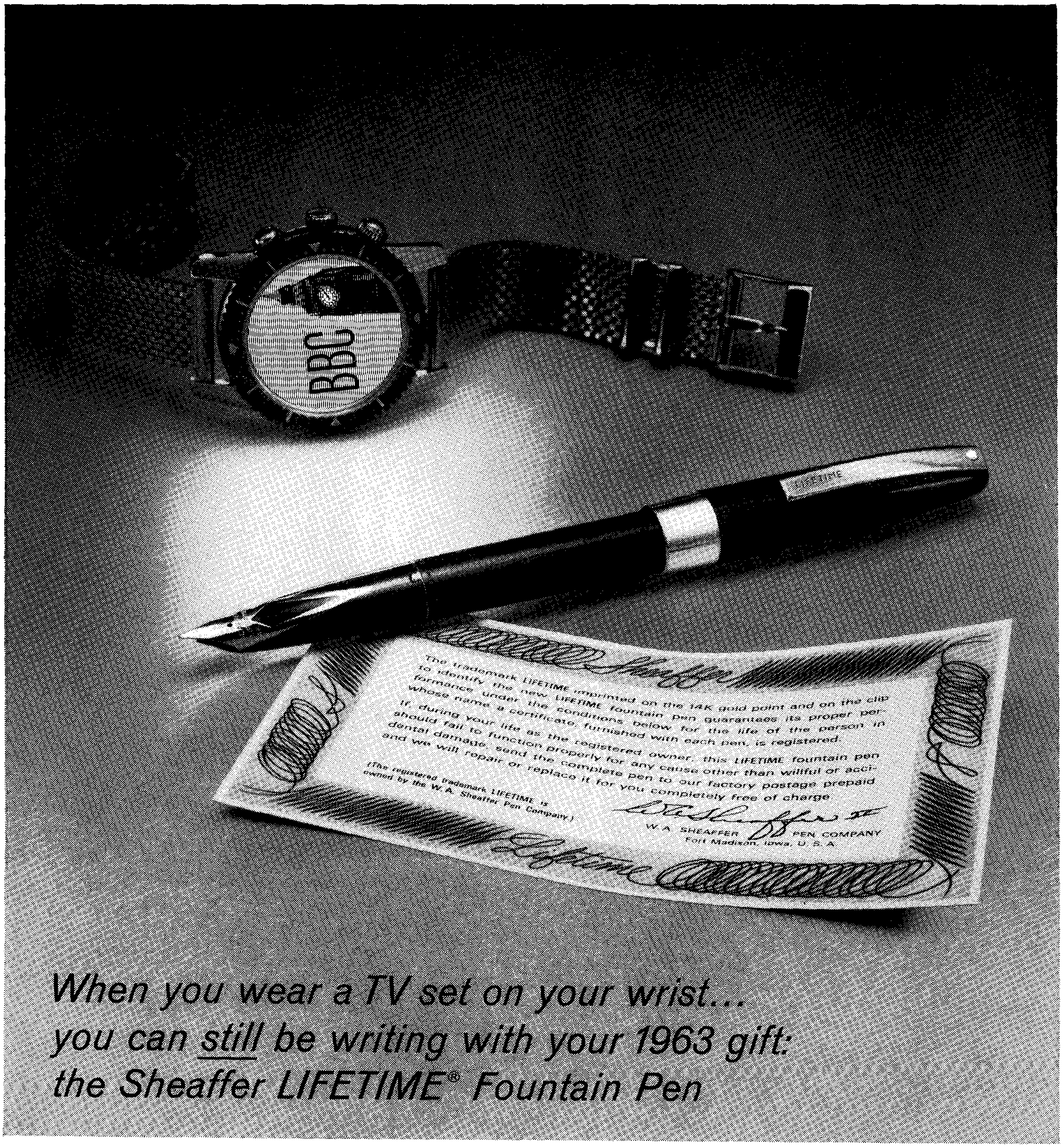
Qualtinger, and the Communist paper *Volksstimme* thought that the program was excellent. Qualtinger wrote to the Russians offering them a similar show, but he never received an answer.

QUALTINGER was born on October 8, 1928, in Vienna's Third District, which is also the home of Herr Karl; it contains stockyards and military barracks, as well as the British and Russian Embassies, and is inhabited by rich and poor, workers and aristocrats. The Qualtingers lived in one of the poorer sections. Qualtinger's father, who, according to his son, was such a distinguished-looking man that he might have been a councillor at the court of Empress Maria Theresa, actually taught physics and mathematics at a nearby *Gymnasium*. Frau Qualtinger wrote children's books and painted. The Herr Professor and his wife discouraged Helmut—their only son—from associating with the tough neighborhood kids, partly by forcing him to wear white blouses and long locks until he was six. At the age of six, moreover, Helmut suffered a special trauma. At two o'clock one morning, a squad of black-booted *Heimwehr* men invaded the Qualtinger home and practically took the place apart in a search for incriminating evidence against the head of the house, while the boy looked on in terror. Only later did he learn that his father at that time was a member of the Nazi Party, which was both illegal and bitterly hated by the *Heimwehr*. He also learned later that his father's family came from Braunau, in Upper Austria, the birthplace of Adolf Hitler. "As a matter of fact, Hitler's grandfather and my grandfather worked together as customs inspectors," he recalled recently. "My father knew Hitler's grandfather, an alternately meek and brutal little civil servant, who wore a large Hohenzollern mustache to bolster his ego. No wonder they educated Adolf to become a little corporal. All his life Hitler spoke like an officer's orderly—the same stilted German that Herr Karl uses in his clichés." The senior Qualtinger, however, had found his way to the Führer not through family associations but through a love for hiking and mountaineering and through a vague, Teutonic hope for a physical and spiritual rejuvenation of the Germanic peoples. Helmut Qualtinger now believes that his father's aberration was the product of badly misguided idealism, but he never got over that particular shock, the worst of a number in his child-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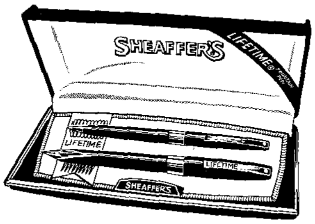
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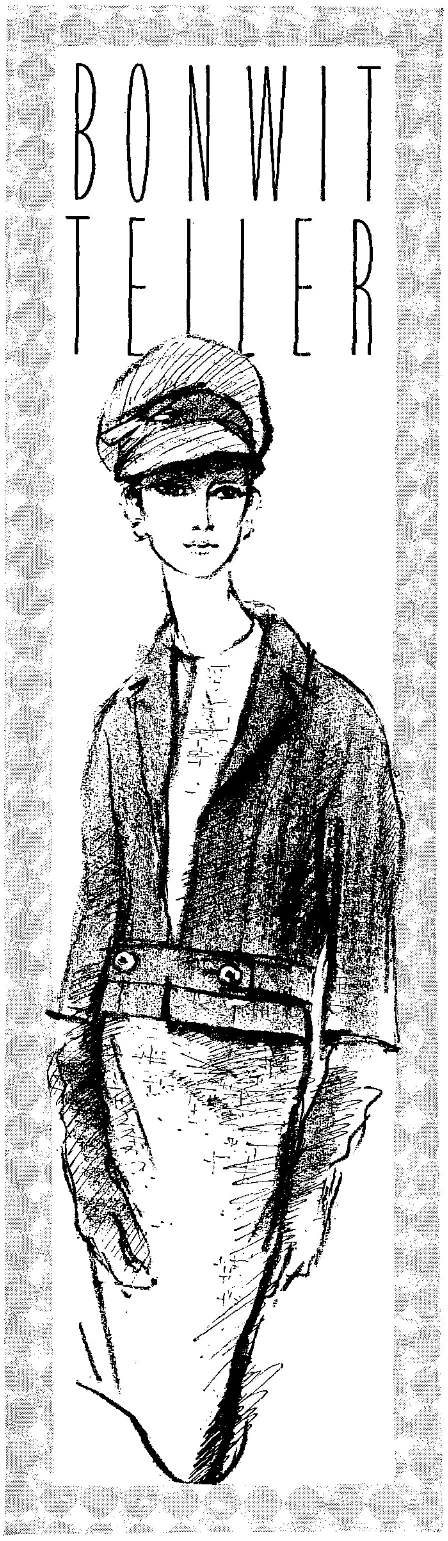
hood. He also still remembers with horror a weekend when his father, who hoped that the boy would learn to love the outdoors, took him for a ramble over the Dachstein, a sinister, dangerous mountain in the Salzkammergut. The ordeal is responsible for Qualtinger's lifelong extreme aversion to mountains, fresh air, exercise, and sunshine.

Qualtinger's father quit the Nazi Party in 1938, after he had had a chance to study its methods at first hand, but meanwhile young Helmut, in typical filial protest, had joined a secret, anti-Nazi, pro-Communist underground cell. In no time, he and his associates had been arrested by the Gestapo, and Helmut spent two months in jail. During the Second World War, Qualtinger and his secondary-school classmates were drafted by the Wehrmacht as "anti-aircraft helpers" and spent a miserable year in barracks in the Vienna Woods. After this ordeal ended, he made a halfhearted try at studying medicine, but presently quit and announced to his parents that he wanted to be an actor. They overcame their misgivings and sent him off to the Max Reinhardt Seminary, but the curriculum was too rigid for Qualtinger and he soon departed. When the Russians entered Vienna and his erstwhile comrades became enthusiastic police informers, Qualtinger, again in protest, joined a secret anti-Communist cell. In no time, he was arrested again, this time by the Russian police. On this occasion, he spent three months in jail. "When in doubt," Qualtinger says, "I was against."

Writing and acting had always been the things that interested Qualtinger most, so it was probably inevitable that after his release from the Soviet-run jail he would join a cabaret—the Studio der Hochschulen, which occupied a tiny theatre patronized by students eager to take full advantage of Austria's newly reëstablished academic freedom. The modern tradition of political satire in Viennese cabarets goes back to the early nineteen-thirties, when such establishments sprang up in response to authoritarian threats at home and abroad. The entertainment offered by these early cabarets came to be known as *Kleinkunst* (little art), and was closer to the theatre than its harsher, faster, less charming counterpart in the noisy Berlin cabarets of the pre-Hitler era. The earliest Viennese cabaret performances took place in the back room of a coffeehouse called the Café Prückel, where the noise made by an audience ordering and consuming refreshments produced a division of the program into three



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parts: during the first part, when the customers were apt to be ordering drinks, and during the last part, when they were paying their checks, the performers went in for short and simple songs, skits, and parodies, often directed against schmalzy operettas or literary fads; during the middle part, when it was assumed that the audience would be relatively quiet and attentive, a more serious form of satire, usually with political overtones, was presented. The opportunities afforded by this middle stretch soon attracted many gifted writers and actors. Nowadays, a half dozen or so night clubs and small theatres may simultaneously be offering satirical revues.

Actually, the Viennese satirical tradition had had its inception some two and a half centuries ago, when a fiery Augustinian monk named Abraham a Sancta Clara, who was court preacher to the Emperor Leopold I, came to realize that the Viennese would take a lot of criticism if it was presented in an amusing manner by one of their own people, and accordingly embellished his sermons with liberal amounts of wit and satire. Perhaps the greatest Viennese moralist in the tradition of Abraham a Sancta Clara was the nineteenth-century playwright Johann Nestroy, whose heroes were not the lovable little people with hearts of gold—and no basis in reality—who populated Vienna's *Volksstücke* (popular theatre) at that time but people who were only too real, and often mean and cunning—that is, early Herr Karls. It was Nestroy who said, "The noblest nation is resignation," thus aptly apostrophizing the peculiar outlook of the Viennese. The strongest single literary influence on Qualtinger was the Viennese satirist, critic, and moralist Karl Kraus, a sort of Austrian H. L. Mencken, who spent a lifetime (he died in 1936, at the age of sixty-two) fighting corruption, slovenliness, and incompetence in public life, in the press, and in the arts, and who viciously attacked Austria's most sacred institutions in his magazine *Die Fackel* ("The Flare"). The last of Vienna's great prewar moralists in this vein was the immensely gifted poet and playwright Ödön von Horváth, who died at the early age of thirty-eight in 1939; his masterpiece, "Geschichten aus dem Wienerwald," which was a devastating satire on the phony Vienna of operetta composers and Sunday-supplement readers, created a Viennese theatrical scandal in 1931.

This whole tradition was, of course, interrupted by the Nazis, who permitted

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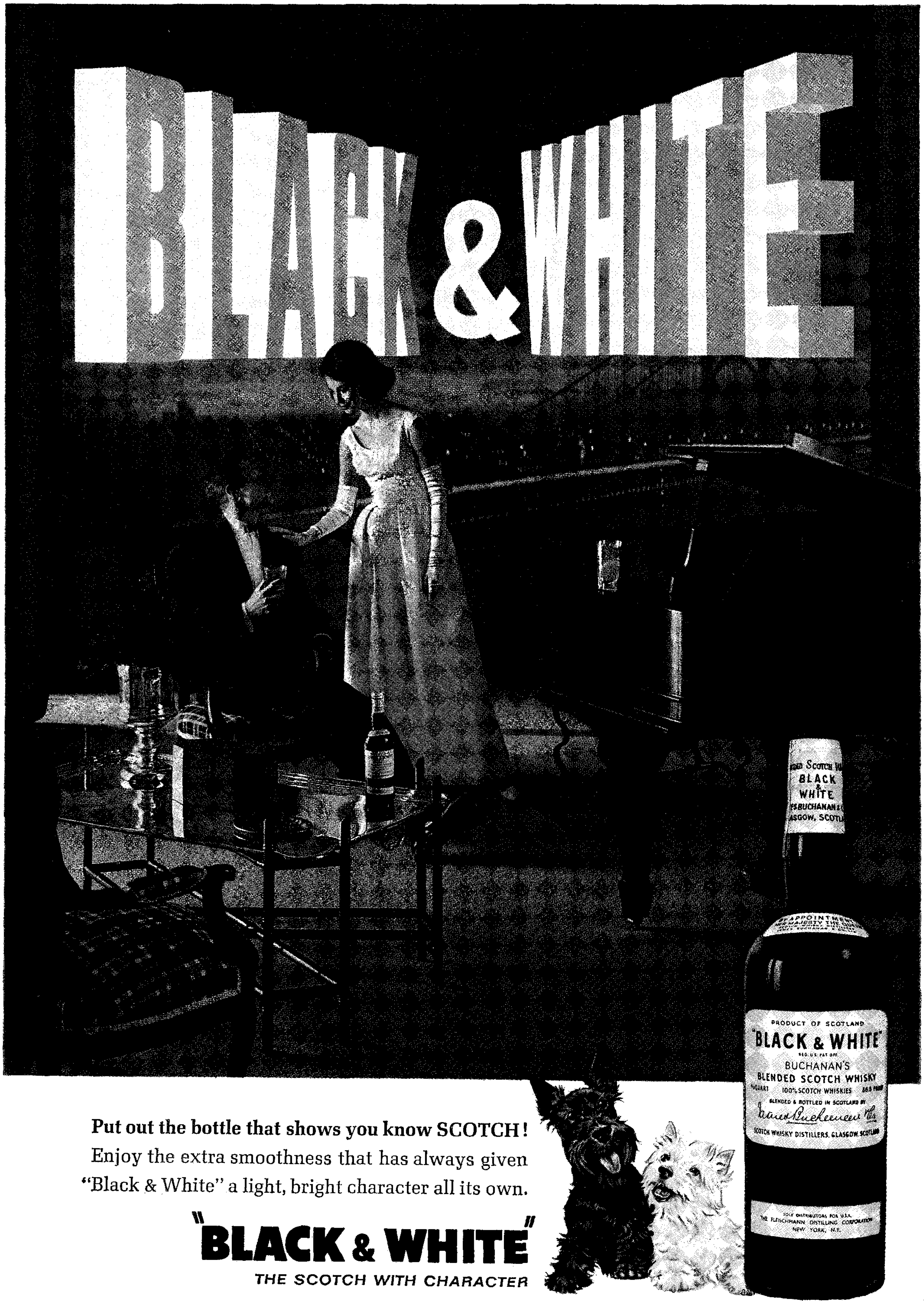
only censored cabaret performances that had nothing to do with real satire. It was revived a few weeks after the end of the war by Merz and some other enthusiasts, who felt that, with Vienna occupied and partly in ruins, there was still much to be satirical about. Merz and his friends, who were presently joined by young Qualtinger, considered the middle part of the cabaret show its sole raison d'être, and it was while working on such productions that Qualtinger developed his hard-hitting style. In those days, which a friend has called "Qualtinger's period as a *gamin de génie*," the latter, unable to express fully during working hours his vast scorn for the absurdities he saw in the world around him, began to put some of it into impromptu offstage sketches. At first, either despite or because of his run-in with the Soviet authorities, Qualtinger specialized in foolhardy impersonations of Red Army men. He had never learned more than a few words of Russian, but when he burst into night clubs and began to pour forth frightful torrents of Russian-sounding noises, many nervous guests would pay hastily and leave. On one occasion, he amused himself by calling up the U. S. Forces Headquarters in Vienna, introducing himself as "Polkovnik [Colonel] Stragonov," and asking to talk to a Corporal C. (who happened to be an American acquaintance of his). After Qualtinger had made a second such call, the U.S. Army Counter Intelligence Corps began to investigate the wretched noncom, who in vain assured them that this was his friend Qualtinger's bizarre idea of a joke. Corporal C. was transferred out of Vienna. Then "Colonel Stragonov" called up the C.I.C., introduced himself as Qualtinger, and earnestly and apologetically explained the hoax. But he hadn't counted on the tenacity of the C.I.C., some of whose men undoubtedly believe to this day that Corporal C. had clandestine dealings with the Russians. Later, in the cold, desperate winter of 1948, Qualtinger called up a member of the Vienna city administration who was noted for his incompetence, introduced himself as "Major Astrakhan," and suggested that the city councillor immediately send five trucks to the Soviet Kommandatura to pick up some coal. The councillor didn't bother to check up on the authenticity of this offer. Anticipating a great political coup, he quickly rounded up five trucks and personally escorted them to the Kommandatura, from which he eventually emerged, grateful that both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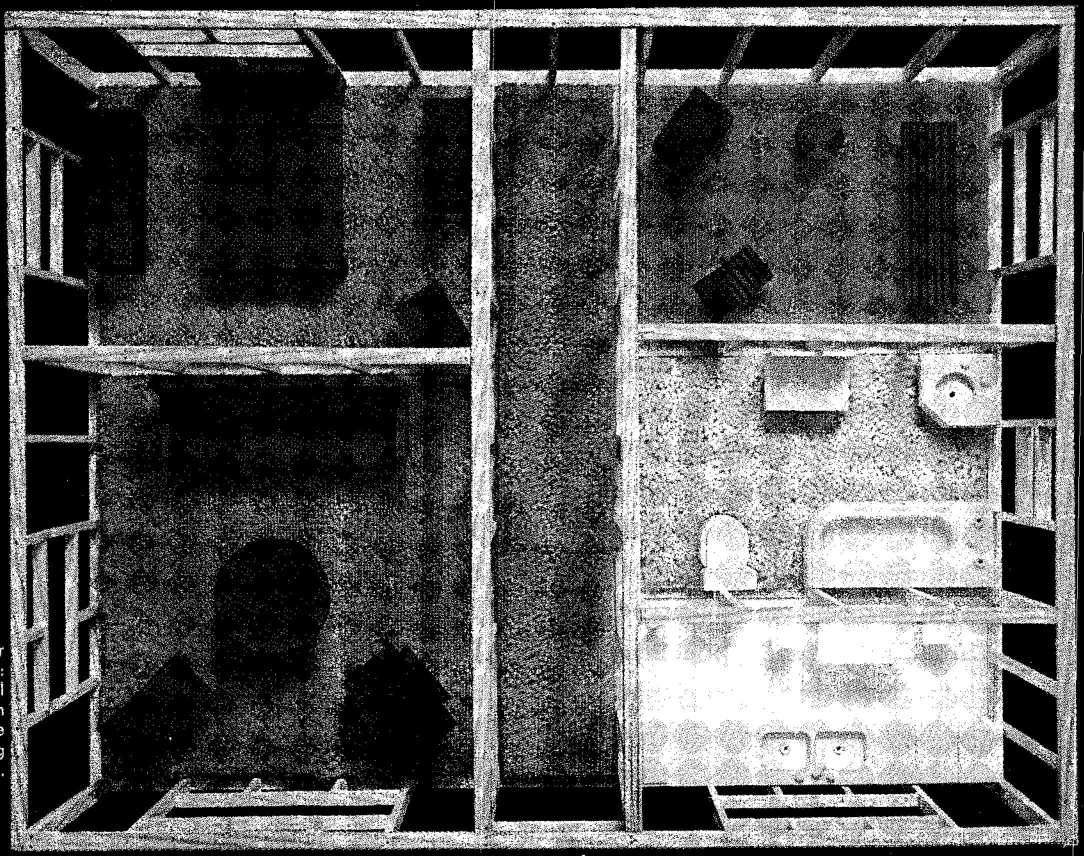

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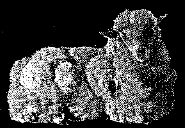

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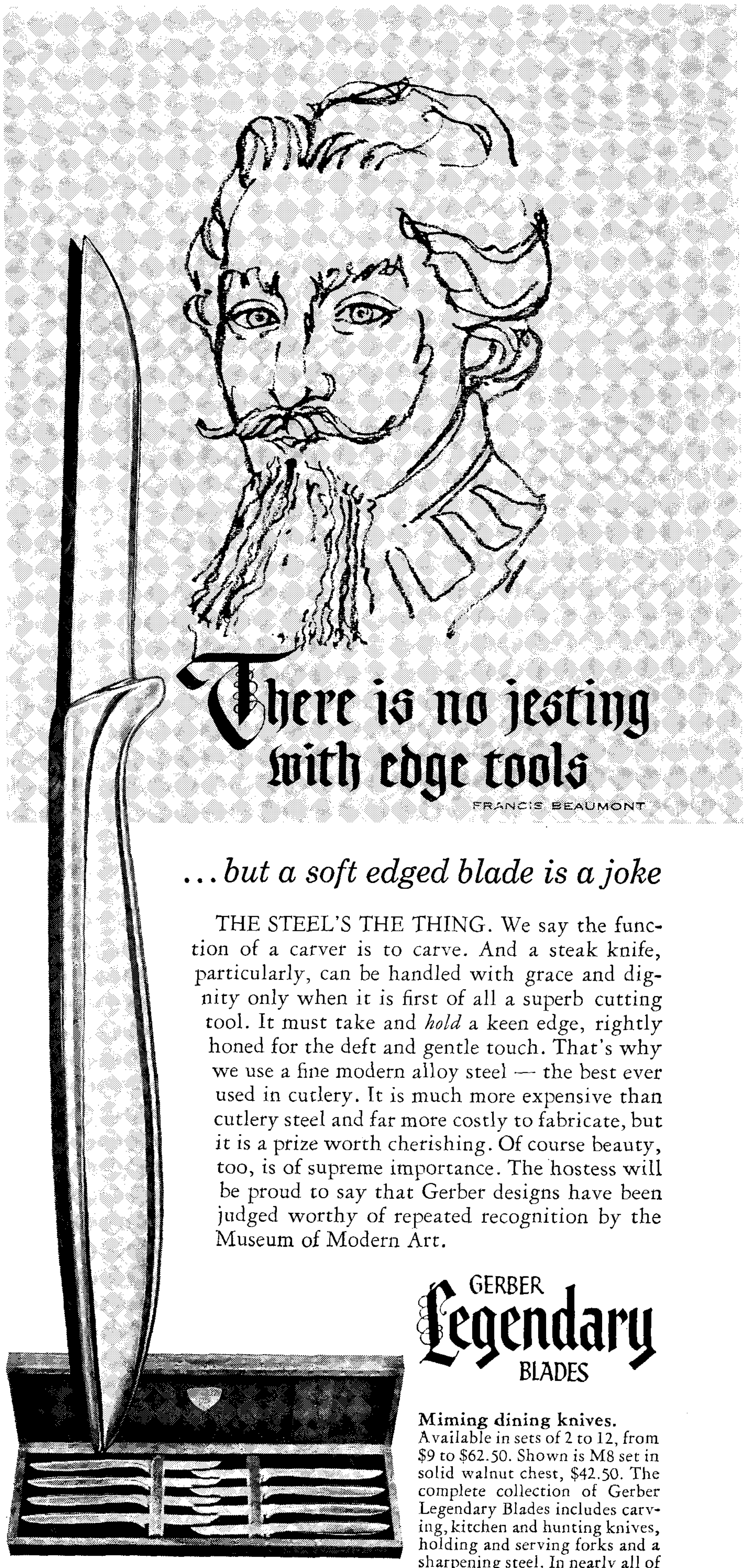
he and the trucks had not been summarily dispatched eastward. When Qualtinger's friends warned him that such stunts could easily earn *him* a ticket in that direction, he replied, "What's the use of being afraid? They'll get you anyway"—a succinct expression of the traditional Viennese philosophy of cheerful pessimism that was summed up in the refrain from Johann Strauss's "Fledermaus": "*Glücklich ist, wer vergisst, was doch nicht zu ändern ist*" ("Happy is he who forgets what cannot be changed"); and in the old Viennese song "*Oh, du lieber Augustin, alles ist hin*" ("Oh, my dear Augustin, everything is lost"). The latter was written by the seventeenth-century Viennese folk singer Augustin Marx, who during an epidemic of the plague filled himself up with wine, passed out, and was carted away with the dead, only to return home perfectly healthy not long afterward. Carl Merz, incidentally, called the cabaret where Qualtinger first worked with him Der Liebe Augustin.

Several years ago, on a sweltering midsummer day, the literary editors of Vienna's newspapers received letters, written on P.E.N. Club stationery, notifying them of the arrival in Vienna of the famous Eskimo novelist Kobuk, who had just been proposed for the Nobel Prize for Literature and was the author of three major works, "The Burning Arctic," "Apis, the Sled Dog," and "Lonesome Igloo," and who was now finishing a new book, parts of which he planned to read in Vienna. The newspapers printed the letter, only to discover that Kobuk was a product of Qualtinger's imagination. Once, while on tour in Germany, Qualtinger caused a major commotion in Hamburg's notorious red-light district, the Reeperbahn, by trying out his Russian act on a superbly decked-out doorman at a popular strip-tease establishment, whom he accused, in a torrent of pidgin Russian and strongly accented German, of being a Nazi admiral. The frightened doorman called the police—not to arrest the supposed Russian but to testify that he was neither a Nazi nor an admiral. On another occasion, at the Salzburg Festival, Qualtinger introduced himself to the German dramatist Richard Billinger as the chief physician of an asylum for violent psychiatric cases, who had, by way of experiment, brought one of his "more good-natured" patients to the festival to see if it would have a therapeutic effect. The roles of the good-natured patient and of a disagreeable orderly who was guard-



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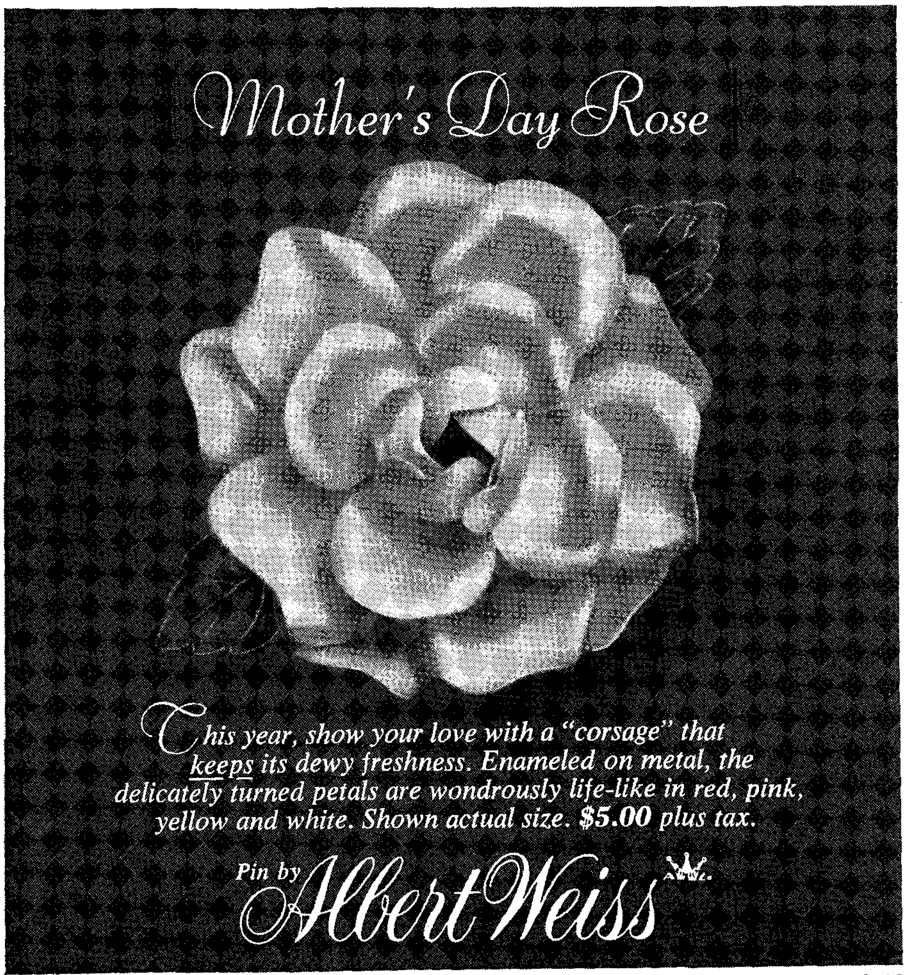

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ing him were ably performed by two of Qualtinger's actor friends, and for over an hour the three regaled the playwright with accounts of startling lunatic versions of Billinger plays that had been put on at the asylum.

In the early postwar years, when food was still scarce in Vienna, Qualtinger accompanied various cabaret groups on tours to Italy and the Netherlands. The artistic rewards were small, he says, but at least there was plenty to eat. Before long, he returned to work in Carl Merz's cabaret in Vienna, but Merz was reluctantly obliged to fire him, because Qualtinger ad-libbed shamelessly in order to build up his parts, and the Russian censors threatened to close the show if the performers deviated from the approved text. For a while thereafter, Qualtinger was out of the theatre, and served an unhappy stretch as an underpaid reader in a publishing house. (He refers to it as "my third prison term.") Then he wrote his first play, "Jugend vor den Schranken" ("Youth in Court"), which was performed in 1949 in the Styrian capital of Graz, a city whose climate has never been particularly favorable to experimental productions. In the course of the play, which dealt with juvenile delinquents, a prosecutor demanded the death penalty for a young defendant. At the first (and final) performance, there was a near-riot, in which the audience demanded very vocally that the defendant be acquitted and the author sentenced to death. Qualtinger calls the play "an early sin," and hasn't shown the script to anybody since.

In 1951 Qualtinger joined the cast of "Reigen '51," a very successful play that was named after the famous Schnitzler play, "Der Reigen" (probably better known in America by its French title, "La Ronde"). But the year was memorable to Qualtinger for another reason. Not long afterward, he married the former Leomare Seidler, who was, like his mother, an author of children's books. Their wedding breakfast consisted of two cups of coffee in a small *espresso* bar. Since then, things have improved immensely for the Qualtinger ménage (which now includes a son, Christian Heimito, aged five), for Qualtinger has become one of the most highly paid performers in Austria, on the stage, in radio and television, in the movies, and on records, and is also doing well as a columnist. (He and Merz write a weekly newspaper column that makes barbed comments on the news.)

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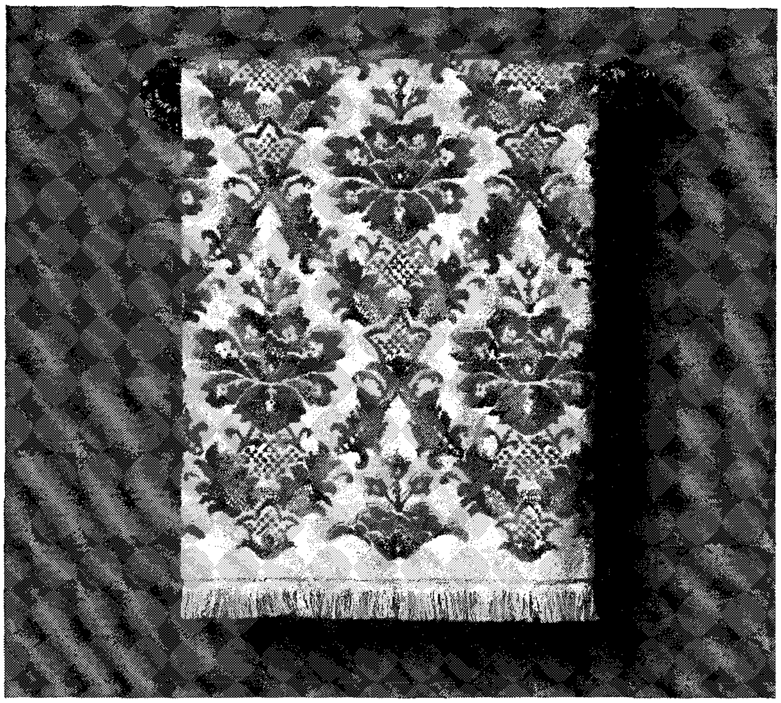

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Qualtinger's admirers on the Continent think of him primarily as an unusually talented actor, mimic, and improviser, but Qualtinger considers himself a satirical writer who uses his theatrical skill merely as a means of putting over his own material. Once in a while, to be sure, he agrees to help put over the material of other playwrights he admires, among those in this category being, notably, Shakespeare, Molière, and Nestroy. Though Qualtinger is reluctant to admit it, acting is a very important part of his life. He has performed with a temperature of a hundred and four and he has performed during a siege of mumps while a worried doctor stood by in the wings. He already has an impressive list of parts to his credit, with particular emphasis on sinister ones. In Molnár's "Liliom" a few years ago he stole the show as the demonic thief Ficsur. At the Salzburg Festival in 1958 he performed in Fritz Hochwälder's "Donnerstag," playing the part of the devil Wondrak with great gusto while wearing a Tyrolian hat. He has played a frightening S.S. man in Gunther Weisenborn's "Die Illegalen," and a notable Adam, the malevolent judge, in Heinrich von Kleist's classic "Der Zerbrochene Krug." He has little interest, however, in performing the most demonic part of all, that of Mephisto in Goethe's "Faust." Unlike most German actors and writers, he is not an ardent Goethe fan; he says he feels somewhat oppressed by that writer's Olympian serenity.

As his choice of roles suggests, Qualtinger is powerfully attracted by the bizarre, the fantastic, and the macabre. He owns a collection of horrifying masks, and sometimes puts them on to amuse his son, who is by now a jaded connoisseur of his father's humor. He is particularly fond of the art of Hieronymus Bosch, Pieter Bruegel the Elder, Goya, and George Grosz. And he is always looking for macabre bits of local history. The other day, he informed his family matter-of-factly that the last public execution in Vienna had taken place in 1878, with thousands of people in attendance. He became an authority on one of the worst local catastrophes, the burning of the Ringtheater, on December 8, 1881, during a performance of "Tales of Hoffmann." It is now thought that at least three hundred and eighty-four people died in the disaster, but at the time one Polizeirat Anton Landsteiner, who was in charge of the rescue operation, reported to Archduke Albrecht, "*Alles gerettet, Kaiserliche Hoheit.*" ("Ev-

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erybody saved, Your Imperial Highness.") Just then, a subordinate whispered in the Polizeirat's ear that more bodies had been found, but the *gemütlich* civil servant waved the man away. "*Alles gerretet*" became a byword for the Austrian predilection for self-delusion.

A very special tour of Austria that Qualtinger recommends to friends includes a side trip to the Lower Austrian village of Klein-Wetzdorf, where a wealthy nineteenth-century eccentric named Gottfried Josef Pargfrieder, after making a fortune on army supplies, built what he called his *Heldenberg* (Heroes' Mountain)—a weird Austrian Valhalla, with gruesome obelisks and depressing statues of long-forgotten Austrian generals. Pargfrieder agreed to settle the substantial personal debts of Field Marshal Johann Josef Radetzky, a national hero, in return for the famous soldier's promise to will his body to Pargfrieder's necropolis. The burial took place on January 19, 1858, in the presence of the Emperor Franz Josef and, of course, Pargfrieder. Once this supreme status symbol was safely his, there remained nothing for Pargfrieder to do but get himself buried right next to Field Marshal Radetzky, which he did.

A favorite Qualtinger theory, unknown to science, is that psychoanalysis is not much practiced in Vienna, where it originated, because the Viennese have been so overexposed to complexes and neuroses that they are immune to them, just as tribes in tropical Africa live with diseases that prove fatal to visitors from the temperate zones. But he readily admits that he wants to live nowhere except in Vienna, and when he has to spend a few weeks elsewhere he is acutely homesick for the city he so loves to sneer at.

FOR some years now, Qualtinger has been resigned to one by-product of his success—incessant letters and phone calls from total strangers complaining that he has modelled certain characters after them. He already has a large collection of real-life Herr Karls, each of whom is convinced that he was the authentic inspiration for that wretched character. Looking back today on Qualtinger's earlier creations, the critics agree that there is also something of Herr Karl in most of them. *Der g'schupfte Ferdl* (Gentleman Ferdl) is an indolent, leather-jacketed adolescent who uses a lot of brilliantine on his Presley-style hair but little soap on his

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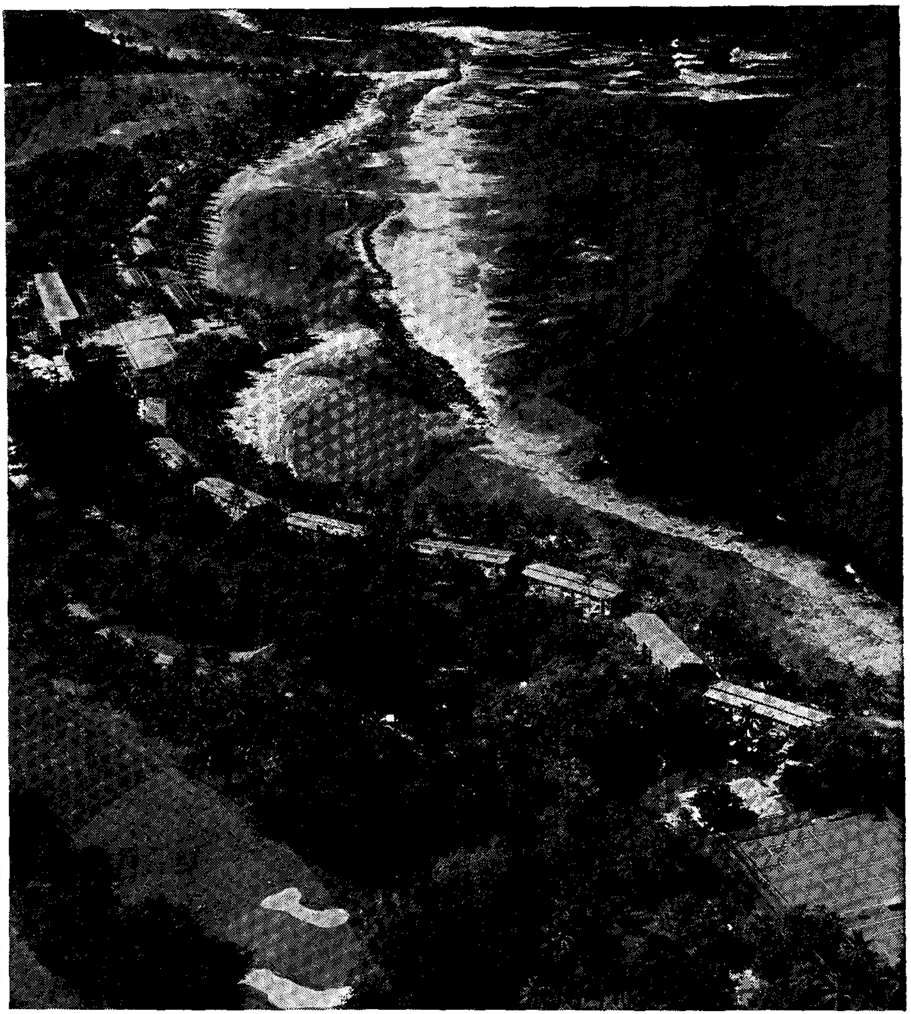
hands, carries a knife, and aimlessly drifts from poolroom to cheap movie to jukebox joint, always bored to death, "even when he incidentally bumps off a café proprietor"—in the words of Qualtinger's now classic cabaret performance. Some time after the creation of Ferdl, Qualtinger recorded a ditty by an old cabaret colleague, Gerhard Bronner, called "Der Wilde und Seine Maschin'," which concerns a Ferdl-like youth who is so impressed by seeing Marlon Brando on his motorcycle in the movie "The Wild One" that he makes a down payment on a *Maschine* that "overtakes even the fastest limousine." ("When the traffic cop sees me coming on my machine/He quickly switches the light to green.") *Der Wilde* has no idea where he is going on his motorbike, but at any rate he is getting there faster than anyone else. "My old man tells me I have no ideals," he complains. "Now, isn't it an ideal to want to be Marlon Brando on his motorcycle?"

Another memorable Qualtinger character is Travniček, who made his cabaret début in 1957. Travniček, a latter-day Viennese Babbitt, has made so much money during the postwar boom that he feels compelled to travel, though he hates every moment of it. Qualtinger got the inspiration for Travniček in the course of an Adriatic cruise he took one summer. In the deck chair next to him one night was a middle-aged Viennese, who fascinated him by complaining that he didn't like the ship's food but that unfortunately he had run out of the supply of cold homemade Wiener schnitzel and potato salad that he'd brought along in jars. When Qualtinger pointed to the moonlit sea and to the entrancing lights along the distant coastline, the unhappy traveller shook his head. "What do I need them for?" he said. "The view from the Kobenzl back home is just as nice, and you can order Austrian wine from the Wachau." And with that Travniček was born. He has become the outstanding representative of Vienna's "*mir san mir*" ("we are we") attitude, an old-fashioned superiority complex that Qualtinger and other critics consider responsible for the country's growing cultural provincialism. In Travniček's view, the Egyptian pyramids compare unfavorably with the Johann Strauss monument in Vienna's Stadtpark; the Parthenon at Athens looks shabbier than Vienna's neo-classic Parliament building ("What's more, you can take the 'J' streetcar to Parliament"); and the Kremlin is "really not much bigger than



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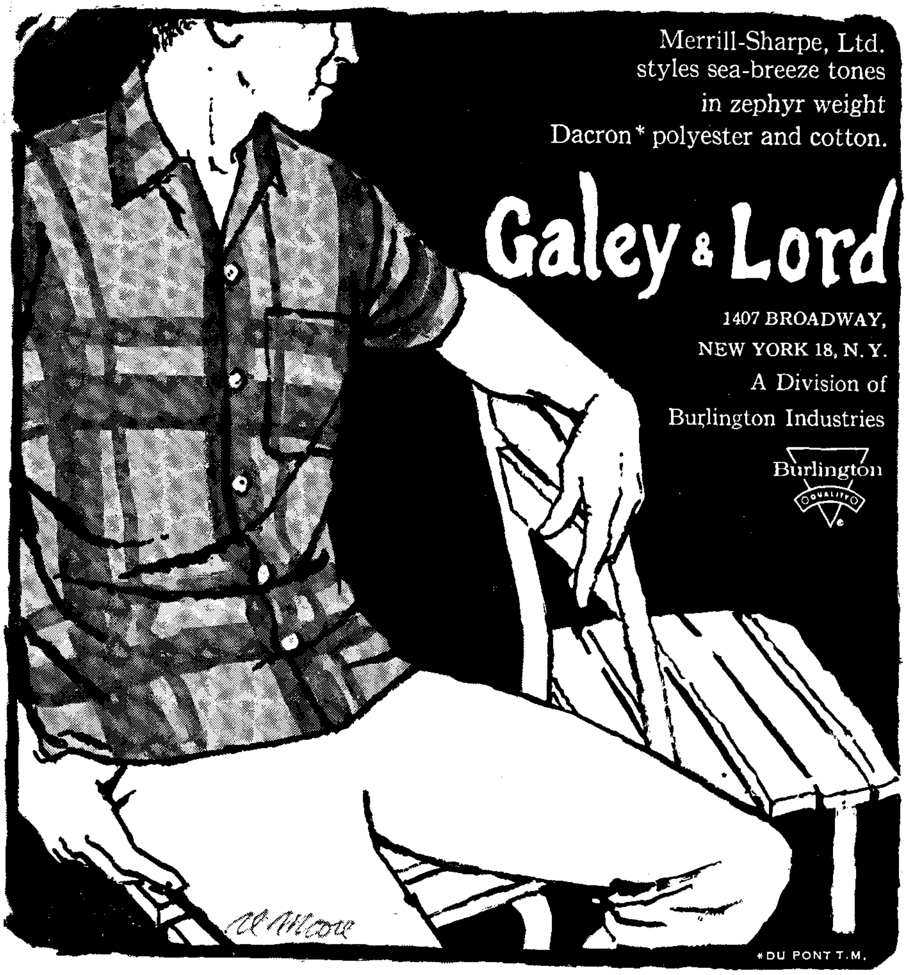

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the Russian Pavilion at the Vienna Spring Fair."

In the early days, Qualtinger's victims looked for ways of keeping him quiet, but today the people he attacks know that this is impossible, so they pretend to laugh with him. Any public figure who tries to denounce Qualtinger simply exposes himself to further ridicule. (At the hundredth performance of one of Qualtinger's recent cabaret shows, Vice-Chancellor Bruno Pittermann, whom he had just unflatteringly impersonated, came up onstage to wish him luck and be photographed for the papers.) Most of the politicians learned their lesson from a former member of the government whose playboy son got in trouble with the police a few years ago for killing a pedestrian with his car after having too many drinks. Somehow, the young man got off easily, and shortly afterward Qualtinger performed, first at a cabaret and later on a record, a song by Bronner called "Der Papa Wird's Schon Richten" ("Daddy Will Fix It"): "A phone call to the *right place, and the file disappears.*" The father in question made the mistake of firing off an angry letter to the newspapers. His political career immediately began to wane.

As for Qualtinger's greatest creation, Herr Karl, no one in Austria doubts that he is there to stay. "Another Herr Karl" has become a stock criticism of any sort of opportunism. Sooner or later, people say, somebody is bound to sue for libel because he has been called "a Herr Karl." There are still some Austrians who call Herr Karl "a betrayal of the nation," but they are in the minority. Many intelligent Austrians have come to feel that there is considerable hope for a country that can take such a dose of self-revelation and live through it. They feel that Qualtinger and Merz have served Austria well. The public at large seems to agree. Qualtinger's Vienna stage performances of "Der Herr Karl," which he has put on for various stretches of time as the mood has suited him, have always been sold out, and the recording of "Der Herr Karl" has become the all-time best-selling record in Austria and one of the best-selling records in Germany. All in all, as many Austrians see it, Herr Karl is the best bad thing that has happened to them in a long time.

I HAVE lived in Vienna for some years, during which time I have come to know Qualtinger, and one evening not long ago he accepted an offer I had made to drive him to the Kam-

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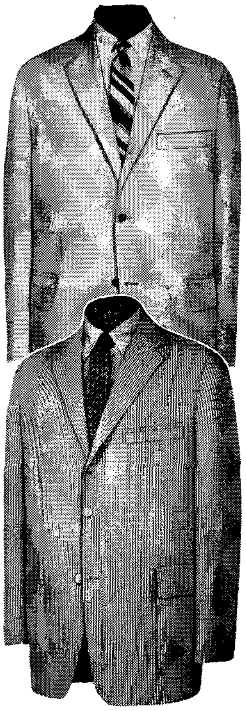

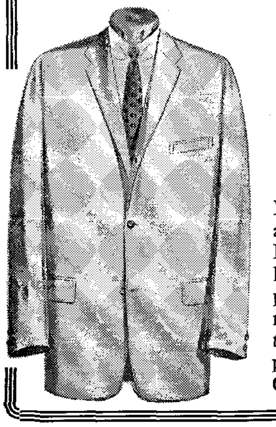

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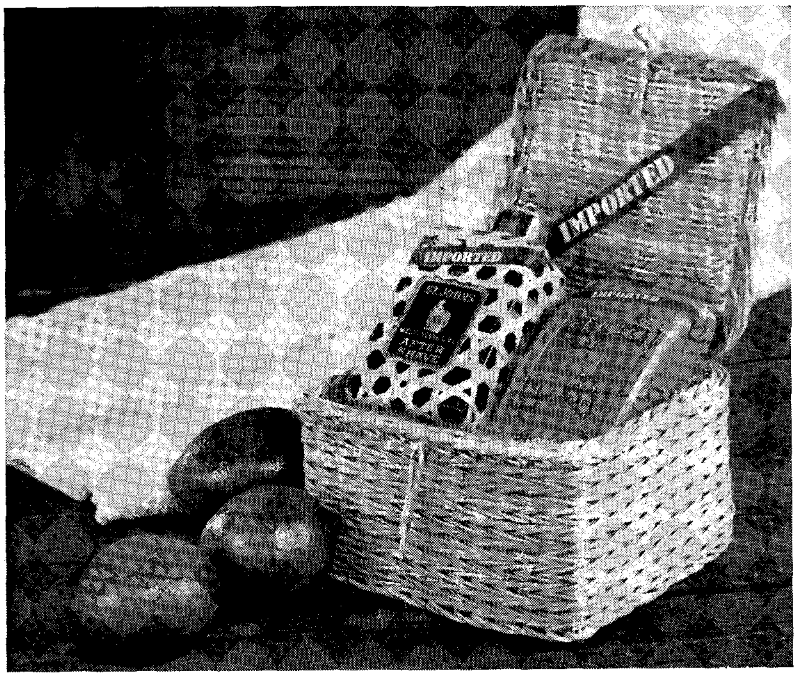

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merspiele for his performance of "Der Herr Karl." The Qualtingers live in a new municipal apartment project—one whose buildings are cleaner, smaller, better built, and more expensive than the municipal apartment house in which Herr Karl lives. Their neighbors are professors, artists, engineers, and other intellectuals, and downstairs lives Professor Walter Thirring, perhaps the best-known of Austria's atomic scientists.

When I arrived, Qualtinger, dressed in a long sweater and slacks, was pacing his living room with a booklet in his hand, and his wife, an energetic but rather frail woman, who is her husband's secretary, chauffeur, troubleshooter, sounding board, and tranquillizer, was trying to put their son, Christian, to bed. Christian, a miniature edition of his father, made several successful escapes from his room to perform for me—as a cowboy, as a Russian hunter, as a knight without armor, and as a gangster. His powers of mimicry are considerable, but Qualtinger is seriously concerned at the thought of his son's becoming an actor. "He should become something decent," he said. "Accountant. Psychiatrist. Candy salesman."

In the living room was a small bar stocked with a collection of exotic spirits—Finnish vodka, Armenian brandy, German Razzeputz and Sechsämtertröpfen, Styrian Obstbranntwein, Polish Wawel, Italian grappa, Bosnian slivovitz, and an awful-looking liquid called Feldwebel Schultze. A large window offered a fine view of the *Heuriger* of the suburb of Sievering, and of the hills beyond, where the Vienna Woods begin. Qualtinger was in no mood to appreciate the view, however. He showed me the booklet he'd been reading—"W. A. Mozart's Sicknesses and Death," by Dr. D. Kerner.

"Someone sent this to me, and I'm shocked," Qualtinger told me, darkly. "I knew, of course, that several biographers have hinted that Mozart may have been poisoned by his arch-rival, the composer Antonio Salieri. The rumors never died out completely. H. Abert and O. Jahn, among others, mention it in their biographies. But this is different. It's written by a medical expert." He gave me a hard stare and continued, "In 1823, Salieri, who was then very ill, is said to have confessed that he murdered Mozart. Let me read what O. E. Deutsch, the noted musicologist, wrote in 1957 in *Schweizerische Musikzeitung:* 'In Beethoven's Conversation Diaries there is, in November, 1823, a

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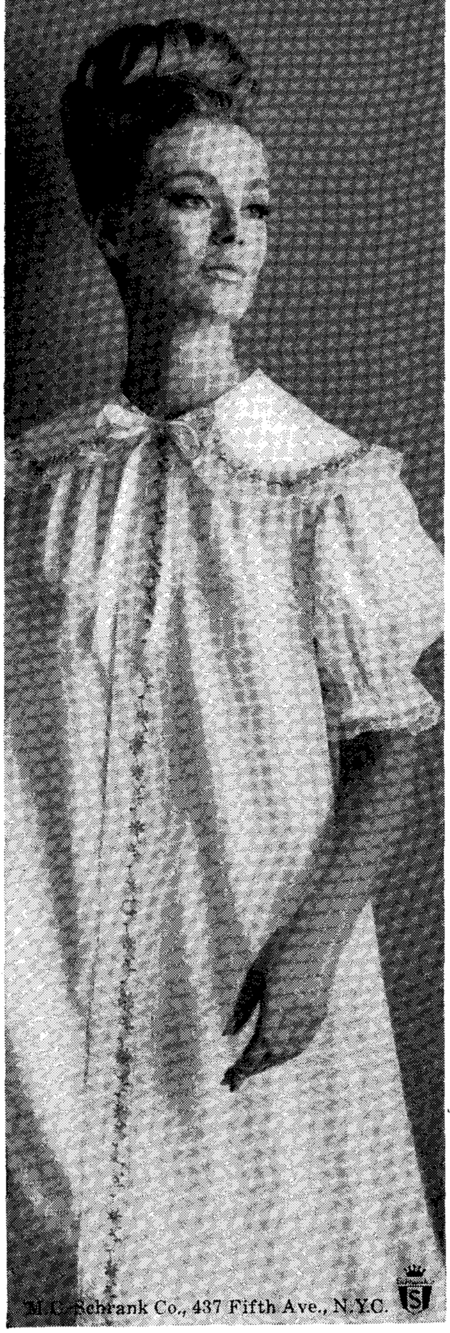

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note by the Viennese editor J. Schickh, which says that "Salieri tried to commit suicide by cutting his throat," and, later, "Salieri's effort to kill himself seems to have proved that he tried to kill Mozart." In 1824, Beethoven's nephew, Karl, writes, "Salieri admits that he poisoned Mozart." Anton Schindler adds, "He has feverish fantasies—he wants to confess." And in 1825, after Salieri's death, the nephew notes, "There is much talk here that Salieri is the murderer of Mozart." ' And that's that," Qualtinger said, angrily shaking his head. "Austria's greatest genius poisoned by an untalented rival, buried in a pauper's mass grave that has never been located. *Ein österreichisches Schicksal.* A typical Austrian fate."

I was unable to decide whether he was serious.

"Listen to Dr. Kerner's diagnosis," he went on, pacing and reading: " 'Mozart certainly did not die, as has been claimed by various authorities, of a feverish infection. Meningitis or rheumatic endocarditis can also be ruled out. On the basis of all known material of the past fifty years, active tuberculosis is excluded. Many modern Mozart scholars agree that he was suffering from a kidney ailment, but if that were the case he could not have written two operas, two cantatas, a clarinet concerto, and part of a requiem during the last three months of his life. Everything points toward quicksilver poisoning . . .' "

Qualtinger interrupted himself to say, "That was a popular method of getting rid of people in those days. Now, listen to this." He read on: " 'In addition to the biography-confirmed attacks of dizziness and fainting, there are other clinical symptoms of mercurialism—the ability to work almost to his last days, headaches and nausea, hallucinations and sudden loss of weight, and finally cramps and cachexia. The recently rediscovered death mask of Mozart shows a typical eyelid edema and doughy swelling in the area of the right and left forehead.' "

He threw the booklet on the table dramatically and said, "Something's got to be done about it!"—as if the murderer were still at large.

Qualtinger is fascinated by murder and by crime movies, and one of his best film parts was that of Oberpolizeirat Radosch, a sort of Viennese Inspector Maigret, in a suspense film called "Mordkommission." Now, stepping behind his bar, he filled two glasses and offered me one. It was a very special slivovitz, he said, that an old Bosnian

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peasant had made for him, and he thought I would like it. I did, and said so. Then he announced that it was time to leave for the theatre. His performance of "Der Herr Karl" was preceded by another one-act play, he said, so we had plenty of time. He took off his long sweater, and put on an open-collared dark shirt and a badly cut jacket. Sartorially, Qualtinger is usually disorganized. He dislikes ties, dark suits, and topcoats, and prefers to go about in an old duffel coat and a cap.

We said goodbye to his wife and to Christian, and walked down the stairs, which shook slightly under the impact of Qualtinger's heavy tread. I drove him to the center of town, and we stopped off at the grocery store where Herr Karl had been conceived. Qualtinger has a sentimental feeling about the place, and he took me down a narrow spiral staircase to the cellar, which has been faithfully reproduced on television and on the stage. It was damp and cold down there, but Qualtinger inhaled deeply, as if he were on the Riviera. "Wonderful air down here," he said. "The clerk whom I remembered left a long time ago. There's been a succession of Herr Karls since. The boss says they are all the same. Some like brandy and some like rum—that's the only difference."

We went back upstairs and into the store proper, where Qualtinger engaged in a recondite discussion with the proprietor about canned Chinese soups and about the merits of William, a Swiss pear liqueur, of which he at last bought a bottle. Near the Kammerspiele, which is a small theatre just off Rotenturmstrasse, not far from St. Stephen's Cathedral, Qualtinger, a connoisseur of eerie buildings, pointed out an old vacant house, of which one wall had been shorn off. A flight of stone steps without a railing led to the entrance. The windows were dark holes. It was a wrecker's dream. "A fine, weird house with a very good address," Qualtinger said. "If Beethoven had seen it, he would have walked in and tried to rent a room. He loved such places. Last week, I was in a room in Grinzing where he lived for a while. The poor man had drilled two holes through one wall so he could hear what they were saying about him in the adjoining kitchen."

At the theatre that night, "Der Herr Karl" was preceded by Molnár's "One, Two, Three," in which Ernst Waldbrunn, a popular Austrian comedy star, was performing. After we had come in the stage door, we heard, over a loudspeaker in a large communal dressing

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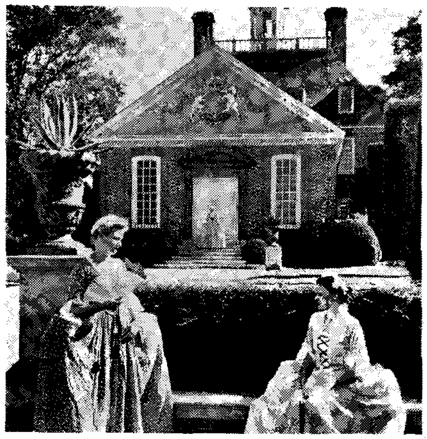

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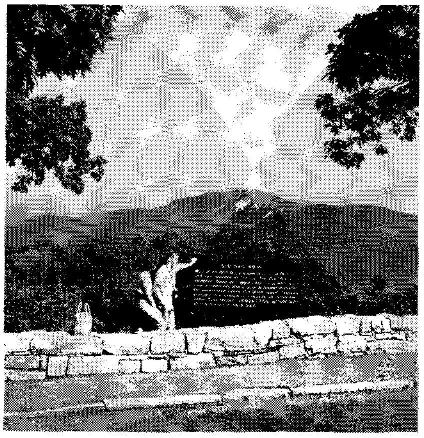

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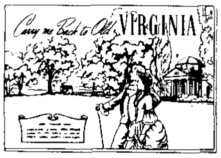

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room, a voice, which Qualtinger identified as Waldbrunn's, and salvos of laughter from the auditorium. Qualtinger had the theatre's only private dressing room—a little cubicle off the larger room, containing a couch, a chair, a table, and a mirror.

"After the fun they're having with Molnár, they'll be disappointed when I take over," Qualtinger said, gloomily. He went on to remind me that he performed his monologue alternately sitting on a crate and walking around among shelves of cans and bottles, often stepping up to the very front of the stage, seemingly to address one particular member of the audience. "In the beginning, they don't know what I'm up to," he said. "Some people chuckle, but after a while it gets quiet, and there may be some uncomfortable laughter. The Viennese like to laugh off unpleasantness; when they don't want to listen, they laugh. It's always *a Hetz*. It was a different story when I played in Munich. The people there seemed terrified. Guilt was streaming down their faces. During the première, one man chuckled at the Herr Tennenbaum sequence. I noticed that the people on his right and left turned and stared at him." Qualtinger threw out his chest, did something with his lips, murmured a few words, and instantly became the incarnation of a stiff, shocked German. "And when I talked about Vienna's Nazi history it was so quiet in the house you could hear a pin drop," he continued. "One thing I will say for the German audiences—they seemed to know that Herr Karl couldn't happen only in Austria. When I stepped up front and center and looked at them hard, they knew I was talking to every one of them. Here, on good nights, there is almost a three-dimensional sense of embarrassment. I've often wondered who these people are who come to hear me. In the beginning, it was doubtless those who felt as Merz and I did about the Herr Karls. But there can't be that many people in Vienna who agree with us. So maybe they come out of guilt, or out of masochism, or because they secretly hope I'll overdo the part and they can console themselves with the thought that there is no Herr Karl." He shrugged and added, "Or maybe they just come because it's a success and people are talking about it."

Herr Karl's costume was laid out on the couch—dark pants, an old knit waistcoat, cracked shoes with thick soles, a sort of pharmacist's coat of a dirty gray, and a shabby hat. When Qualtinger was dressed, a makeup woman

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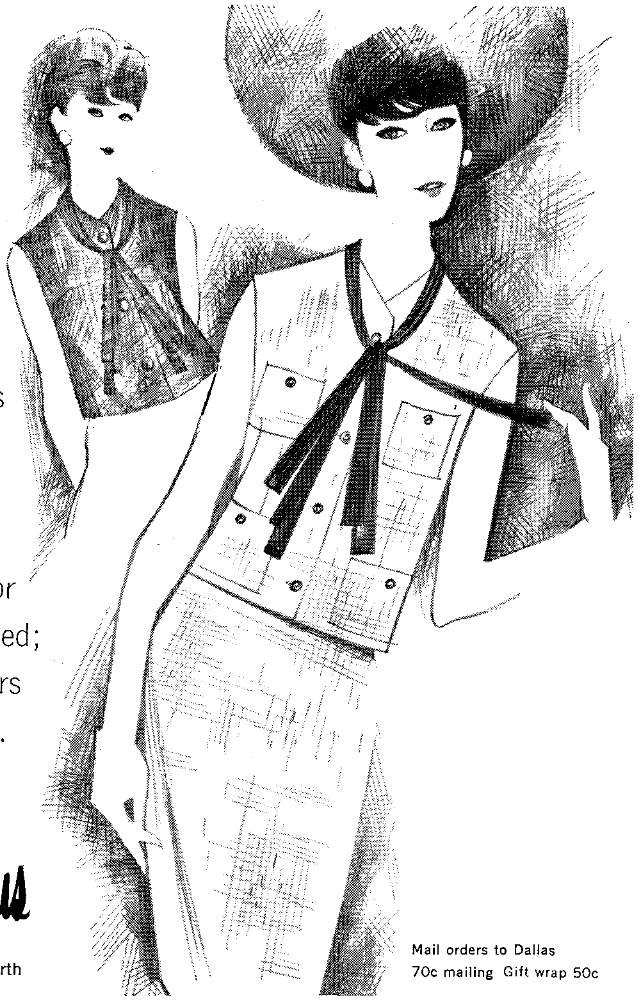

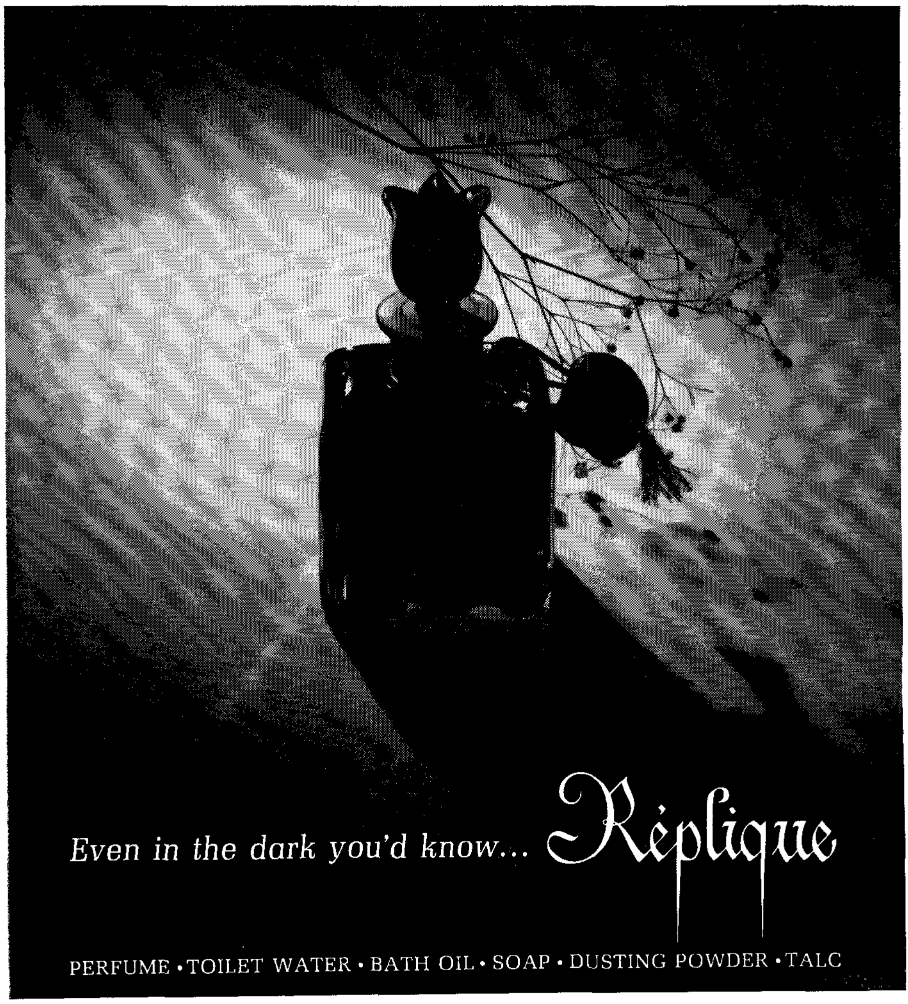

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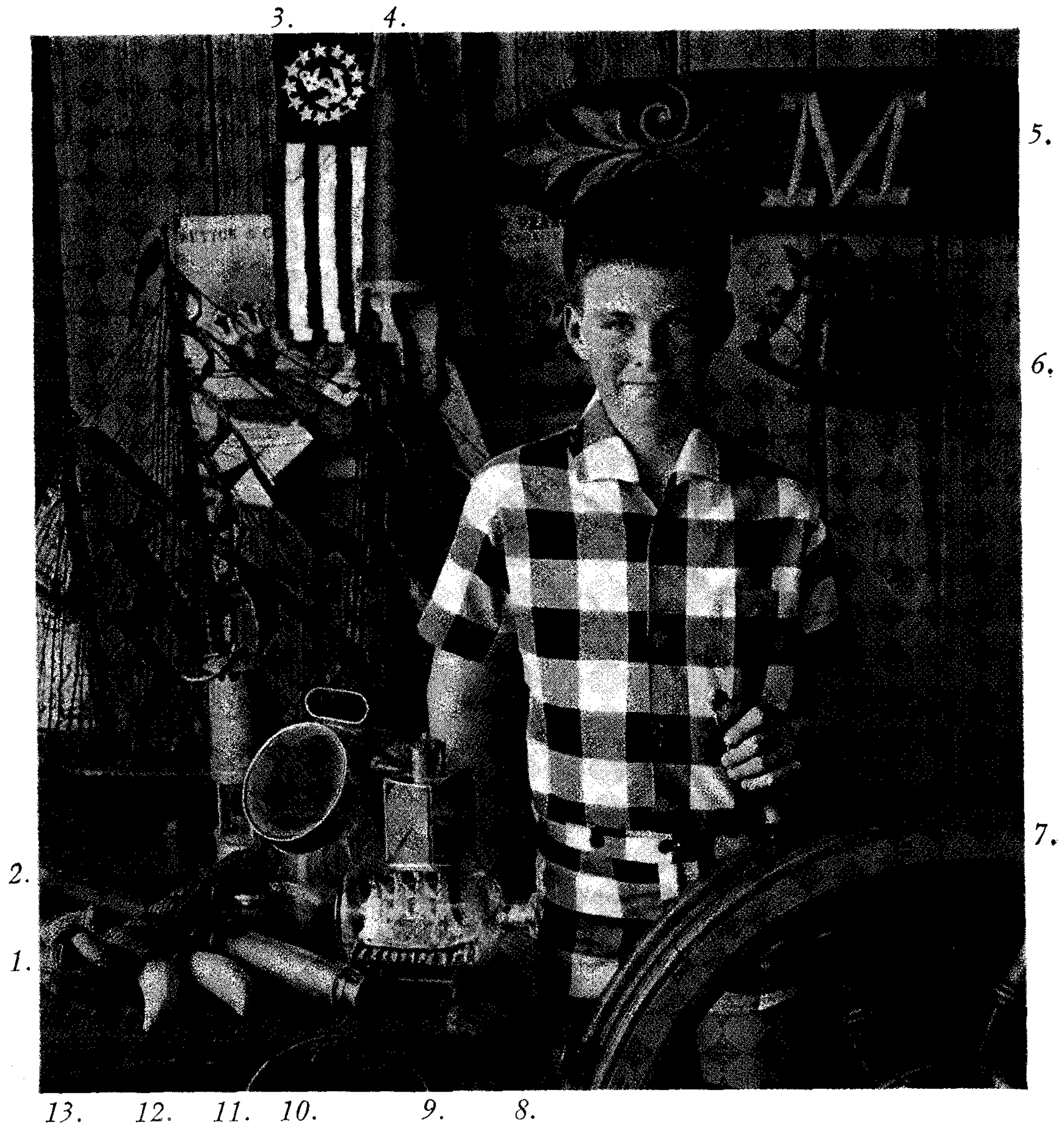

Rob Roy

(and his adventures on the high seas)

What's the difference between a bark and a barkentine? What's a mizzen topgallant stay? Which whales have teeth and which don't? Rob Roy's no landlubber when it comes to sailing and whaling, and here he is, all decked out in his cotton Shortie Jac shirt, treated with Scotchgard® Brand Stain Repeller to keep him shipshape in wildest weather. Black or red and white with matching zipper trunks. 6 to 20 sizes. The set, 7.00 at fine stores everywhere.

1. **Hawser,** a stout rope made from Manila hemp, sometimes used to tow a vessel, or to warp one (which means to haul it), but most often to moor it.
2. **Clipper ship model.** Clippers were built to be quick. They carried passengers and cargo both, and competition among clipper captains was very keen since the fastest ones were given all the best and highest paying cargoes.
3. **U. S. Yacht Ensign** is flown from sunup to sundown, and signifies that the boat it flies from is American.
4. **Harpoon** is made of cast iron (or steel). It's shot from a "gun" and the prongs open up and catch into the flesh in order to prevent the whale from pulling free.
5. **Wooden name plate** from a clipper ship called "Marie." Designs are carved out and painted in. There were two plaques–one on each side of the bow.
6. **Sextant,** used to "shoot the sun" (measure its angle at a certain time of day). Once the angle is obtained by looking through a telescope and a system of clear, mirrored and smoky glass parts, you then consult a chart to find out where in the world you are.
7. **A wheel** is connected to gears which control the ship's rudder. It's made of wood and reinforced with brass to protect it from rotting and to keep it rigid.
8. **Bark in a bottle,** given to the Marine Museum of the Seamen's Church Institute by the purser of the S.S. United States. The real McCoy was a four-master built in Germany and bought by America.
9. **Hand lantern,** the square shaped brass one, was lighted with kerosene and carried by deck hands to light their way at night.
10. **Binnacle** is made of brass, houses a compass in the round glass portion, and has a kerosene light inside so the compass can be seen in the dark.
11. **Buoy light,** the skinny lamp, is attached to the top part of a conical shaped buoy either by a hook or a chain and used as a marker.
12. **Spyglass,** a small telescope used to "sweep the horizon". It's all made of brass, collapses when not in use, and the area left exposed is protected with leather or wood.
13. **Whales' teeth** come from killers, narwhals, sperm whales, even porpoises and dolphins. They're used for decorative purposes, usually engraved, and are known as "scrimshaws."

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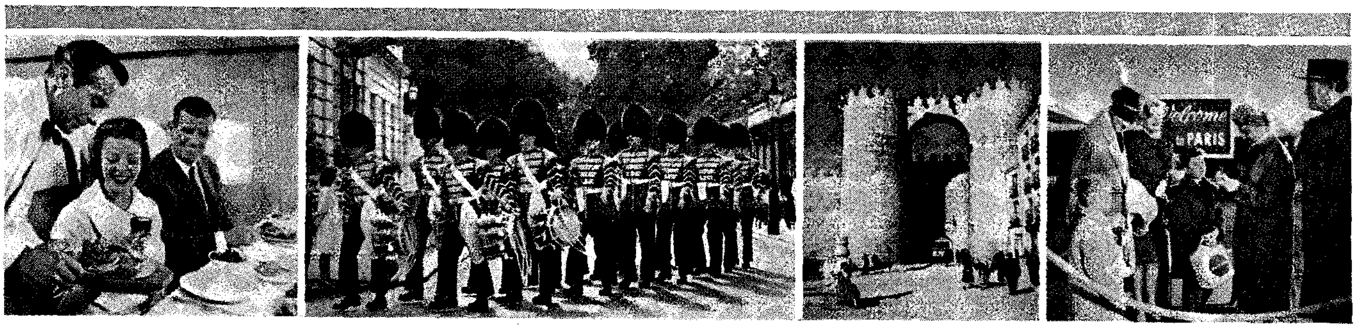

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fixed a little Hitler mustache to his upper lip. By that time, the Molnár play was over, and Waldbrunn came in to greet Qualtinger.

"Are they having fun?" Qualtinger asked.

"They *were* having fun," Waldbrunn said.

A phone rang.

"You take it," Qualtinger said to Waldbrunn. "It's Hollywood. They've already called you twice."

After taking the phone call, Waldbrunn came back and said disgustedly, "Now people are asking *me* for tickets to *your* show," and went off.

Qualtinger gazed absent-mindedly into space.

The stage manager knocked and said, "Two minutes, Herr Qualtinger."

Qualtinger nodded. He opened his shirt and loosened his tie, fastened the bottom button of the knit waistcoat, and pushed his hat to the back of his head. He opened Herr Karl's old cigarette case to make sure that it contained several butts, and then put it in his pocket. There was a sly expression in his eyes as he got up, and he looked twice his age. He didn't say goodbye to me when he left the dressing room. His shoes creaked as he shuffled down the stairway toward the stage, breathing heavily and mumbling to himself.

—JOSEPH WECHSBERG

•

PUNTA GORDA—This is an involved story and the reader is advised not to start it unless he has the time to complete it.

It involves the governor of Florida, the governor of Alabama, an Air Force sergeant, a 1926 Model T Ford truck and a local citizen known far and wide as Bicycle Jones.

It also concerns a small town named Florala which one would suppose to be on the Florida-Alabama line but which is actually a couple of miles north of the line—some 26 miles south of Opp—which is another name to mull over if you have the will.—*Patrick Kelly in the Tampa Tribune.*

Keep going, Kelly. We're still with you.

•

HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[*From a Public Safety Newsletter published by the National Safety Council*]

This hunting season was the first in which Massachusetts hunters were required by law to wear at least 200 square inches of daylight fluorescent red or orange material, and Jack Woolner of the Massachusetts Division of Fish & Game (Westboro, Mass.) reports that no hunter was shot because he was not seen.

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THE THEATRE

BROODER IN A BROWNSTONE

IT'S been a long time since Molière explored misanthropy, and maybe now is just the moment to take another look at his old rugged landscape. But I am afraid that Irwin Shaw, following in the Frenchman's footsteps with "Children from Their Games," which closed after four performances at the Morosco last week, was marching to the sound of a most erratic drum. In his examination of a man driven to despair by our times and our customs, he kept letting his propositions get out of hand, and in the long pull, resolving nothing, he permitted his play to drift off into the empty space of farce. Shapeless as it may have been, though, "Children from Their Games" had a highly original hero. In his day, this fellow had suffered a concussion after fumbling about in a football game in which he might have been a star; helped his father slaughter sixteen million pigs; paid thirty-eight hundred dollars for an abstract painting later adjudged to be worthless; acquired a daughter-in-law who cuckolded his son, a serviceman abroad, whenever possible; and also acquired a recording device that kept his Manhattan brownstone alive with all the noises he hated, from the gasp of buses to the harsh chatter of pneumatic drills. Abominating everything and everybody, and suffering from gout besides, our hero decided that it would be a good idea to shuffle off this mortal coil, but, being a Catholic (with a bit of Jewish in his ancestry), he couldn't hope for peace in consecrated ground if he took his own life. He therefore requested a wartime chum to see to his demise. It was part of Mr. Shaw's whimsey, which got strained at times, to give this potential executioner a choice of weapons—spear, crossbow, or a couple of muzzle-loading pistols. This sort of thing can be carried too far, and I suspect that it was here.

But let us not dwell on the vagaries of Mr. Shaw's plot. It is pleasanter to reflect on the performers. Led by Martin Gabel, as Mr. Shaw's misanthrope, they were an apt lot. Even if he occasionally seemed to move pretty spryly for a gout-ridden man, Mr. Gabel developed a character who, obscure though his motivations may have been, was of more than passing interest. John McMartin, too, was estimable, as the friend assigned to the elimination of Mr. Gabel, and so, in various episodic interludes, were Brenda Vaccaro, Bernie West, Gene Hackman, Ralph Purdum, and Peggy Cass. The set for "Children from Their Games" was designed by Oliver Smith, and it was serviceable. As for the direction of Sam Wanamaker, let's call it up and down.

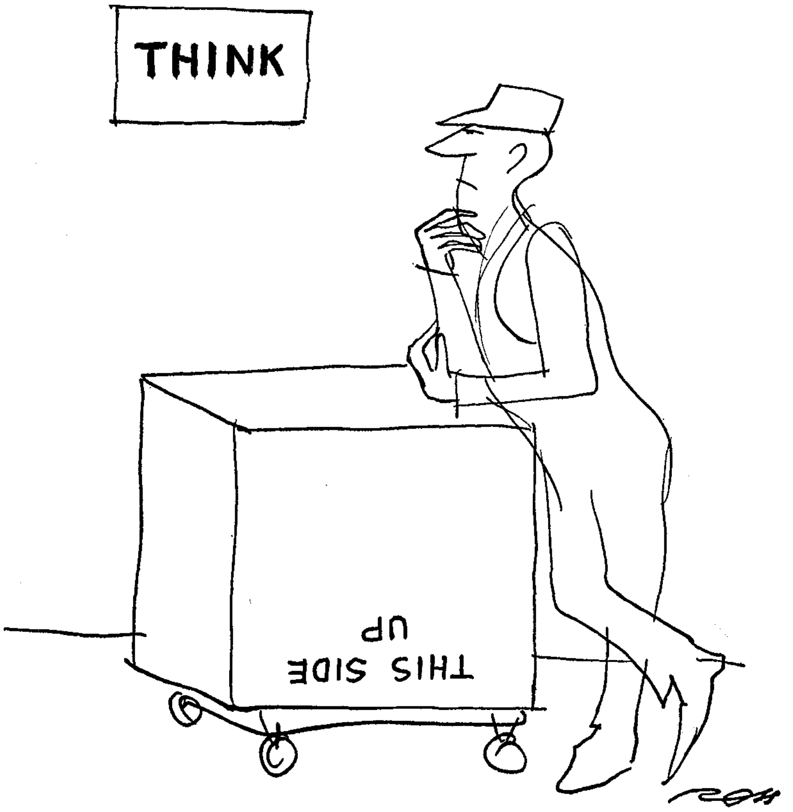
DANNY KAYE doesn't appear until the second half of the entertainment at the Ziegfeld, but he's well worth waiting for. The beginning of the show is devoted to the Dunhills, a trio of tap-dancers; the Marquis Family, a quartet of apes; and Señor Wences, an ingenious ventriloquist who keeps five voices going at a great rate and manages to make a convincing face for his star puppet out of his fist. This is the kind of old-fashioned vaudeville I was reared on, and I guess I'm still addicted to it, although hardly as ardently as I was in my nonage. Mr. Kaye is another matter. I have no reservations at all about him, or about the choral group called the Johnny Mann Singers that accompanies him. Whether he is leading an audience in song (and somehow, as choirmaster, he manages to keep everybody on key), lining out airs in broken French, Japanese, German, and Hebrew, taking a turn as a tap-dancer, or just sitting down and reflecting cheerily on this and that, he is as fresh and welcome as a kindly breeze. I'm told he's fifty or thereabouts. Well, let's do a little paraphrasing and say, "Middle age cannot wither . . ."

—JOHN MCCARTEN

OFF BROADWAY

Phoenix and Dragon

THE Phoenix company has found in "The Dragon," by the late Soviet writer Eugene Schwarz, a slight but, I think, quite charming play, and has given it a festive production at the Phoenix Theatre. According to a program note, it was first performed in Leningrad in 1943, was banned by the censors after three performances, and has just recently been successfully revived in Russia and Poland. It is a fairy tale—or perhaps more nearly a fable—on the theme of freedom vs. oppression. The action takes place in a town that has been ruled for four hundreds years by a cruel dragon, who terrorizes and robs the citizens, and from time to time snatches and kills pretty girls. Enter Sir Lancelot. ("A distant connection," he explains.) In order to save the townsfolk and, in particular, an exceptionally pretty girl who is next on the dragon's list, he challenges the dragon to combat and kills him, but in so doing is gravely wound-



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ed. He is carried away, whereupon the burgomaster, passing himself off as the dragon-killer, sets up a regime that is even worse than the old one. By then, the people are completely used to being oppressed and to accepting lies in place of the truth, so they quietly submit to what they have learned to consider the inevitable, and have to be rescued all over again.

The plot, as you can see, is as old as history and is not especially audacious on the subject of liberty and captivity. It could have been thought of at any time and on either side of the Iron Curtain. There are, to be sure, a couple of inspirational sentiments toward the end of the play ("You will work. This palace, too, will be put to better use," and "All men will work. We shall build the future together") that I found a mite troublesome, but only a mite. What counts is the gaiety, the lightness of touch combined with the earnestness, and the atmosphere of what I can only call good-heartedness. The characters are an amusing bunch to spend an evening with, and the theatrical ideas are amusing, too. I suspect, by the way, that many of the ideas in the staging were contributed by Joseph Anthony, whose direction is nimble and stylish. Whoever is responsible for them, there are a great number of effective moments, my favorite being the fight, overhead and out of sight, between Lancelot and the dragon. (Lancelot has been given a flying carpet, among other useful appliances, by a posse from the underground.) The townspeople first look up at the sky through smoked glasses and then, when that is forbidden, look down at pocket mirrors in their laps. Eventually, the three heads of the dragon come plopping into the square, one by one. The sight of the dying dragon shuffling in and picking up his heads in a discouraged kind of way is sadder than you might expect.

Most of the performances are all right. The best of them, I think, is given by Leslie Barrett, as a middle-aged talking tomcat—the shrewd long-range planner who is the brains of the anti-dragon campaign. It is almost impossible to believe that a talking animal could be bearable, much less a pleasure to have around, but this one is. There is nothing awful or Disneyish about the cat, or about his pal, a talking donkey, either. Mr. Barrett doesn't wear a mask, and his pantomime is very good. A portly actor named C. K. Alexander does well by the burgomaster—in Act I a comic character, subject to a whole series of mental illnesses, whose symp-

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toms strike him in rapid succession; and in Act II a villain. I also admired Joe Ponazecki, a handsome and most agreeable Lancelot; Dolph Sweet, as the dragon; Josip Elic (who reminded me of Rags Ragland), as the talking donkey; and Louise Sorel, as the pretty girl Lancelot falls in love with. ("I often fell in love," Lancelot says. "You travel around. You get into fights. You meet girls.") The translation, by Elizabeth Reynolds Hapgood, whether it is faithful to the original or not, is bright and often funny. Visually, the show is quite lovely, and sometimes, as when the village crowds gather and disperse or when flash powder goes off, it is quite exciting. Norris Houghton has designed an impressive set, with a background of onion-shaped towers and with walls that swivel to reveal the interiors of the buildings at right and left. Patricia Zipprodt's costumes are decorative and/or appropriate. Her reptile suit for the dragon is dandy.

SOMETHING ought to be said, I suppose, about the sorry production of "The Good Soldier Schweik," lately at the Gate, if only because Irwin Corey played the title role. Jaroslav Hasek's deadly-cheerful satire of the First World War should have adapted well to the stage, since each of its chapters is as funny and self-contained as a revue skit. Mr. Corey must have seemed to whoever cast him in the part just right for the hero—the dumb-cagey enlisted man who, by a kind of psychological jujitsu, manages to throw his blustering superiors off balance while always landing on his feet himself, and who, as a character, has been the model for Lord knows how many dumb-cagey enlisted men in plays and stories. In last week's performance, the episodes slid ineptly by, without wit or sting, and Mr. Corey's work, too, was almost without impact. The reason, I think, is that the gentle, wily innocence of his comedy is at once too close to the sturdy, wily innocence of Schweik and too different from it—the sort of near miss that turns out to be as bad as a mile.

—EDITH OLIVER

◆

This reporter asked Mrs. Courtney the routine question—"To what do you attribute your long life?"

Her answer, "I never smoked nor drank, and have lived a clean Christian life." until a couple of months ago," she added.—*Birmingham (Ala.) News.*

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THE RACE TRACK

Curtains for Belmont

As you've probably heard, there will be no racing at Belmont Park this season—and for nobody knows how many seasons to come. The New York Racing Association announced last week that because of the "progressive deterioration of the steel structure"—a Madison Avenue phrase if I ever heard one—the grandstand would have to be closed and the spring and autumn meetings transferred to Aqueduct. Demolition of the stand, it was said, is expected to begin soon. So be it.

Belmont Park may be reopened, but to those who have known the charm of the old place it can never be the same. It is as though a national figure had suffered some great tragedy; he survives, but he is different. If the track is rebuilt, it will surely be modern, functional, and without atmosphere—like any other mutuel track. There was something about Belmont that raised it above the level of other racecourses. It wasn't merely the historic races that were run there, for richer stakes were to be won elsewhere, and it wasn't just the excellence of the track itself, which gave every runner a fair chance. But Belmont seemed to show racing at its best, in a spacious setting. Whatever the reason, it also brought out the best in horses, and winning at Belmont was something that a stable could be justifiably proud of.

Actually, what has happened to Belmont was predicted three years ago. At a cocktail party a day or so before the opening in 1960, John W. Hanes, then chairman of the board of the N.Y.R.A. trustees, said that eventually all the racing on Long Island would be at Aqueduct, and that Belmont would be used for stabling the horses and as a training ground, which is exactly the present setup. In fact, ever since Aqueduct began to be such a remarkable financial success, the powers in the N.Y.R.A. have been derogating Belmont—reducing the number of its racing days and transferring most of its stake races to Aqueduct. You may remember, too, that it was reported a while back in these notes that Belmont would be rebuilt this summer if the N.Y.R.A. got an increase of one per cent in its share of the mutuel

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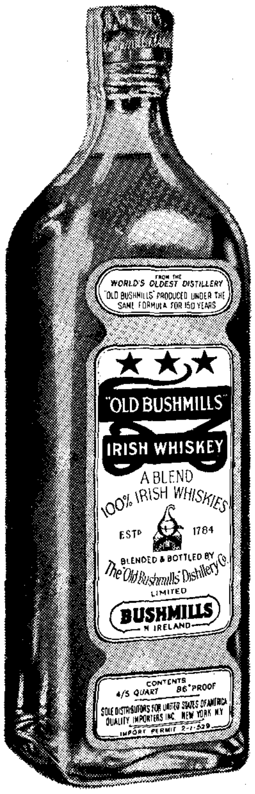

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take to pay for the job. The bill to make this possible didn't come up at the recent session of the legislature, so nothing can be done until the next session, in January. If the measure is approved (and your guess about that is as good as anybody's), Belmont might possibly open late in 1965. As things stand, we're faced with racing day after day at Aqueduct, except for a four-week break at Saratoga in August. If the N.Y.R.A. uses the extra days that the legislature granted it last month—and I fancy it will—Aqueduct will remain open until December 7th. I have a notion that long before Saratoga opens, horseplayers will be going to Jersey in droves.

As for the horses worth remembering at Aqueduct last week, one was the Meadow Stable's Speedwell; she may not be as good as her stablemate Cicada, but she beat ten other three-year-old fillies in the Prioress Stakes. And Greek Money, who won the Excelsior Handicap for the Brandywine Stable on Saturday, will be heard from in the handicaps to come. He didn't do much last season after winning the Preakness, but he ran the mile and a furlong of the Excelsior in 1:48⅗—only two-fifths of a second slower than the track record—so it is probably safe to say that he is in form again. Hitting Away, winner of the Excelsior a year ago, tried to step with him and wound up last, beaten by a dozen lengths. Incidentally, Greek Money has grown into as big and handsome a colt as you'd want to see. Of course, the flashiest performer on Saturday was Greentree's No Robbery, who ran a mile in 1:34. Though he's a son of Swaps, he takes after Bimelech, his grandpa on his mama's side. He's a fast fellow, but I'm afraid he hasn't the substance to battle sturdier three-year-olds for nine or ten furlongs. We'll know more about that, however, after the Wood Memorial this weekend, when he'll meet Crewman, Top Gallant, and Bonjour. By the way, City Line and Ahoy caught the coughing sickness last week, and have been struck out of the Kentucky Derby.

The news that Jim Fitzsimmons would turn the horses of Ogden Phipps and the Wheatley Stable, which he trained for so many years, over to Bill Winfrey in June was quite the biggest surprise of the week. The old gentleman feels that he can't do the things around the stable that he should be doing. He will be missed.

—Audax Minor

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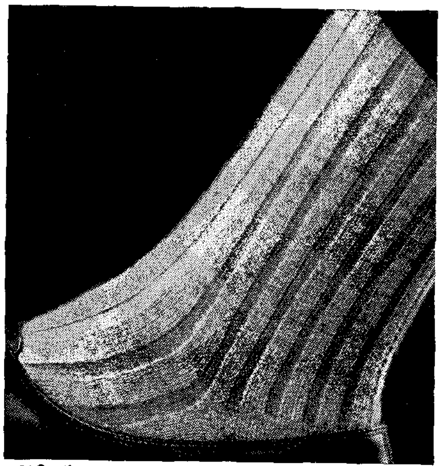

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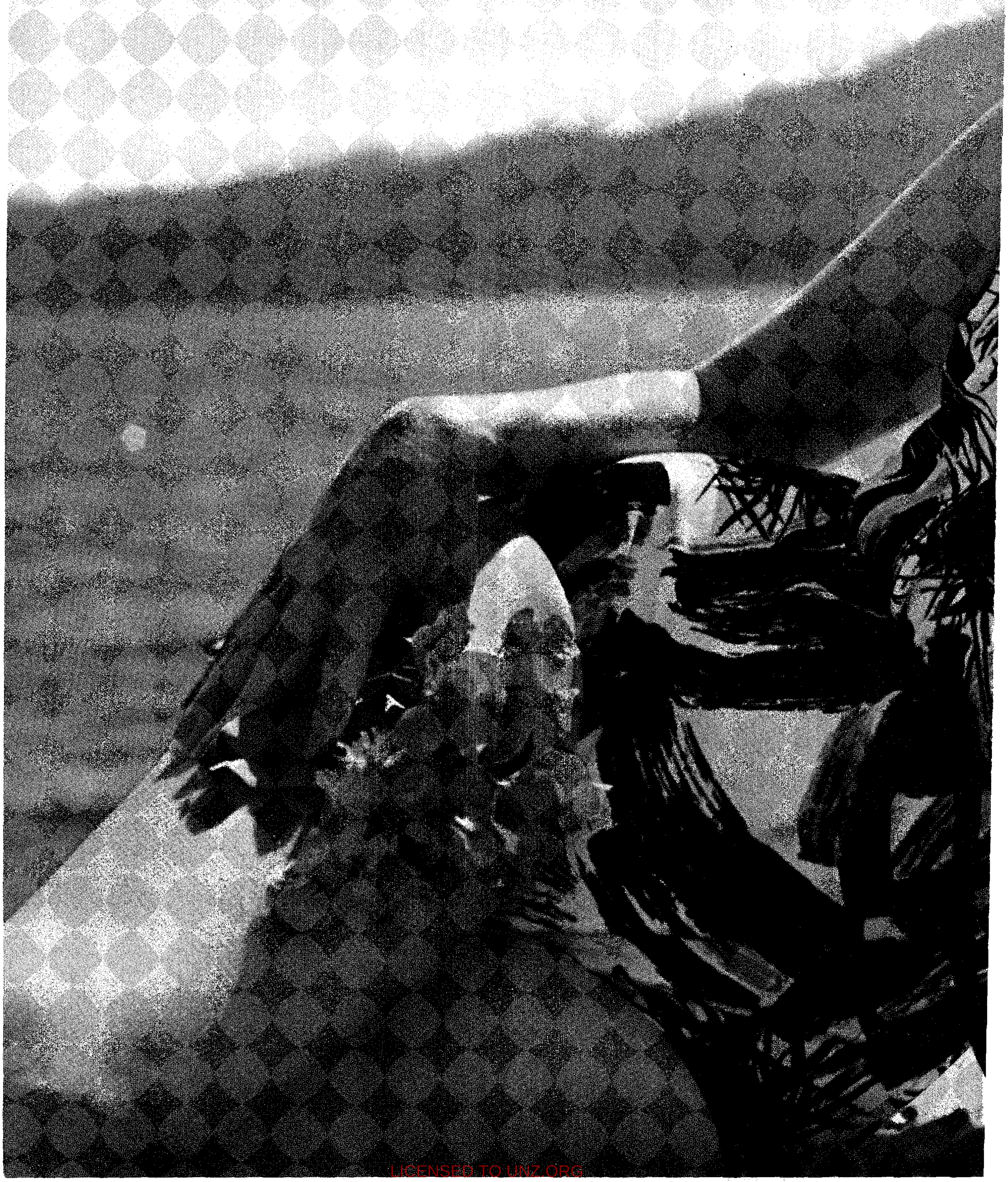

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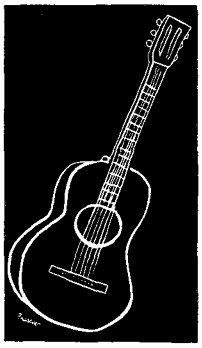
MUSICAL EVENTS

Poulenc



IT is probably as true today as it ever was that a composer has to die before a proper assessment of his stature can be made. In some instances, even now, this is due to the hostility of critics and audiences during the composer's lifetime. In others, it is due to the composer's own modesty and lack of egotism. The latter is the case with Francis Poulenc, who died in January, and whose music has since been the subject of quite a number of memorial concerts, two of which occurred here last week, and all of which have shown him to be a creator of the most distinguished sort, worthy of comparison with the great masters. His position has been a peculiar one. Because of his association with Les Six, a group that banded together nearly half a century ago with the aim of freeing French music from the influence of Wagner, and even from that of Debussy, he has been lumped with the avant-garde. He has been admired for being very, very French, and for being witty and chic. But it has become increasingly evident in recent years that these virtues, if such they are, do not come anywhere near explaining Poulenc's complex character as a musician. He was, it is true, a Frenchman, but his music is French only in its clarity and elegance, and in that cosmopolitan sense in which the music of Gluck, Chopin, and Bellini might be regarded as French. Wit and chic are characteristic of only a small portion of his work. And as for the avant-garde label, it is surprising, in retrospect, that it could ever have been applied to him. His musical language was, to be sure, a highly personal one, but you will search his works in vain for any trace of the trademarks of what constituted "modern music" in his period. Somehow, he succeeded in fooling the avant-garde quite thoroughly. His idiom remained an outgrowth of the romanticism of the nineteenth century. No dissonance, as dissonance is nowadays understood (that is, as a synonym for cacophony), ever invaded his work. In fact, a close examination of it will show that its technique is seldom more "advanced," in the currently popular scheme of histori-

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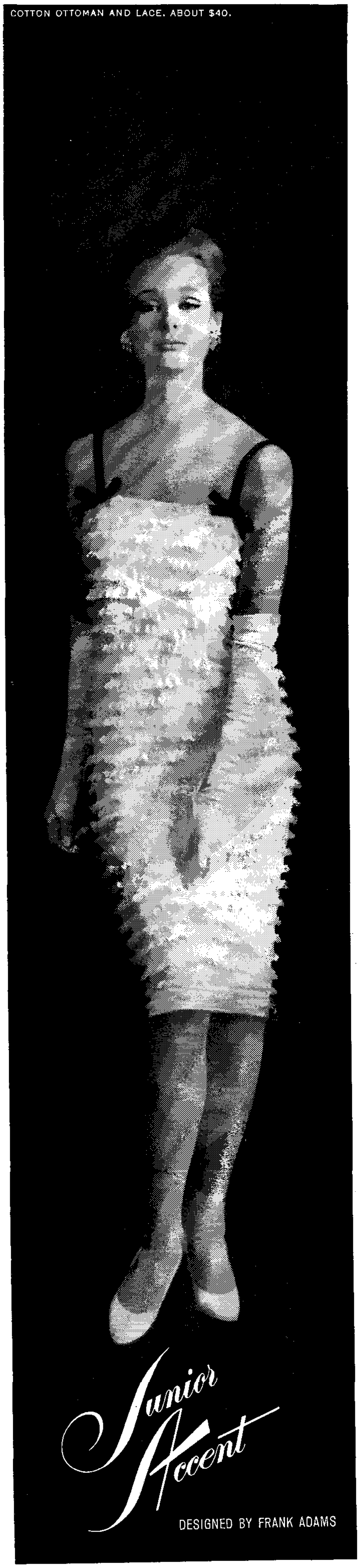
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cal progress, than that of Giuseppe Verdi. This is a state of affairs that probably has the professors of Hegelian *Zeitgeistwissenschaft* chewing their calfskin bindings, since to them a contemporary composer who writes music in a technique that is a hundred years old—and who is, to boot, obviously a highly gifted master—is, by the laws of historical determinism, an impossibility. Not being encumbered by any such theories, I venture to place Poulenc in what I consider his proper niche—that of a true genius and certainly one of the greatest of all twentieth-century composers. The conservatism of his style was simply a matter of preference. He was an exquisitely sensitive musician, and his sensitivity led him to adopt technical means that were unfailingly expressive. Naturally, the old, established language of music—melodious, beautifully formed, and deeply communicative—served the purpose.

I do not mean to imply that conservatism is a sure recipe for genius. It has its dangers, among which are sentimentality, corniness, and imitativeness of the academic sort. The amazing thing is how skillfully Poulenc skirted these dangers and managed to make his music seem as fresh as—and, indeed, a great deal fresher than—that of most of his contemporaries. He was not a cerebral composer. Theories did not interest him, still less the various systems by which his fellow-composers were trying to guarantee themselves a place in the future of their art. Poulenc was simply a profound musician, who wrote music as naturally as other people talk, and, at the same time, a man of shrewd intellect, who knew exactly the boundaries of his own talent, the purpose for which he was writing, and the limits of good taste. Actually, he wrote an immense amount of music, in a large variety of forms. He has been called the greatest lieder composer since Franz Schubert, and, indeed, there is an intimacy of communication and a sense of mood about his songs that recall those of the earlier master. But there is also, in his larger symphonic and religious compositions, a majestic touch that one seldom comes across nowadays—and this majestic touch is never bombastic but always deeply sincere and moving. Curiously, a world unaccustomed to majestic utterances from men of sophistication often interpreted Poulenc's majesty as satire, and even led him to write satirical pieces, the most notorious of which is probably the operatic spoof "Les Mamelles de Tirésias." Satire in music, however, is a pretty limited art, and if you look through the score of

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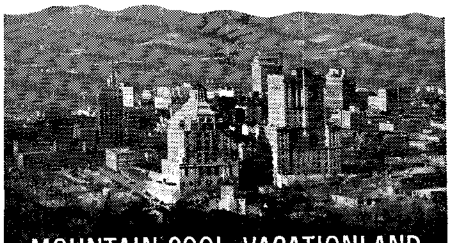
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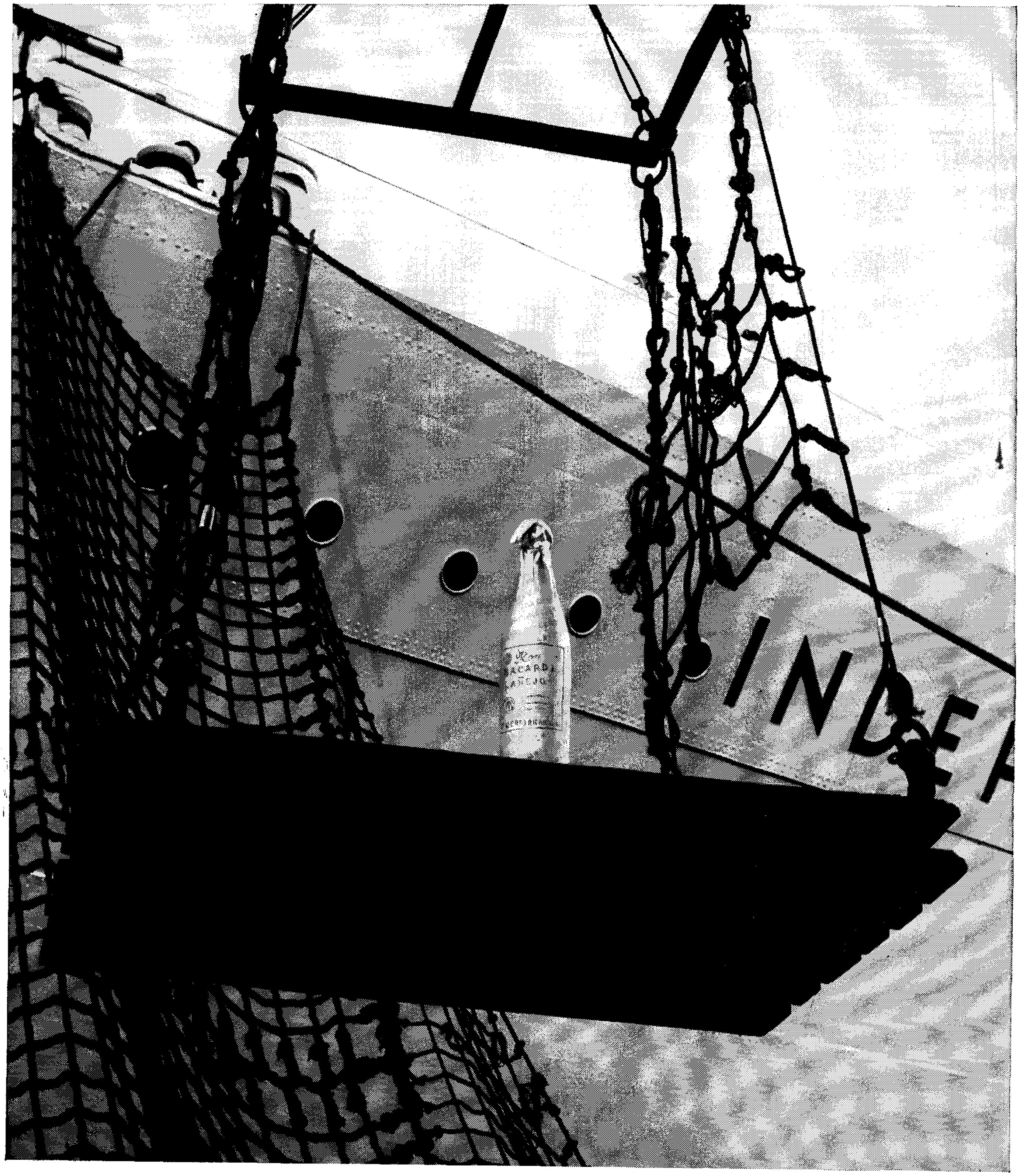

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"Les Mamelles," you will find that virtually all the satire is in the horseplay that takes place on the stage. The music, separated from the jokes, is almost entirely beautiful, in the romantic sense of the word. Was Poulenc satirizing romantic music? Some people think he was. But if so, he was satirizing something that he deeply loved, and doing it in the gentlest possible manner. Another example of this is the song "Violon," whose accompaniment abounds in the chromatic chord structures typical of Chopin. Was Poulenc satirizing Chopin? Probably, but only by recalling nostalgically certain of Chopin's mannerisms, and by setting them forth as well as Chopin did himself, if not better.

Last week's Poulenc memorials were an all-Poulenc concert given by the Composers' Showcase in Carnegie Hall on Wednesday evening, and the second half of Thursday night's Philharmonic concert, under Thomas Schippers, which included Poulenc's stirring Concerto for Organ, String Orchestra, and Timpani and a religious work (specially commissioned for the opening season of Lincoln Center) called "Sept Répons des Ténèbres," which turned out to be a miniature Passion, appropriate for the Easter season. The "Sept Répons" involved the services of a large boys' chorus, drawn from St. Paul's Church and the Little Church Around the Corner, and the concerto allowed Mr. Schippers to appear simultaneously as organist and as conductor—a somewhat spectacular feat, which drew an ovation from the audience. The Wednesday-night concert had a large roster of distinguished performers, including Jennie Tourel, the Collegiate Chorale, and the precise and elegant duo-piano team of Gold and Fizdale, along with Benny Goodman and Leonard Bernstein, who presented the world première of a very recent and very pleasing Sonata for Clarinet and Piano. All the artists mentioned here performed well enough, and I shall not trouble you with any detailed comment on their virtues. The important thing about both concerts was Poulenc—Poulenc the lighthearted and exquisite melodist, Poulenc the noble and unabashed romanticist, and Poulenc the deeply devoted composer of lofty religious scores.—WINTHROP SARGEANT

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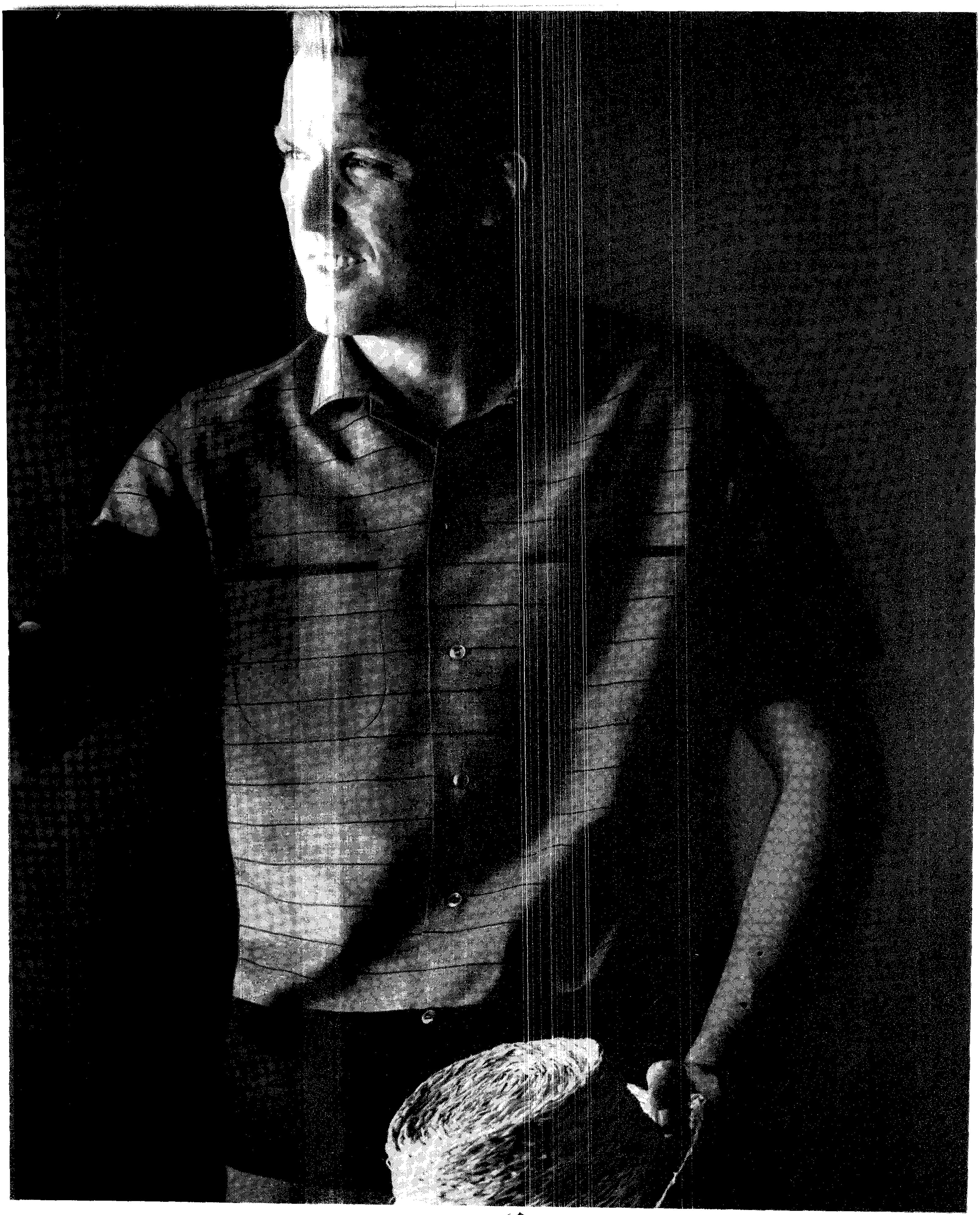

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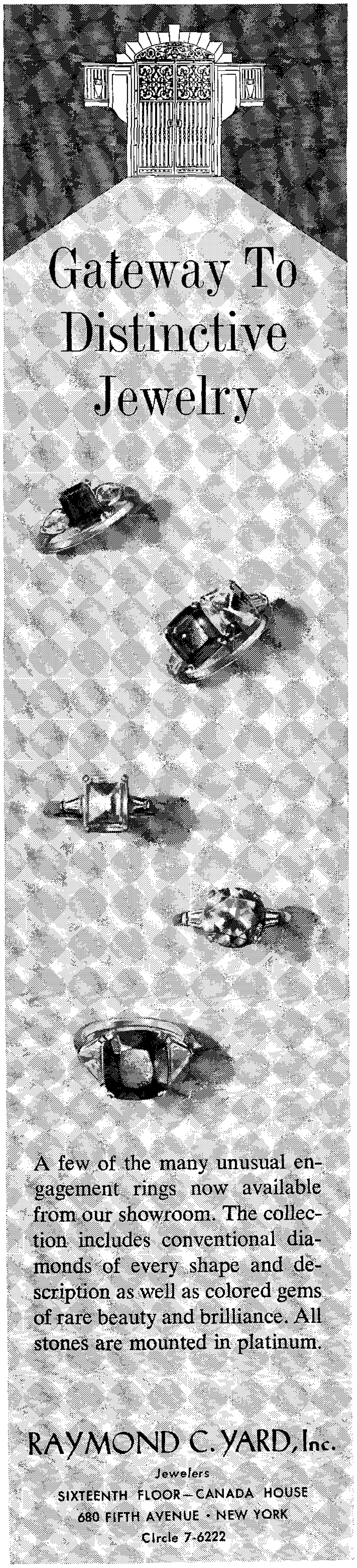
"THE UGLY AMERICAN" is a pleasant surprise, in part because it bears so little resemblance to the book from which it takes its name, and in part because its star, Marlon Brando, gives a performance as dazzling as his performance in "Mutiny on the Bounty" was dim. William J. Lederer and Eugene Burdick, in a foreword to the novel, instructed their readers that "this book is written as fiction; but it is based on fact," and that "the names, the places, the events, are our inventions; our aim is not to embarrass individuals, but to stimulate thought—and, we hope, action." With a few exceptions, this is a wretched reason for writing fiction—"Uncle Tom's Cabin" may have helped the slaves, but "Moby Dick" didn't do much for whales—and the Lederer-Burdick work amounted to little more than a series of loosely hammered-together parables about our State Department's inveterate bungling in Southeast Asia. We should all be grateful that Stewart Stern, who wrote the screenplay of "The Ugly American," hasn't felt the slightest twinge of piety toward the original. Instead, he has given us a seductively direct, slam-bang, and, for much of its length, believable melodrama. The theme remains the ineptitude and obtuseness of most American innocents abroad, but a single strong action has been found to embody this theme, and Mr. Stern, who has an excellent ear, makes us accept some fairly outrageous gyrations of plot by clothing them in dialogue of artfully humdrum authenticity. Three cheers for Mr. Stern!

Yes, and then six cheers for Mr. Brando, who plays Harrison MacWhite, our newly appointed Ambassador to the mythical Republic of Sarkhan. The movie opens with MacWhite being examined as to his fitness for the post at a Senate hearing in Washington, and we first catch sight of Mr. Brando as a broad back approaching the door of the hearing room. So much is he in command of the picture that even at that moment I began to fall under his spell—or, rather, under the spell of his back—and by the time he'd seated himself at a table in front of the senators and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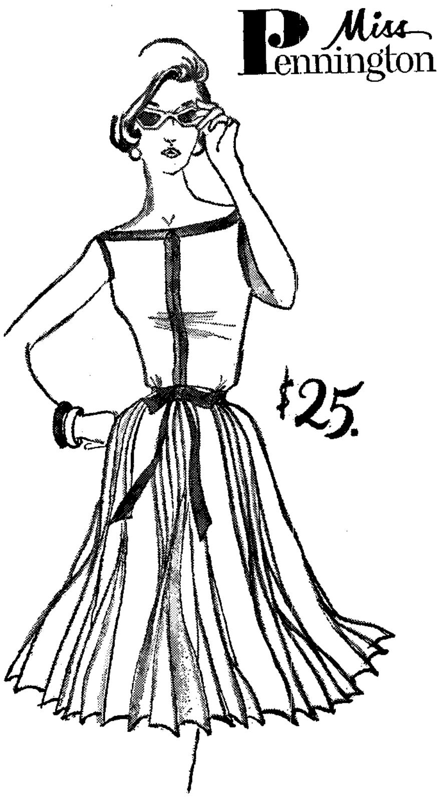
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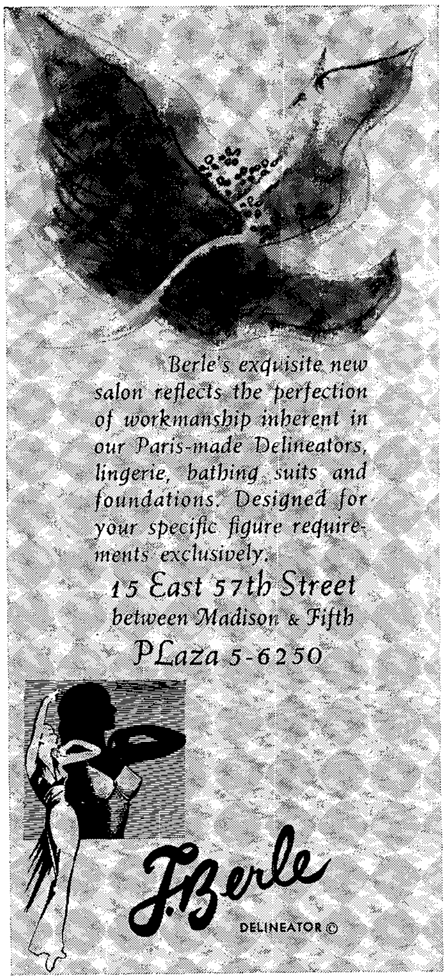
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flipped open his elegant black attaché case, I believed in him heart and soul. A well-tailored, pipe-smoking, smooth-looking man of nearly forty, the perfect specimen of an upper-middle-class white Protestant American—a Brando creation that seemed utterly purged of whoever Brando himself may be. He caused me to see at once that no Senatorial adversary stood a chance against him; at the same time, uncannily, he caused me to see that pipe, brains, and breeding would be insufficient, and that all this caged energy, wearing the conventional disguise of good will, would lead straight to someone's doom. The handsome American would prove himself an ugly American by failing at the very points where he tried hardest to succeed.

Let me allot at least one cheer apiece to George Englund, for his self-confident direction; to Clifford Stine, for his admirable camerawork; to Thailand, for providing the beautiful scenery that Mr. Stine took such wise advantage of; and to the actors who move, less blanched than one might expect, in easy orbit about Mr. Brando's sun: Eiji Okada (the architect in "Hiroshima, Mon Amour"), Pat Hingle, Arthur Hill, and Kukrit Pramoj, who, I hear, has been a public official in Thailand, but who will surely make movies his new career. The love interest of the movie consists of a couple of scenes between MacWhite and his wife, played by Sandra Church. Miss Church is a pretty girl, but there has never been a picture in which a pretty girl had less to do.

THE Landru of "Landru" is, of course, the famous French murderer who, during the First World War, did away with no telling how many women; though he was eventually convicted of killing just under a dozen, most Landru enthusiasts insist that the true total is a good deal higher. The fascination of his case, on which Chaplin based "Monsieur Verdoux," and which has now prompted Françoise Sagan to write her first screenplay, is that Landru appears to have been in many respects the quintessence of bourgeois morality. He had a large family and a small business, and since the latter was unable to provide for the former, he took to dispatching women of property as a way of making up the difference. A bald, spavined, fiercely bearded little man, he was irresistible to women, whom he solicited through newspapers, courted in the Luxembourg Gardens, and murdered in a suburban villa, the kitchen stove of which he kept well stoked with their remains. He was a

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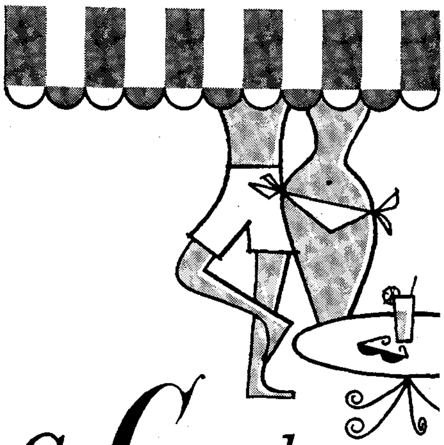

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good father and, if there is such a thing, a good husband. Moreover, he proved an exemplary lover to one young mistress, becoming so attached to her that he couldn't bear to do her in and, in order to justify this sentimental failing to himself, entered her in his financial books as a secret member of the family. It may well have been a temptation to Landru to murder every woman he saw. If so, he was one of those rare men who have the good fortune to turn a passion into a profession, and the most bourgeois thing about him was his iron self-discipline—in spite of being continuously tempted, he murdered not for mere pleasure but for the sake of his wife and children.

During the first two-thirds of "Landru," Miss Sagan and the director, Claude Chabrol, have a merry time depicting Landru's assorted wooings and killings; the last third of the picture, when the good provider is caught and brought to trial, runs slowly downhill into the sordid shadow of the guillotine. The fact is that bourgeois success stories can be very funny, while bourgeois failures are a bore. By all means, go to "Landru," but be brave enough to depart the moment the law puts its heavy mitt on the little killer's shoulder. I'm sure you'll have had your money's worth by then, thanks not only to Miss Sagan and Mr. Chabrol but also to the first-rate cast (Charles Denner, Michèle Morgan, Danielle Darrieux, Hildegarde Neff) and to costumes and settings that, as a summary of *l'art nouveau*, are exceptionally witty in design and have been very wittily photographed. Has a movie ever been recommended for its wallpapers? I haven't any idea, but let me affirm that "Landru's" wallpapers are sullen and ravishing.

"FIASCO IN MILAN" is a sort of sequel to "The Big Deal on Madonna Street," and I suspect that it has been brought to town for only one reason—that it was directed, some years ago, by Nanni Loy, the man responsible for "The Four Days of Naples." There are some funny moments in the picture, but far too much of it echoes its hilarious predecessor. . . . "Happy Anniversary," a French short now playing with both "Landru" and, at the Rivoli, with "The Ugly American," is a joyous slapstick about a young husband hurrying home through heavy Paris traffic to an impatient, loving wife. So old in every particular as to seem brand-new, it deserves the Academy award it has just received. Be sure to catch it wherever you find it.

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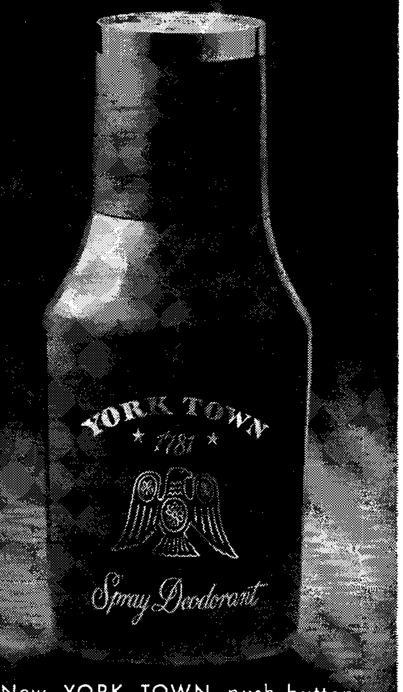

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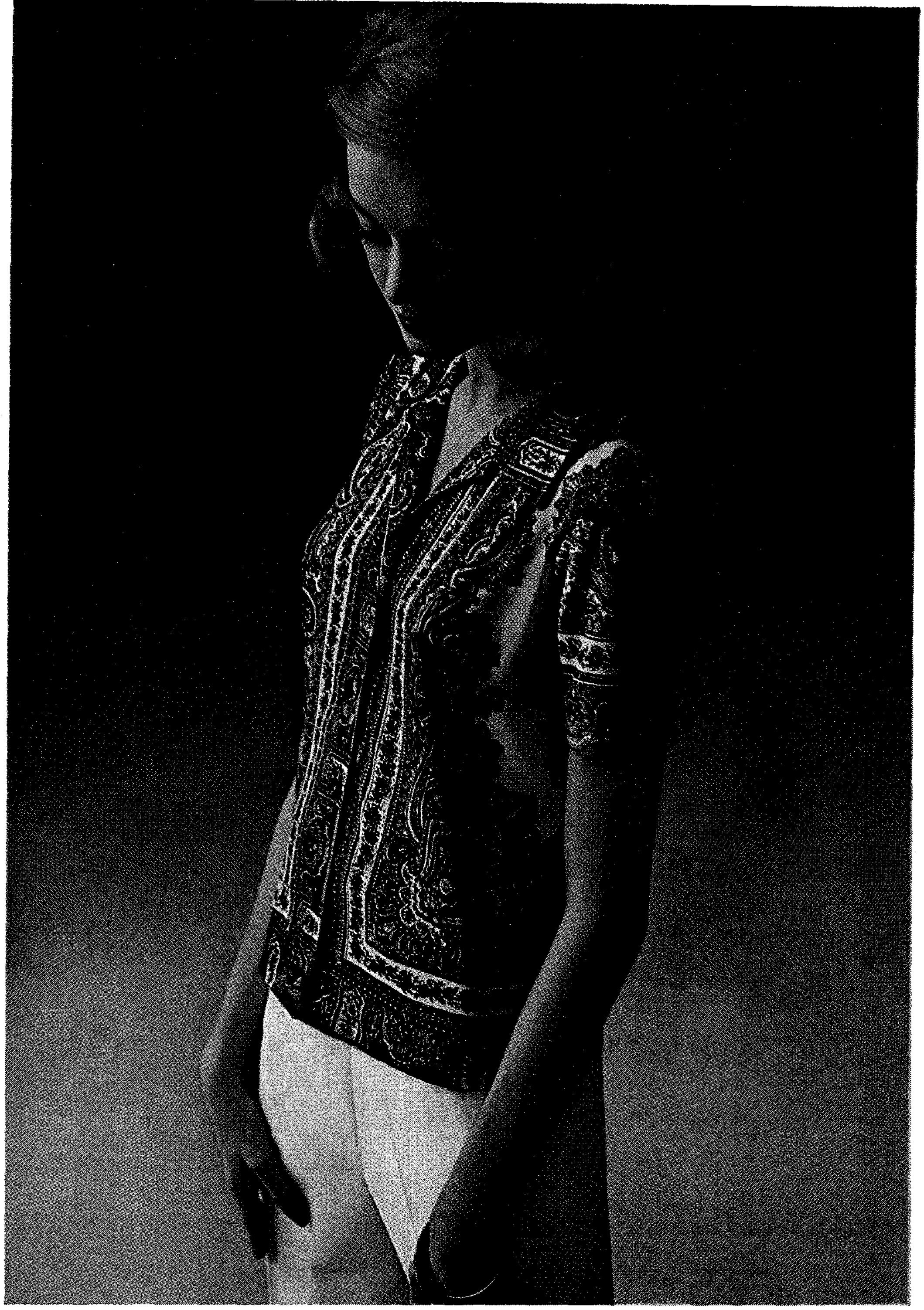

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EVER since 1935, when Gene Sarazen carried off the second Masters tournament on the wings of his historic double eagle on the sixty-ninth hole, the annual spring championship held at the Augusta National Golf Club, in Georgia, has produced an almost unbroken succession of thrilling finishes. In the last decade, for example, there has been only one year—1955, when Cary Middlecoff entered the fourth, and final, round with a huge lead and held on to it without going through any truly trying moments—in which the Masters has ended on a note of comparative peacefulness. In all the other years, the most astounding things have happened. In 1954, to illustrate, an unknown, upstart amateur, Billy Joe Patton, caught the two leaders, Ben Hogan and Sam Snead, with a hole in one on the sixtieth hole of the seventy-two-hole grind, and finished up a single stroke behind them. Two years later, Jack Burke, Jr., eight shots behind Ken Venturi at the start of the final round, cut one stroke after another from that seemingly insurmountable lead, and ultimately defeated Venturi by a stroke. Arnold Palmer's closing 65 in the 1960 United States Open certainly consolidated his reputation as the greatest finisher that modern golf has known, but it was his stirring stretch drives in the Masters in 1958 and 1960 that first disclosed his ability to perform miracles at the eleventh hour. Indeed, the incredible climax, combining the most improbable elements of Dickens, Burt L. Standish, and Ian Fleming, has become such a staple of the tournament that by now, I suppose, every Augusta regular expects the unexpected to happen no less surely than April follows March. On Sunday, the day of the concluding eighteen holes, when you walk over the rolling green meadowland of the most beautiful inland course in all the world, this foreknowledge of the tournament's traditional explosiveness keeps you restive and alert as you saunter past the azaleas and the flowering dogwood banked on the hillsides and breathe in the soft air of a Georgia spring. On the last day of the Masters, only a fool falls for that siren song of sustained tranquillity.

While it is impossible, of course, to guess what shape the final outcome will take when things begin to pop at Augusta, the history of the tournament supplies a helpful clue to the spot where the first significant eruption is likely to occur. That is on the twelfth hole, a difficult 155-yard par 3, where the long, exceedingly narrow green runs on a diagonal traverse from the fairway—like the hour hand of a watch at two o'clock. In front of the green and along its right side runs Rae's Creek, a shallow stream six or seven yards wide. Just by itself, this menacing water hazard would make the twelfth intimidating enough, but playing Scylla to its Charybdis is a high bank of heavy rough that rises abruptly behind the green. Two sand bunkers are cut into this bank. A third bunker, set a few feet beyond the creek, commands the entrance to the center of the green. In addition to all this, the player must take into consideration, when he is planning and executing his shot, a gusty little wind that snaps across the green on most days, blowing from right to left. One stormy afternoon during the 1956 tournament, when Bob Rosburg was playing a 4-iron on the twelfth, the wind suddenly died out just as he hit his tee shot, and the ball not only cleared the green on the fly but sailed right on over the high bank, over the pine trees above it, and out of bounds—a two-stroke penalty. When the wind resumed, he played the same shot over with the same club, and the ball landed eight feet from the cup. It's quite a hole, the short twelfth!

The first time the twelfth figured prominently in the Masters was in 1937. In the final round that year, Ralph Guldahl came to it leading the nearest contender, Byron Nelson, by four shots—a very comfortable margin, with only seven holes to play. Guldahl, however, dumped his tee shot into Rae's Creek and took a 5. Then, on the thirteenth, a 475-yard par 5 that is reachable with two first-class wood shots, he proceeded to take a 6 when his second shot found an arm of Rae's Creek that twists between the fairway and the green. When Nelson, not many minutes later, made a birdie 2 on the twelfth and then added an eagle 3 on the thirteenth, he picked up six full shots on Guldahl on those two holes, turned the tournament inside out, and went on to score his first major victory. During the five years between 1958 and 1962, when Palmer dominated the Masters both in victory and in defeat, the twelfth was a key hole no less than three times. In 1958, it rained hard the night before the final round was to be played, and the course was so soggy that it was decided to institute a local rule permitting the players to lift, without penalty, a ball embedded in the rough or fairway and drop it on playable ground nearby. For some reason or other, the official stationed at the twelfth green was not aware of this rule, and when Palmer's tee shot on that hole dug itself into the base of the bank behind the green, the official instructed him to play the ball as it lay. Palmer did, and scored a 5—on in three, and down in two putts. Palmer, however, is a man of unusual presence of mind. He went back to the spot where his tee shot had embedded itself, and, giving himself the free drop he felt he was entitled to, played a second ball. He chipped it up close and holed the putt for a 3. For all the discomfiture of not knowing whether he would ultimately be credited with a 3 or a 5, he played the thirteenth as beautifully as it can be played, hitting the green with a perfect 3-wood and dropping a sixteen-footer for an eagle 3. When he was informed, on the fourteenth tee, by the top tournament officials that his correct score on the twelfth was a 3, Palmer was home. The following year, he was apparently on his way to a successful defense of his title when he arrived at the twelfth tee with a three-shot lead. He had played almost flawless golf all day and appeared to be totally in charge of the tournament. With the pin set at the back right-hand corner of the green, he hit a full 6-iron, starting the ball out over Rae's

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Creek on a line a few yards to the right of the green, since it is his style to draw his shots from right to left. His timing was just a shade too fast on the shot; the draw didn't take, and the ball fell into the water with a disheartening splash. He holed out in 6. All of a sudden—it was as if a dike had burst—it was no longer a one-man tournament. Six or seven players had a chance to win it now, and one of them, Art Wall, Jr., recognizing the opportunity of a lifetime, birdied five of the last six holes and carried the day. Last year, the twelfth was kinder to Palmer. In his playoff with Gary Player and Dow Finsterwald, a birdie there—he put his tee shot three feet from the flag—enabled him to go out in front for the first time, and from that point on he moved resolutely toward his third Masters title.

In short, I think everybody who follows the Masters has learned by now to hustle down the hill to the twelfth and be on hand when the man who is leading the tournament on the final day confronts this ornery hole. In the most recent Masters, two weeks ago, that man was Jack Nicklaus, the twenty-three-year-old National Open champion. The longest straight driver in golf today, and perhaps in the history of the game, Nicklaus, after a so-so 74 on his first round, had roared into the thick of the contention on the second day with a superlative 66, six under par. On this second round, certainly one of the very finest rounds ever played over the Augusta National, Nicklaus missed the first green when he misplayed his wedge approach, and then hit all the other greens with the regulation stroke—that is, he was on the green of each par-5 hole with his third shot, on the green of each par-4 with his second, and on the green of each par-3 with his tee shot. The fact that he used a wedge for his approach on the first hole, which is four hundred yards long, gives you a fairly good idea of his immense length off the tee. However, this big, strong bear of a boy is much more than just another siege gun. An impressive student of technique, he understands every inch of his powerful upright swing and knows how to play all the shots. Moreover, he can play them under pressure; he has a poise remarkable for one so young, and a determination as fierce and unyielding as Palmer's. Off the course, he is full of humor and crisp conversation, but his manner during the actual playing of a tournament gives you no inkling of that side of his nature. He is all business, all golf, wrapped tight in a sheath of concentra-

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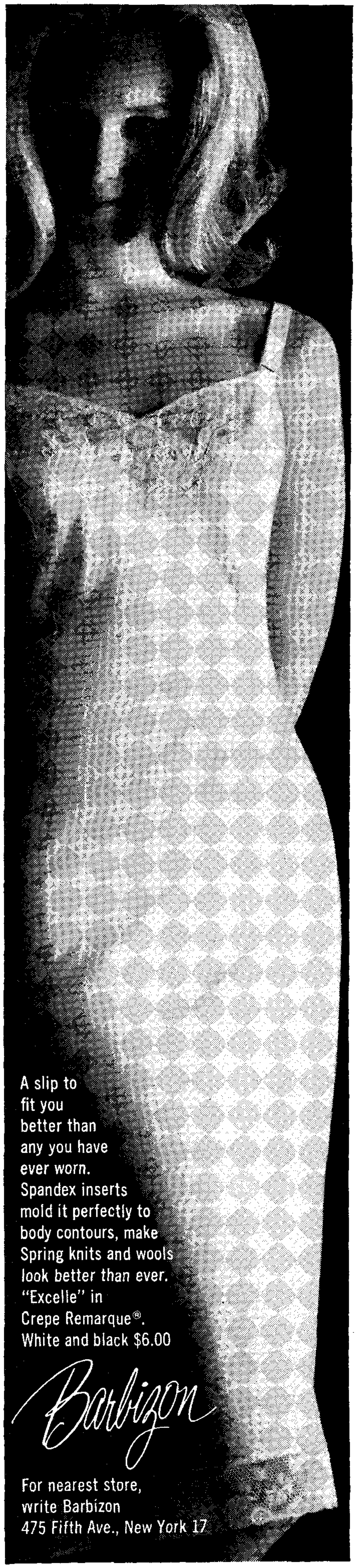

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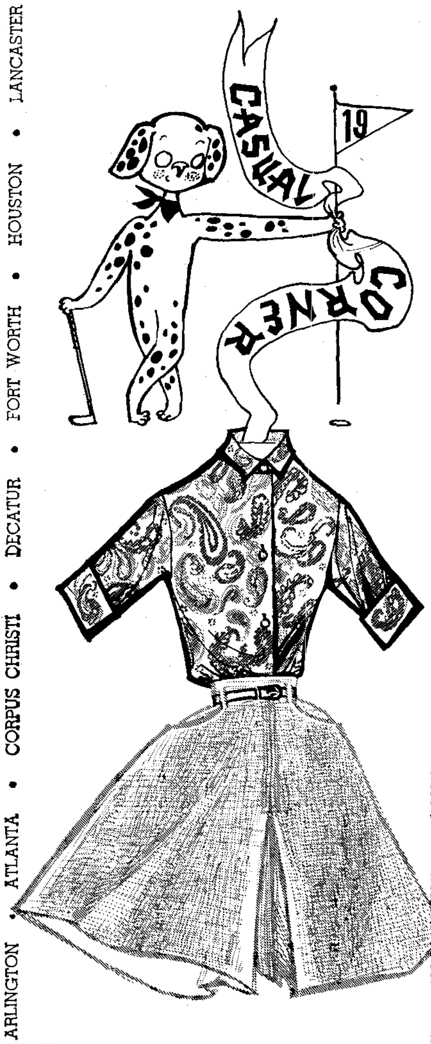
tion. Midway through the third round, on the Saturday, Nicklaus moved into the lead in the tournament and held it by playing the last eleven holes in eleven pars. His score for that round—a 74—was more of an achievement than it might appear at first glance. Just as you can count on a hectic finish in the Masters, you can also count on having at least one day of bad weather, and this year it came on the Saturday. A cold rain, which began the night before, fell without letup all day long, puddling the fairways and drenching the greens, and there were several anxious moments during the afternoon when it looked as if the course were on the brink of becoming unplayable and that the third round would have to be abandoned and played completely over again. Nicklaus's 74 gave him a total of 214 for his three rounds and a lead of one stroke over Ed Furgol, two over Julius Boros, and three over Sam Snead and Tony Lema, a young circuit pro making his début in the Masters. For the first time in six years, Palmer, six strokes behind Nicklaus, did not look as if he would be a force in the final day's play; he was visibly not in top form, and only his putting and his purposefulness had kept him that close to the pace. The consensus was that Nicklaus would probably hold on to his lead in the critical fourth round. Since he carries the ball a tremendous distance off the tee, the spongy condition of the soaked fairways would be to his advantage. More to the point, he had clearly been playing the best golf of anyone in the field all week, and there was no reason to expect any alteration to take place, despite the mounting tension that every leader experiences on the Sunday of the final round.

Shortly before noon on Sunday, the gray skies cleared, and at one-twenty-five, when Nicklaus, paired with Boros, teed off—all his other challengers were already out on the course—it was a perfect Masters day. The sun was shining brightly, the birds were chirping, the greens were amazingly fast, considering all the water they had absorbed, and the swarming, expectant galleries were in excellent voice. Nicklaus led off with seven straight pars, bogeyed the long eighth, and then added pars on the ninth and tenth. He was not playing cautiously to get his pars and nothing more—he is far too experienced a competitor not to know that such negative tactics invariably lead to disaster—but he had failed to hole a single putt of any length. Going down the eleventh, a dangerous par 4, he was still out in front in the tournament, but Snead, the amazing fifty-



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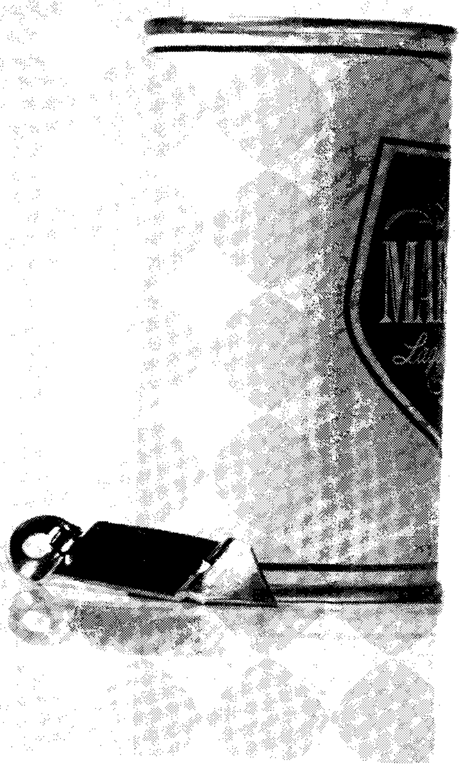

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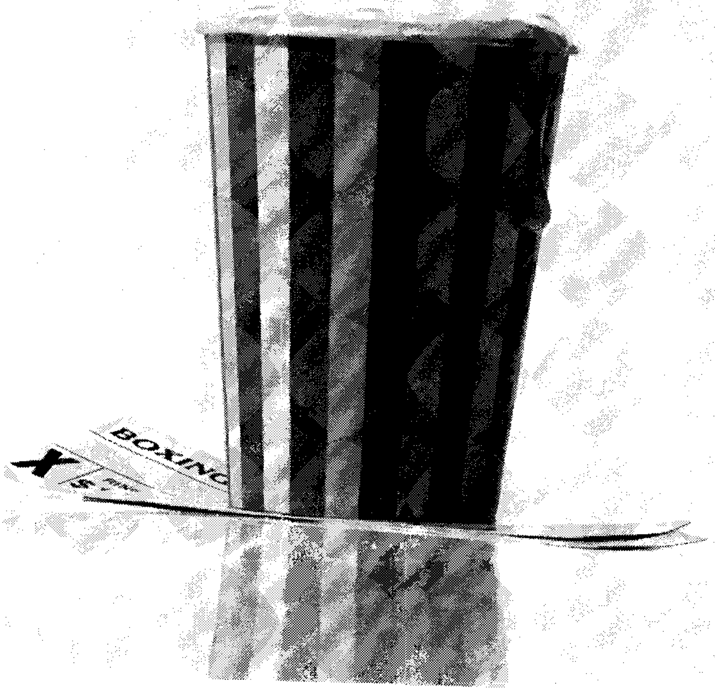

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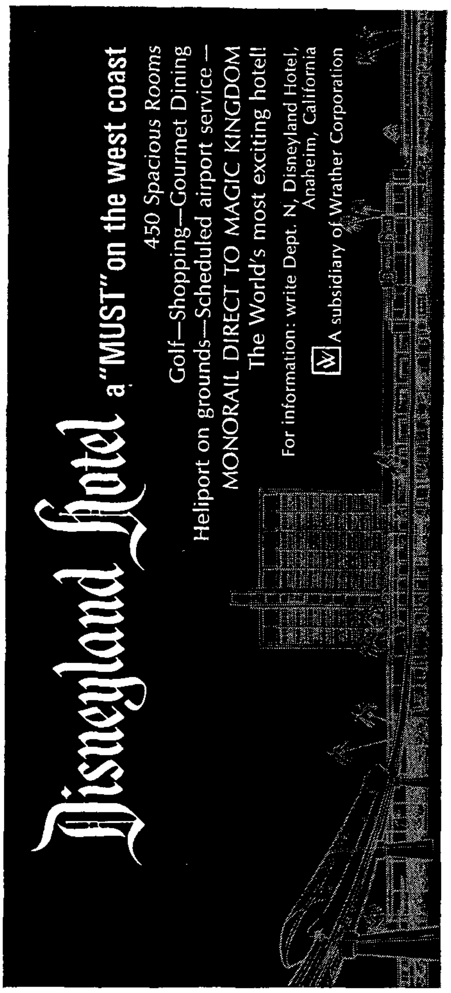
year-old veteran, was only one stroke back, and Player, Lema, and Boros were also breathing down his neck. Having reached a point just off the eleventh green in two, Nicklaus was looking over his approach putt when a salvo of wild shouting rang out from the nearby fourteenth green; Snead had birdied that hole, and was now tied with Nicklaus for the lead. (The position of tournament players is figured in terms of their standing relative to par; for instance, at this juncture Snead was one shot under par after sixty-eight holes, and Nicklaus was one shot under par after sixty-four holes.) Standing on the apron of the eleventh, Nicklaus digested the news, regathered his concentration, all but holed his approach putt, and tapped in the ball for his par. As he walked to the tee of the fateful twelfth, the thousands of spectators jammed along the hillside behind the tee studied him closely. I thought he seemed a trifle more concerned and more tired than he had at any time while winning the United States Open at Oakmont in June, but this, I felt, was understandable. At Augusta, he had been the undisputed leader for the better part of two days, and that is a fearful load to carry. At any rate, it must have been a relief to him to see that the pin on the twelfth was in the easiest possible position, at the front of the green, and that hardly a breath of wind was stirring down by Rae's Creek. He watched Boros hit a lovely shot twelve feet past the flag, and then reached for his 7-iron. As his swing neared the impact point, he came "off the ball" just a shade. From the thin, hollow ring the club made as it struck the ball, it was evident that he had not hit the ball squarely. Indeed, it was pushed out well to the right of his intended line, and for a sickening moment it seemed that the ball might not carry over the water. It did, but only by a matter of feet, and buried itself in the wet sand of the bunker between the creek and the green. Well, here we go again!

Since Nicklaus's ball lay in casual water in the bunker, he was entitled to lift and drop it without penalty. After unplugging the ball, he took two steps to his right and dropped it over his shoulder. A small fraction of the ball sank into the moist sand, but it was a very good lie under the circumstances. With the pin thirty feet away and only the shallow bank of the bunker to deal with, Nicklaus could conceivably still scramble out his par, and, in any event, he would undoubtedly be able to get out of the hole with no more than a 4. He played his sand shot nicely, landing the



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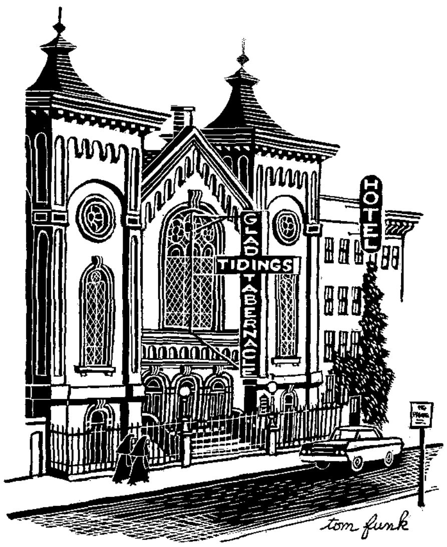
ball several yards short of the flag, but the ball had no brakes on it at all, and kept rolling and rolling, and did not stop until it had trickled down the small rise at the far side of the green and onto the apron, twenty-five feet beyond the pin. From there he played a really bad stroke. Electing to putt the ball, he rapped it much too hard—nine feet past the pin. Then, to heighten the drama, Boros stepped up and dropped his twelve-footer for a birdie 2. Here was a moment indeed. As Nicklaus went through his usual thorough preparations in lining up his nine-footer, I don't think that many of the murmuring thousands watching him believed he had a ghost of a chance of making the crucial putt. Once a golfer begins to go, he almost never holes a putt of any size—and rarely even comes close to doing it. Nicklaus, however, made an absolutely superb putt. His stroke was unhurried, he hit the ball very firmly, and he knocked it into the center of the cup. His bogey 4, though, had changed the entire complexion of the tournament. Boros was now even with him. So was Lema, who at this point was playing the fourteenth. Gary Player, who had started the day five strokes behind Nicklaus, had, according to the scoreboard, just birdied the fifteenth—his fourth birdie in a great rally—and was now actually a shot in front of Nicklaus. Snead, playing the fifteenth, was also a shot in front. Once again it was a wide-open tournament, with birdies erupting all over the place, just as they had in 1959 the moment Palmer opened the gate with his 6 on the twelfth. The only difference was that Nicklaus, thanks to the courage he had shown in holing his nine-footer, was still in the running.

FOR some odd reason, when I am at a golf tournament and have just witnessed an exciting piece of action that



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may have a bearing on the final result, I instinctively look at my watch. It is a rather pointless thing to do, since there is no value in knowing, say, that it was eleven-five and not eleven-twenty-five when So-and-So sliced his drive into the spruce grove on the third. Golf, as someone or other must have said, is a game of how many and not a game of when. Anyway, my watch showed that it was twelve minutes to four when Nicklaus bogeyed the twelfth and surrendered the lead in the tournament to Snead and Player. The next time I looked at my watch, it was fourteen minutes to five; Nicklaus had just rolled in a breaking twelve-foot putt on the sixteenth green for a birdie 2. He was back in the lead again, three strokes ahead of Player (who had finished his round), two strokes ahead of Snead (who had also finished), two ahead of Lema (who was going up the eighteenth), and two ahead of Boros, his playing partner. In the hour that had elapsed between his close escape on the twelfth and what proved to be his clinching thrust on the sixteenth, so much had happened so quickly in so many corners of the course that it would only be confusing to try to reconstruct it in more than outline form.

To begin with, there was one moment when Nicklaus fell two shots behind Snead, for he had hardly driven off the thirteenth when Snead birdied the fifteenth with a tidy chip and putt. Nicklaus recouped one of these strokes when he made a solid birdie 4 on the thirteenth, hitting the center of the vast green with his 2-iron approach and getting down in two putts from fifty-five feet. A moment later, he got the second stroke back, for Snead went one over par on the short sixteenth when he failed to hole the four-footer he needed for his 3. An orthodox par on the fourteenth kept Nicklaus in a tie for the lead with Snead and Player, and he was in a position to move out in front all by himself if he could get a 4 on the 520-yard, par-5 fifteenth—a hole that a long hitter like Nicklaus always has a good chance to birdie. On the fifteenth, however—seconds after Player had ruined his gallant day-long dash with a bogey on the seventeenth—Nicklaus almost threw the tournament away again. After a big drive, he went for the green with a 3-wood and hooked the shot badly. The ball flew over the back left corner of the green, bounced fast off the downslope of a greenside mound, and was headed full speed for the lake on the sixteenth hole, and calamity, when it struck the churned-

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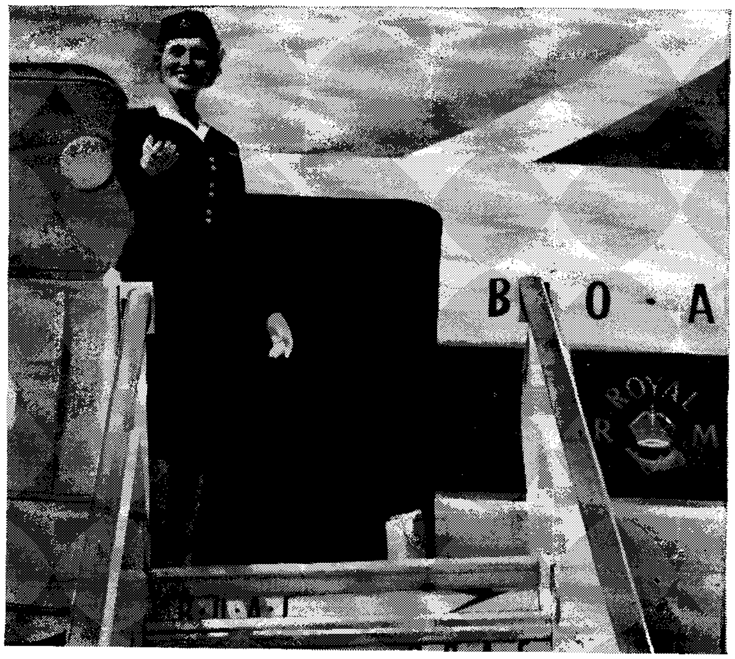

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up mud in the spectators' pathway in front of the lake, and rolled dead. This was an incalculably important break for Nicklaus, and though he subsequently missed a short birdie putt after a brilliant chip, he was, of course, extremely fortunate to be able to settle for a par 5. While he was playing the short sixteenth—a beautiful 5-iron shot set up his birdie—the news came through that first Player and then Snead had taken 5 on the par-4 eighteenth. The leader at the start of the round was now the leader again, this time to stay.

As it turned out, Nicklaus had one more challenge to fight off. He was preparing to play his approach shot on the seventeenth when Lema—a most impressive golfer, by the way—holed a sweeping twenty-five-foot sidehiller for a birdie 3 on the eighteenth to move *within one stroke of the lead.* After that, in order to preserve his margin, Nicklaus had to match par on the last two holes, and, playing with great coolness, he did. Then the most wearing afternoon of his life was safely behind him. The final totals: Nicklaus, 286; Lema, 287; Snead, 288; Boros, 288; Player, 289.

AT twenty-three, Jack Nicklaus is the youngest player ever to win the Masters, and he won one of the hardest-fought championships in many years. We are all such experts today that I imagine the talk at the various nineteenth holes around the country this spring will focus on the needless mistakes that Player, Snead, and Nicklaus made going down the stretch. Still, I trust we have not reached the point of sophistication at which Nicklaus's feat of losing his lead and then fighting back to recapture it will go improperly appreciated. That is the most difficult task of all in competitive golf, and very few men have ever managed it. For myself, the more I think back over the tournament, the more convinced I am that our old friend the twelfth hole, where Nicklaus almost lost the day, was where he actually won it. I feel sure that the *winning* stroke was the *nine-foot* putt he holed on that green. Had he missed it, I doubt if he would still have had the confidence and the fire to come driving down the last six holes as he did, with four pars and two birdies. To put it another way, it took an exceptionally gutty golfer to hole that putt at that moment, and Nicklaus is all of that. He is also, unquestionably, the finest twenty-three-year-old golfer of all time, and he gives every indication of becoming quite a good deal better.

One thing more. I have a feeling that

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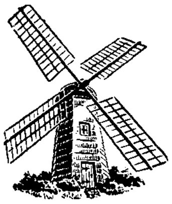

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it would not be a bad idea to be down at the twelfth hole when the leader comes by in the last round of the 1964 Masters.
—HERBERT WARREN WIND

•

THE PLASTIC BEGONIA

In a world of the phony
could anything be phonier
than this plastic begonia
  in its plastic pot,
too frightful to be funny?

By "world of the phony"
I mean this exotic hell
of a small-town hotel,
  whose manageress,
with a flair for the tony,

thinks nothing is tonier
for a bedside table
than this imperishable
  and pollenless
abortion of a begonia

that shocks my serenity
as I slowly undress
with the crude nakedness
  of its flashy flesh,
its sexless obscenity.

What would Michel Bégon,
Governor of Santo Domingo,
say of this thingo
  to Father Plumier,
flower-loving Franciscan,

who grew daily holier
hunting for a botanical
rarity, and of all
  begonias found
the first, *rotundifolia*,

by a waterfall; or Bligh,
of the Bounty, cursing
cabin boys for not nursing
  B. macrophylla?
Enraged as that captain, I

dither, risking pneumonia,
metaphysically sick
that science doesn't stick
  to moon probes, glaring
at this plastic begonia,

daring myself to seize it
and with a wild shout
chuck it clean out
  of the window. I fear,
if I did, it would emit

such a bloodcurdling cry
(like a Draculan vampire
perishing in fire)
  that I haven't the guts,
God forgive me, to try.
—F. PRATT GREEN

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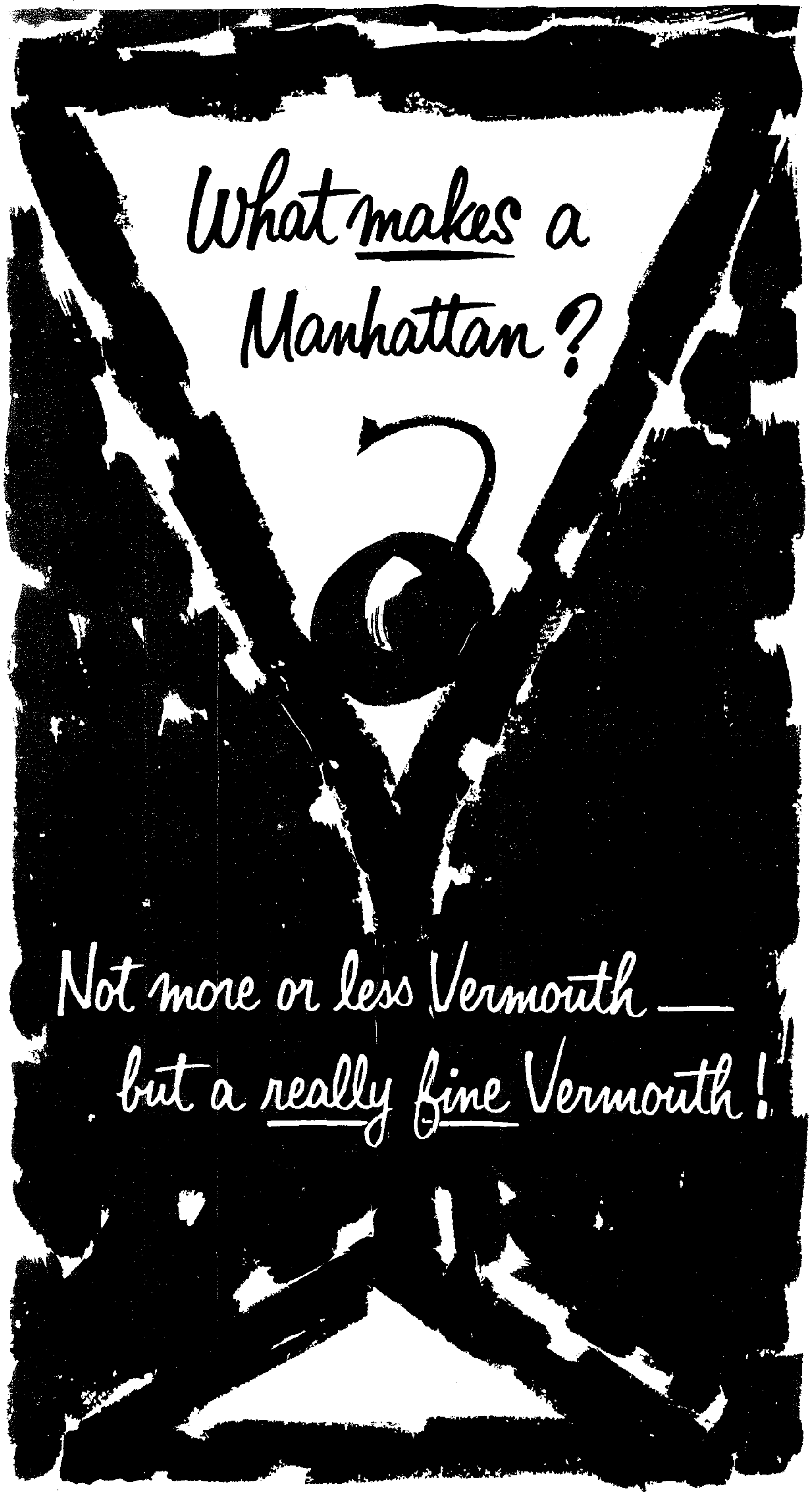
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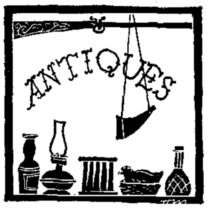
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

ABOUT THE HOUSE

AMID all the skittish prose about kitchens that is being turned out these days by people apparently more concerned with the proper manufacturer tieups than with the production of good food, or even with the cook's comfort, I found it very interesting and enlightening to read, in a recent issue of the magazine *Interiors*, some really authoritative pronouncements, by four highly reputable experts in the field, on what a kitchen should (and should not) contain. Since most of the equipment that these distinguished cooks listed as absolutely essential was several light-years ahead of the furnishings of my own behind-the-times kitchen, I could pass no judgment on the reasonableness of the panel's decisions until I had done some experimental poking around among the wonders that science has placed in other people's kitchens, and I now propose to report on that poking.



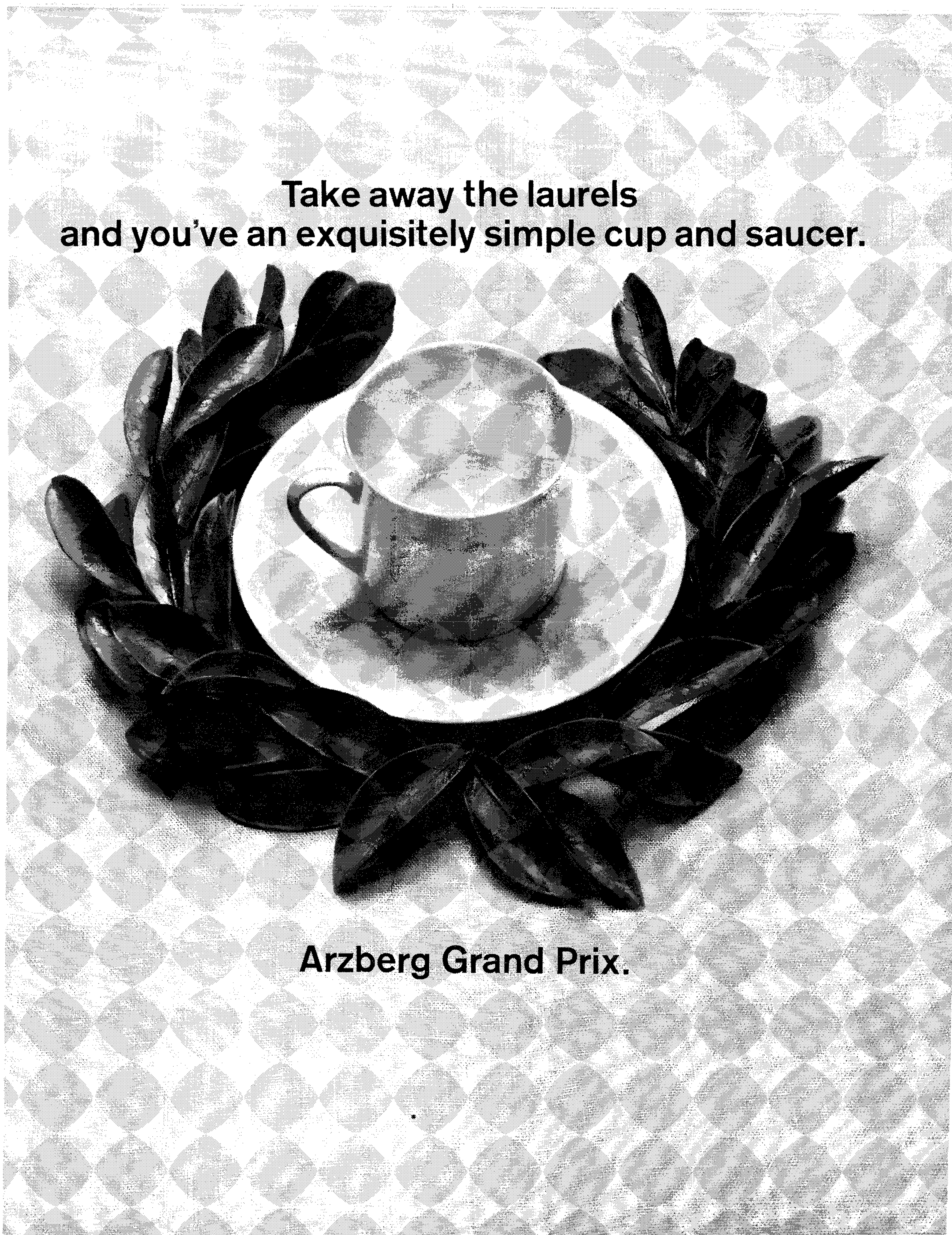
One point that all four contributors seemed to agree on was the immense superiority of an electric oven over every other kind, so I naturally decided to begin my research with the electric oven. Having little faith in Madison Avenue's smiling cake bakers in evening gowns, gazing in glossy rapture through the picture-window doors of an electric oven at cakes they presumably concocted themselves, I persuaded General Electric to let me take some puff paste to one of its demonstration kitchens and try out its latest-model Custom Automatic electric range by baking some patty shells of my own in it. I daresay patty shells are as good as anything for testing the performance of an oven, but after it was all over and the patty shells had come out perfect, baked with an exactitude that impressed me a great deal, the job seemed just too easy for such an accomplished appliance, and I wished I had brought along a pheasant and a pigeon pie and the makings of a soufflé—things like that, more worthy of its serious attention. The range that did so well by my patty shells is a built-in affair that encompasses two ovens, each of them equipped with a separate temperature control (a hundred and fifty to five hundred and fifty degrees) and with a radiant-heat unit, called Calrod, that produces the fifteen hundred degrees or so that—according to James Beard, one of the panelists—are needed for a first-rate job of broiling.

Moreover, each oven has all the paraphernalia of automatic time-setting, and while I know that automatic timing is taken for granted in the modern kitchen, I never fail to be awed when the heat goes on and off as dependably as it does in the Custom Automatic. When you can put a six-pound roast in the oven in the morning, set a dial, and be sure that at, say, four o'clock in the afternoon the stove will turn itself on automatically and keep itself at precisely three hundred degrees for precisely three hours, and then turn itself off, you can set out for a concert or a matinée without any fear of getting home too late to prepare a proper dinner for your guests.

Although my principal concern was with the dazzling performance of the latest in electric ovens, I shouldn't fail to speak of the four top-of-the-stove electric burners, one of which has a thermostat that keeps the cooking heat constant anywhere from the merest simmer to a fast boil. Furthermore—and this is a feature that must appeal especially to those of us who are slow-witted about remembering which push button manages which unit—each unit has its own *adjacent* control, making a mixup just about impossible.

For householders who are poky enough still to be thinking of a stove as something that is delivered from the store and set up in any available corner of the kitchen, General Electric has turned out a freestanding variation on the Custom Automatic, called the Americana, which has all the cooking advantages of the built-ins, though it is somewhat lacking in the tailor-made look that—or so we are repeatedly assured—marks the kitchen of our dreams. And at that G.E.'s freestanding model fits so neatly between counters and beneath cupboards that one would have to be well up in such matters and look mighty sharp to be sure that it wasn't one of the more stylish built-in jobs. The Americana range costs $310, and the built-in Custom Automatic $539.90, at Macy; Argus Radio & Appliances, Inc., 241 East 59th Street; the Hampton Sales Company, 401 Park Avenue South (28th); and the Elgot Sales Corporation, 859 Madison Avenue (71st).

MOST of the equipment that the *Interiors* panelists held out for was familiar to me by name, if not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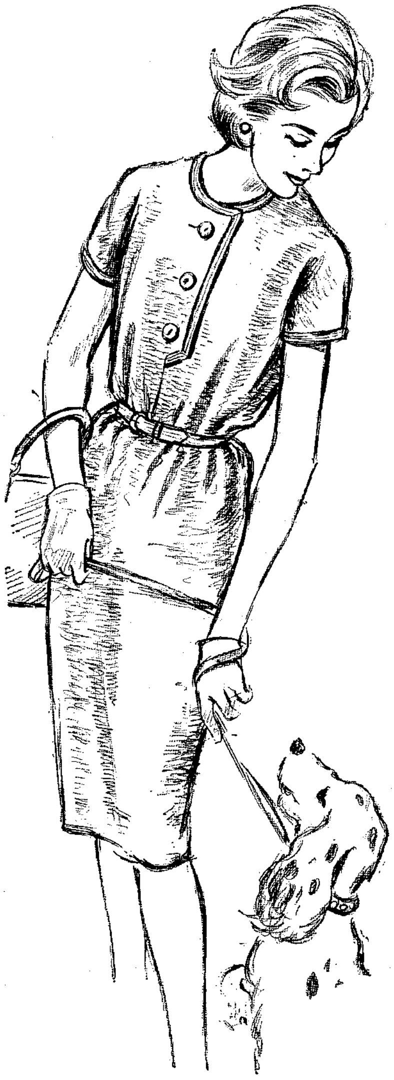

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through actual use, but when Mrs. Paula Peck, another of the contributors, who is an accepted authority on the art of baking, laid it down as law that a ceramic broiler was a must in any kitchen, she had me stumped. I simply hadn't the slightest idea what a ceramic broiler was, and, what's more, none of the usually knowledgeable cooks I consulted had ever heard of the thing, either. Well, I know all about ceramic broilers now, and can testify that if your aim is to turn out perfectly broiled steaks, chops, fowl, and so on, Mrs. Peck is probably right about such a broiler's being a must. And now, for the benefit of those who are as ignorant of the device as I was, let me explain that it is not something you can buy and attach to just any old kitchen stove but, rather, a component, usually of heavy-duty hotel and restaurant ranges, that consists of a layer of ceramic bricks built in just beneath the conventional gas-broiler units and capable of attaining and holding a furiously high temperature. This intense heat sears meats so satisfactorily that many a steakhouse around town has built up an enviable reputation for "charcoal-broiled" beefsteaks on the strength of a ceramic broiler. As you might expect, most of the stoves equipped with these broilers are of a rather formidable size for apartment use, but the Vulcan-Hart Corporation has put out a smaller version of its restaurant range, called a tearoom model, which has a ceramic broiler, and which I have been able to examine at the Vulcan-Hart showrooms, 200 Park Avenue South (17th). In addition, I have recently enjoyed, at Cavanagh's restaurant, a splendidly broiled beefsteak prepared on a Vulcan ceramic broiler—two inches of fine rare beef between dark, crusty outsides such as I had thought it possible to attain only over charcoal. Although the tearoom (or household) model is naturally much smaller than Cavanagh's restaurant range, its ceramic broiler is capable of the same quick searing at tremendous heat. The price of the smaller stove (it is thirty-six inches wide, thirty and a half inches from front to back, and sixty-nine inches high, to the top of its canopy) is $429.

THREE of the four contributors to *Interiors'* discussion of the well-appointed kitchen declared emphatically that Hobart's KitchenAid electric mixer was an appliance considerably beyond perfection (Mrs. Dione Lucas offered a dissenting opinion to the effect that she preferred her own two hands for creaming and kneading, and a plain old non-

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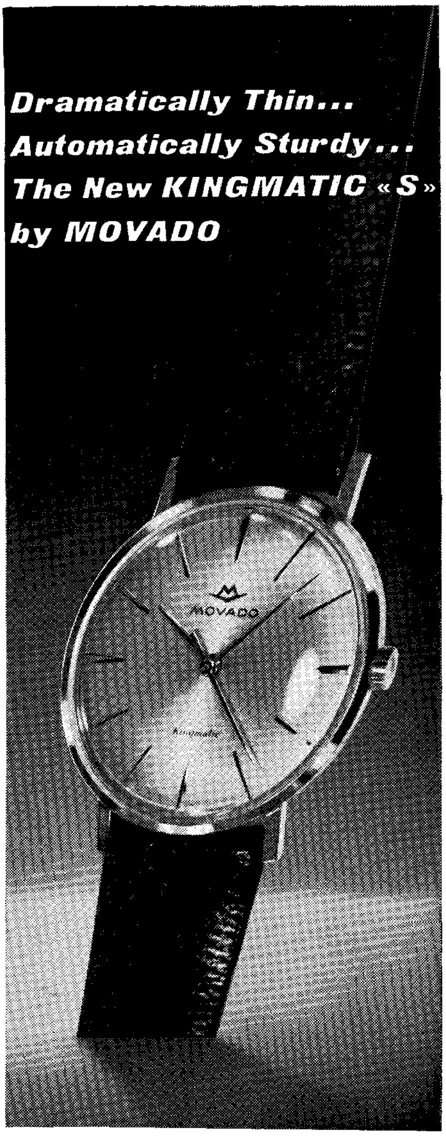
electric whisk for beating eggs), and I was emboldened by this majority vote to borrow one and try it out for myself. The Hobart Manufacturing Company obligingly lent me for a weekend a model that has a one-sixth-horsepower motor, and I discovered that one-sixth of a horse can accomplish quite a lot. Besides the power of its motor (and the price, which is $124.50), what sets the KitchenAid apart from, and above, most other mixers is its principle of planetary action, whereby the beater moves completely around the interior of the bowl, at the same time turning on its own axis in the opposite direction, and thus does the most thorough possible job of mixing—with all due respect to Mrs. Lucas's two hands and wire whisk. Attachments included in the price are a standard beater and a mixer for heavy cake batters and such. For $2.75 more, you get a most remarkably constructed hook, for kneading bread, which, as far as I know, is the only contrivance sold in this country that can tackle a heavy risen dough. (I am told that a similar appliance is available in England.) From my own experience, I can say that its brilliant performance, which needs very little assistance from the cook, turns breadmaking into something as easy as falling off a log. Still other attachments are an ice-cream freezer (two-quart capacity), a vegetable slicer, a can opener, and a food chopper, all to be had, along with the KitchenAid itself, at the Hobart Manufacturing Company, 266 Park Avenue South (21st).

UP to this point, I have tried to stick to the ex-cathedra pronouncements of the *Interiors* panelists, but the temptation, even in the face of so much *expertise*, to tell what *I* like best is too strong to be resisted. A well-made, nonwarping, non-splitting carving board has always had a high place on my list of essential kitchen furnishings, and now that I have become acquainted with the wonderful carving boards, counter tops, chopping blocks, and so on to be found at the Quality Maple Block Company, 341 East 109th Street, I am not sure that such an article doesn't rank next in importance to the stove. The company has its factory in Kingston, New York, and there, for more than thirty years, it has been turning out equipment that all serious carvers and choppers agree is unequalled in this country. If you think that this kind of enthusiasm for anything as prosaic as a carving board or a chopping block is a bit far-fetched, I can only conclude either that you have no feeling for fine craftsmanship or that you don't know the Quality



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Most of the blocks and boards are custom-made (many of them to the customer's own design), but there are always a certain number of pieces on display—and on sale—at the uptown address. Among the items I saw there were a simply magnificent table, five feet long, thirty-four inches high, and twenty-four inches wide, with a top three inches thick, priced at $72; numerous laminated counter tops an inch and a half thick, at prices ranging from $10, for one a mere fifteen inches long, to $50, for one eight *feet* long; and two-inch-thick carving boards of various sizes, priced at $3.50 a square foot. The invaluable carving board that I bore off is fifteen inches long and ten inches wide, and I expect it to be in use by my descendants a hundred years from now.

ALTHOUGH I quite agree with Mrs. Lucas, who holds that a rotisserie is not a necessary piece of kitchen equipment, and although the rotisserie attachment is a much-touted part of Farberware's new Open Hearth electric broiler, there is no denying that this *is* a valuable appliance, with or without its electrically operated spit. It's not that I have anything against the rotisserie per se; rather, it's that it somehow seems to bring out the most tiresome pretentiousness in the amateur cooks (usually men, for some reason) who operate it. My approving remarks about the Farberware appliance, then, are directed at its broiler, with which I experimented for a few days recently, turning out some highly satisfactory chops and a well-broiled beefsteak. This more or less modest cooker doesn't, of course, provide the fierce heat of a ceramic broiler, or of General Electric's Calrod unit, but it does maintain a temperature that will sear the outside of a piece of meat quickly enough to form a fine dark crust without overcooking the inside. Another advantage—and this is an enormous one in a small kitchen, or for cooking

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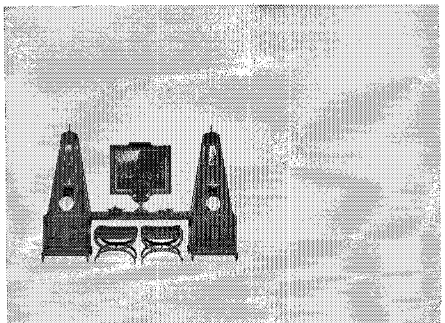

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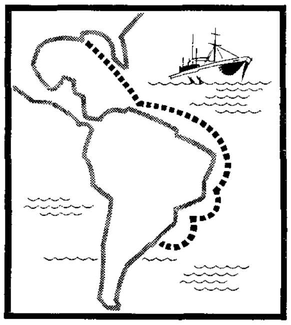

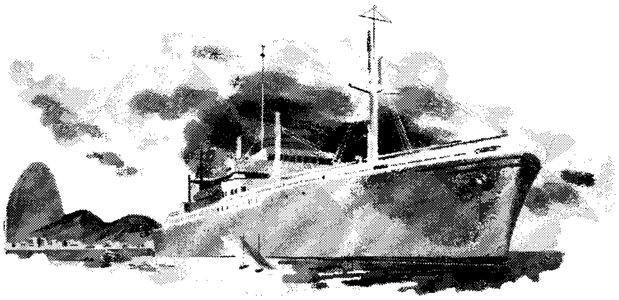

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at table—is that there is almost no smoke or spatter. According to a brochure that comes along with the outfit, this is accounted for by the fact that the heating element is *below* the broiling meat, thus creating a "Cool Zone" that does away with these nuisances. It sounds suspiciously like Madison Avenue science to me, but anyway it's an interesting notion, and I am delighted to go along with it, since the result is so gratifyingly smokeless and spatterless. The broiler, with its rotisserie, is sold, for $39.88, at Macy, Altman, Stern, and Gimbel.

AND now, before leaving other people's dream kitchens, I should like to inquire if the experts never dream about a kitchen rocking chair—a good deal more necessary even than a bread hook, I should think. —S. H.

•

TULSA IN THE SPRING

[*From the Tulsa Daily World*]

A 3-year-old French Poodle who responds only to the Plains Indian sign language has wandered away from the home of Brummett Echohawk, Indian artist.

Echohawk, 2525 W. Easton St., said Henri Toulouse Lautrec de Fried Bread has been gone since noon Monday when he apparently fled the fenced yard. He was wearing an Indian beadwork collar with a veterinarian's identification tag.

Echohawk said spoken commands or whistles do not faze Lautrec. If you see a poodle and want to determine if it is Lautrec, try these methods:

Extend a hand palm upward and beckon with your fingers. ("Come here.")

Double fist, push down at dog. ("Sit.")

Place a fist near your mouth, extend a finger and shove the fist forward. ("Speak.") Lautrec will answer with a bark.

"It's nearly spring and Lautrec is French," Echohawk said philosophically. "Maybe he'll return in a few days."

•

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May I tell you a few things about my new apartments of one, two and three bedrooms. . . .

First of all, here are some of the advantages everyone living here will be able to enjoy:

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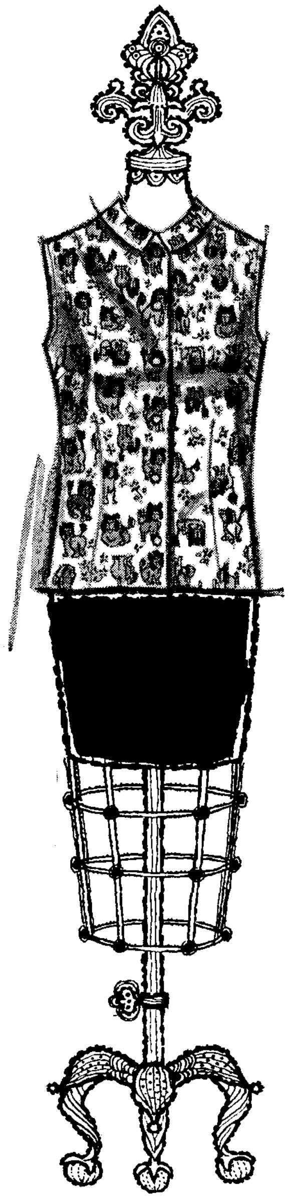

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ESCAPE

MANY Americans suffer these days from the identity problem—from not knowing who or what they are—and I used to have nothing but contempt for such people, until last summer, when I, too, succumbed. I suspect that this was caused by my staying up night after night, drinking beer and watching old television movies in a Second Avenue bar, but, at any rate, I came to feel that my identity was in jeopardy and that the feverish unreality of life in New York was chiefly to blame. With great reluctance—for I usually rebelled against holidays and refused to go anywhere—I decided to devote one summer vacation to a sober and merciless rediscovery of my true self. I could see that, to attain objectivity, I would have to get as far away from New York—and, in fact, from everything American—as possible. But where could I go? I only had two weeks and hardly any money, which eliminated most of the world, and I had just about decided to scrap the project before it began when I happened to find, in a Times Square bookshop, a travel guide entitled "Escape to the West Indies," by Bradley Smith. "The fabled islands of the Caribbean," the dust jacket said, "provide lush tropical beauty, mountains and valleys to explore, exotic plants and birds to admire . . . and complete escape from the humdrum, the usual, and the familiar." I bought the book. It was a revelation. I had never thought of going to the West Indies in the summer, merely because I do not like heat. But I gathered from "Escape to the West Indies" that temperatures down there, even during August, were not much higher than in New York. Furthermore, the Leeward and Windward Islands of the Caribbean became almost devoid of tourists during the summer, and were a perfect sanctuary for serious travellers wishing to relax, meditate, and take spiritual inventory. It was just the place for me.

I resolved to go the first week of August, taking precautions to avoid any stopovers at such tourist traps as Bermuda, Jamaica, St. Thomas, and Barbados, and following an itinerary which, by way of a relatively offbeat air route through Antigua, Martinique, and St. Lucia, would take me eventually to Pigeon Island, an isolated beachcomber's paradise accessible only by rowboat. I was all set to go, carrying only the barest necessities of life (I omitted the electric shaver with variable transformer for different types of current and foreign plugs for different types of sockets recommended by "Escape to the West Indies"), when I got some bad news. Because of a clerical error made by the airline, my flight chart had to be slightly altered and I would have to stop overnight at Bermuda—the very kind of tourist trap I had most hoped to avoid.

Arriving there about noon, I decided to rent a small motor bicycle and investigate as much of the place as possible. Riding along the south shore, I even had an illusory sense of exhilaration and freedom, and I would stop every so often to study an inviting cove or have a swim in the clear, seductive water. But I was not taken in. The entire setup was shamelessly commercial and confirmed my worst suspicions. There was only one consolation. I felt that the stopoff at Bermuda probably served as a good transition between New York and the real West Indies. I'd been warned that too sudden a change from the nervous life of the city to the serene tempo of Caribbean days could bring on a state of mild psychological shock known as "tropical trauma," in which the sun's intensity could cause the euphoric beauty of the physical environment to seem unreal.

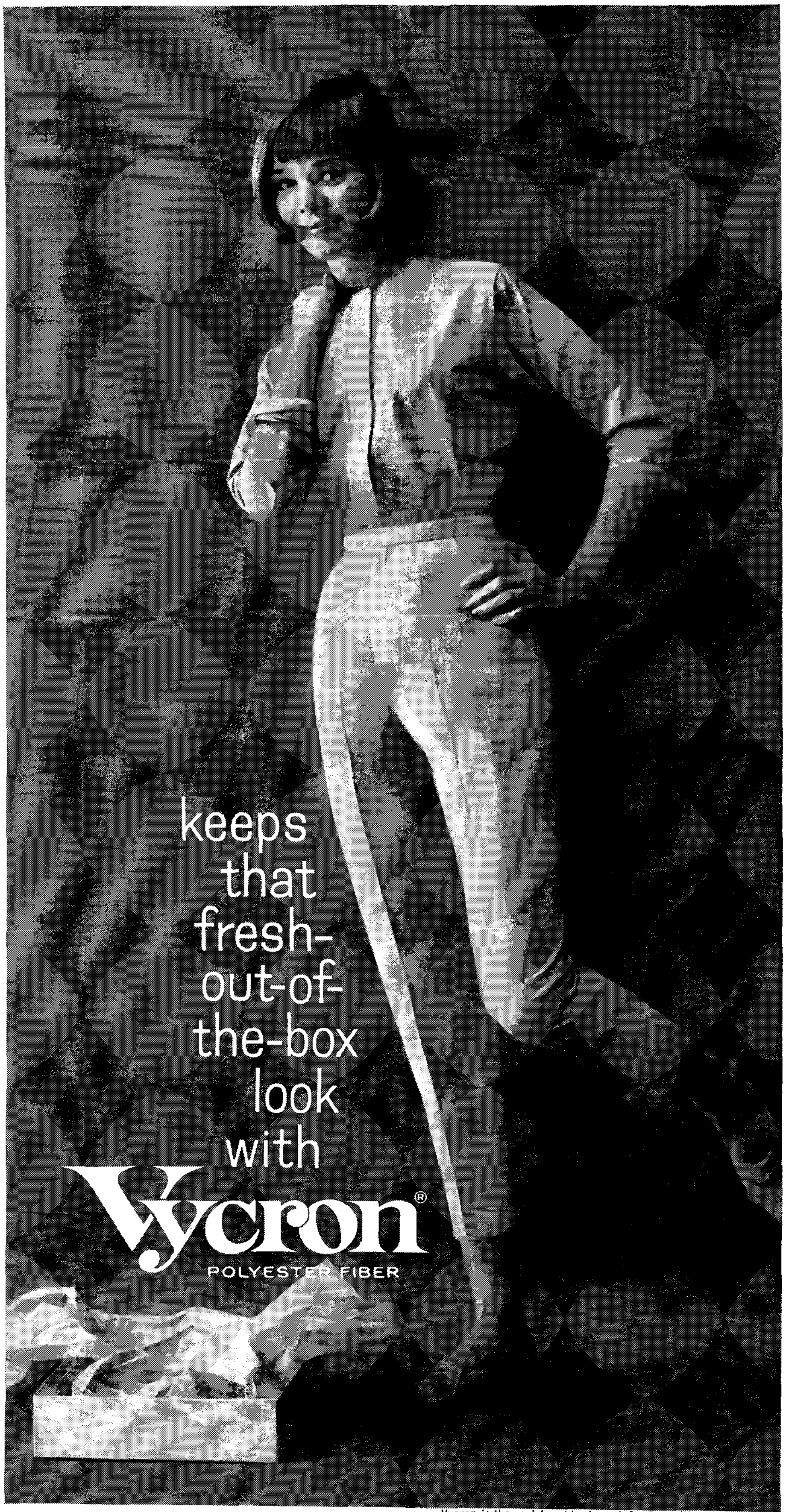
I was therefore relieved to find, on landing at Antigua the next morning, that the sun was not too intense. I did have trouble with a cabdriver, who, on learning that I was American, wanted to take me to some new hotel, a place with a reputation for a steel band, calypso music, and girls. I explained to him that that was not what I had in mind at all, that I had come down simply for solitude, meditation, and spiritual inventory. He then informed me that the hotel where I had a reservation was strictly for squares and that I sounded more like a Canadian than an American.

My reception at the hotel was detached and businesslike. I told the proprietress that though I was an American on vacation, the most modest room in the place would suit my needs. She acquainted me with the house rules. Breakfast was served from seven-thirty to nine-thirty, lunch from twelve to one-thirty, and dinner, at which a jacket and tie were required, from six to eight. Afternoon tea was extra, the bar closed at eleven, and the water closet was down the hall to the right.

After inspecting my room, which was clean and modest, I headed for the bar. I had feared that even on this remote island some backslapping barfly might turn up. But the bar was deserted. It consisted of a sort of shelf in front of which were two prim wooden chairs. I sat down on one of these and punched a bell marked "Service." Promptly, the proprietress appeared, unlocked a padlocked door over the shelf, and prepared me a rum swizzle. She told me that if I wanted another I could fix it myself, and explained that the bar, during the summer slack, operated on the honor system.

A few swizzles later, I felt a first inkling of serenity, and the mood deepened after I moved to the dining room, where, in the tropical breezes and flickering candlelight, I savored a delectable *flying-fish* stew, the house specialty. The proprietress now assumed the role of waitress, but most of the time she remained aloof, and I had the entire dining room—a lofty, windy place full of stuffed game fish, potted palms, Victorian chandeliers, and baroque murals—all to myself. My sense of liberation and reunion with reality was augmented by a small bird of exotic plumage that flew in through the window, and, lighting on my table, pecked at the food on my plate. By the time dessert came, the bird and I had established mutual trust and affection. After supper, it flew away and I returned to the bar, where, at eleven sharp, the proprietress reappeared, announced the last call with a rap on a school bell, and padlocked the supplies.

NEXT morning, after a generous breakfast of porridge and fried flying fish, I wasted no time in initiating my project. I wanted to meditate, and soon I discovered a perfectly secluded spot. Shielded from the white sky, the shore, and the hotel grounds proper by thick clusters of poinsettia, immortelle, and other tropical foliage, it provided a perfect sanctuary. Many memorable hours I spent in that one spot, reviewing with rustic objectivity the meaning of my life. The mornings were usually invigoratingly damp; a dense mist with a slight trace of salt from the Caribbean discernible in its touch would cover me



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EACH December, when the short sleeve season comes around (shirtmakers have to keep at least six months ahead of shirt wearers), we at Eagle keep running into the same old knotty problem: what shall we do with the Ladies in Cuffs? We've put Eagle's Time & Motion Study man on the problem, and as soon as his report is in we'll do a special advertisement on cuffs; perhaps next winter. ✣ Meanwhile, the short sleeve season is virtually upon you (we having finished with it), and Eagle, in honor of summer, has developed two new wardrobe sets*, blue and not blue. ✣ The blue is sort of a light blue. ✣ The not blue is a bit harder to describe. But when the Ladies in Dyeing showed it to us, we knew it would go well with the blue. It's sort of a light tan. Like bamboo. So we thought we might call it bamboo. Or putty or raffia. Or straw or ivory. Until we decided to skirt the whole issue and name it ecru. (Does anyone *really* know what color ecru is?) ✣ Thus you can choose your Eagle short-sleeve shirts from among the following: the plain ecru, the ecru with closely-spaced thin blue stripes, the ecru with widely-spaced thin blue stripes, the plain blue, the blue with closely-spaced thin ecru stripes, or the blue with widely-spaced thin ecru stripes. ✣ The shirts are all made from one of Eagle's fine exclusive madras fabrics, and come with short sleeves only**, in our Keith (short-point regular collar), Tabsnap® (the tab that made a museum piece of the collar stud), and Brooketowne (our button-down with the sloppy bulge we used to call flare back when there was more room on the bandwagon) all with tapered bodies. The price of the sleeves (about $6.50) includes the whole shirt.

*A wardrobe set consists of three matched shirts boxed together for only three times the cost of one. The box is free.

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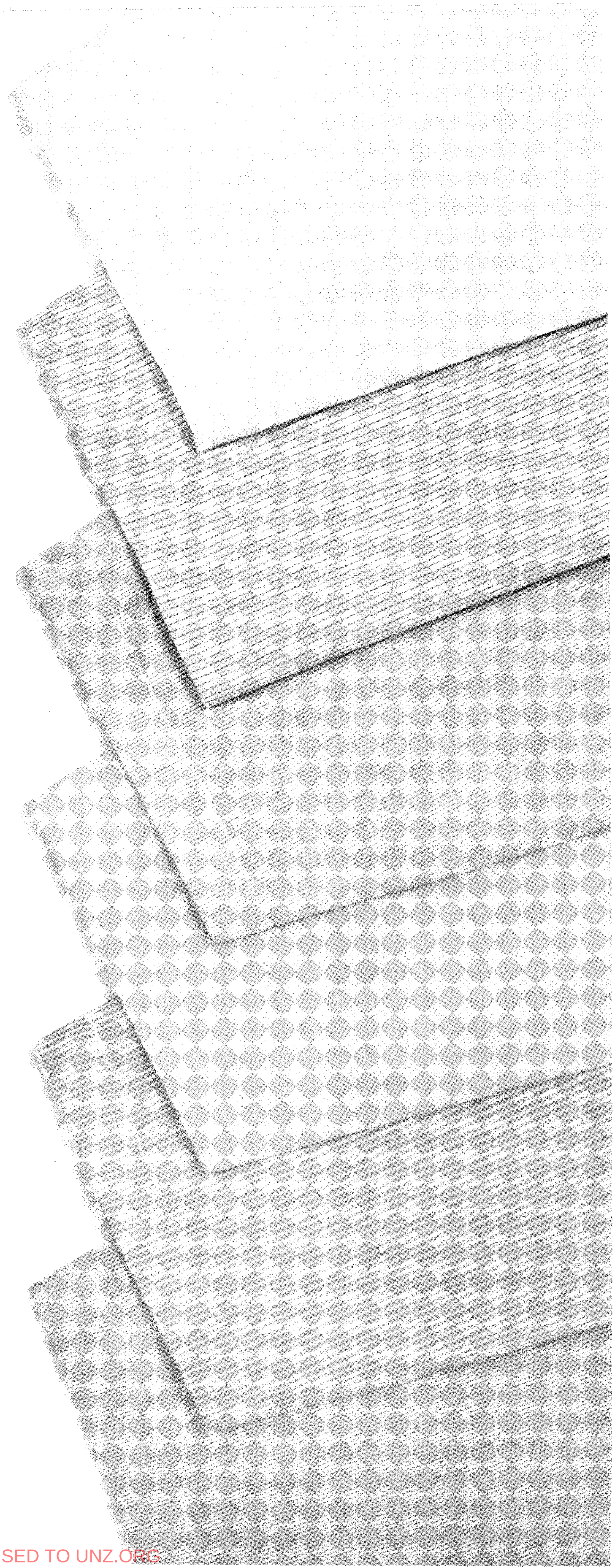

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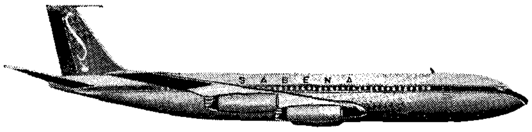

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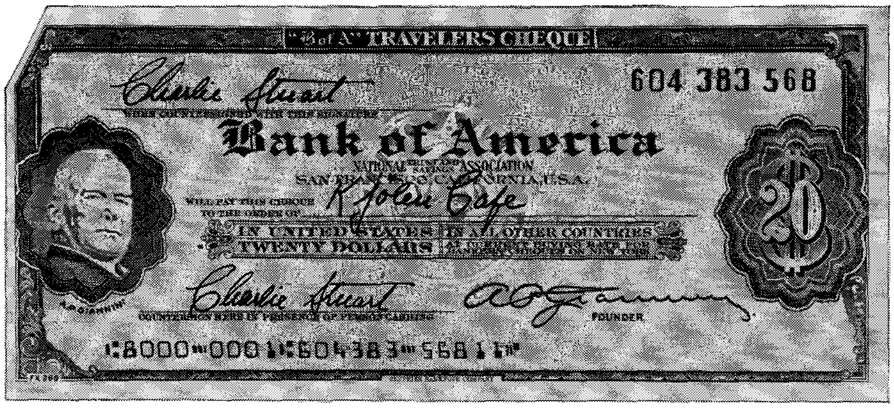
like a smoke screen. But I came to enjoy the afternoons most, when, a bottle of rum cradled in my arms, I would watch the mist rise slightly, and twigs, tropical clumps of verdure and moss, and exotic insects gradually become visible. Sometimes, my bottle empty at my side, I would sink into a delicious reverie or slumber, from which I would be awakened toward twilight by the gentle sound, and even gentler touch, of dripping from the trees. Only one thing was wrong. I knew that I had to get on to Pigeon Island, and that stopping too long anywhere else was a shirking of responsibility. Regretfully, I left Antigua after five days.

At Martinique, I was grateful to find that the skies were clear, almost blue, for despite my spiritual exhilaration in Antigua, my forays into the foliage had brought on a troublesome sinus condition, which I hoped a little sun might improve. My only fear was of the language barrier, for although ten years of studying French back in school had made me a fluent reader of Proust, I still had trouble saying anything in the language. But I was spared humiliation by an extraordinary stroke of good luck. On the ferry that took me from Fort-de-France to L'Anse Mitan Inn, where I was to stay, were several other passengers, including a young Swiss fellow named Michel, who worked in New York and was on a mission much the same as mine. He spoke German, French, and English impeccably. As I was exercising my French on the ferry driver, Michel stepped in to help. "I understand how difficult it is for Americans in a foreign country," he said. "They get isolated by the language barrier." And he promised that when we got to L'Anse Mitan he would keep an eye on me.

Since it was essential for the success of my project to retain a feeling of privacy, I was apprehensive, for I sensed a friendship budding. But my fears were soon allayed. As Michel and I dined together that evening on the patio of L'Anse Mitan, I found that we shared identical views on travelling. He was particularly incensed, as was I, with the typical "American tourist," and said that his brief stay on the island of St. Thomas, which I had avoided for that very reason, had been all but ruined by a pharmaceutical salesman whom he had encountered. "A know-it-all fellow, who thought I couldn't get along on my own because I was Swiss," said Michel. "I could not get rid of him. He had a wretched little Thunderbird, and would drive around in it from hotel

The krone is local currency in Norway.

So is this.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Positive Dreaming

by Joe Scott

A psychiatrist friend of ours invited my wife and me *(I twisted his arm)* to watch him and his colleagues at work in the University of Chicago's "Dream Lab."

We caught a glimpse of volunteer students — sleepers for research, who got $5 a night—with tiny electrode disks pasted on their foreheads, scalps, temples and ear lobes. Connected to an EEG (*Electroencephalograph*) machine in an outer room, this sensitive equipment infallibly recorded dream activity. This was the signal for the experimenter to wake the sleeper with an ordinary door bell. As the sleeper related the substance of the dream over a speaker, it was recorded on tape.

These new dream detection techniques have added much new information. They also shattered much folklore. For instance: Dreaming is a basic, regularly recurring biological phenomenon that occurs four to seven times a night, whether you remember or not. Dreams are seldom prophetic, do not happen in a flash, take as long to enfold as they would if performed during waking hours. Far from "sleeping like a log", the average person moves about 20 to 40 times during a typical night. Some authorities, with tongue in cheek, suggest that dreams are a sort of TV, in which you write the script and direct all the characters in your own private show.

Watching with open-mouthed wonder, it occurred to me that we at The GUARDIAN Life Insurance Company have our own "Dream Lab" that every day proves the power of positive dreaming. A young man dreams of success. He dreams of financial security for his wife and children. He dreams of a college education for his youngsters. But mostly he dreams about the main chance, an opportunity that promises large financial reward.

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to hotel buying everybody drinks, playing the big shot, and trying to pick up American girls. Just one or two Americans like that can ruin a whole island." Michel added that he had escaped the pharmaceutical salesman's clutches by renting a Ford, with which he had made a thorough exploration of the real St. Thomas. "Fantastic!" he said. "Once you get away from the cocktail parties and the hotels, the island's a virgin wilderness—nothing American about it. Why, you might almost be in Hawaii."

French food, though, I found strange, for our dinner consisted solely of bread, goat cheese, and bananas, but Michel explained that this was because the French, unlike Americans, eat their main meal in the middle of the day. As supper progressed, I found that Michel was a perceptive observer of many other aspects of the international scene. Under the influence of Martinique wine, my tongue, too, was loosened, and we had quite a bout of it, bandying witticisms back and forth. When it came to America, I was content to let Michel hold forth, for, being a foreigner, he had the advantage of critical objectivity. This was a point that Michel himself stressed over the crackers and goat cheese. "Americans, and especially American intellectuals," he explained, "are too subjective to have the slightest conception of what art is. They are afraid of life, and in art they find a subjective refuge for their warped, minor emotions. The poetry of today is, in fact, the poetry of minor emotions, psychiatric confession, and ratiocination. You Americans are all victims of the cult of self-expression. Art should not be an expression of personality but a transcendence of personality—almost, indeed, an escape from personality." He looked up and added, by way of elaboration, "But, of course, only those who have a personality know what it is to wish to escape it."

I remarked that the poet T. S. Eliot had somewhere made a comparable observation.

"Mr. Eliot will live, if he lives at all," said Michel, "in his role as critic. Unfortunately, his own poetry is a complete contradiction of his criticism."

When the subject of contemporary authors had been provocatively covered, we settled down to a practical discussion of plans for the next day. At first, I was opposed to any major geographical exploration, feeling it might interfere with my mission. But I soon persuaded myself that, after my extended meditations on Antigua, it would do no harm to spend one day in an in-

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formal outing. It might even contribute to a certain psychological balance.

I RETIRED to my room early, but awoke a few hours later after a weird nightmare. I felt peculiar and dry, and, on rising to get a drink of mineral water from my hip flask (the tap water was contaminated), almost collapsed from dizziness. Coming down with some strange tropical disease was the one thing I dreaded and had taken every precaution to avoid. I had packed a thermometer, and, on taking my temperature, found that it was almost a hundred and one degrees. I decided to wake Michel up and ask his advice. (The owners of the inn had seemed rather hostile when I arrived.) I knocked gingerly on Michel's door, and, getting no response, entered the room and tugged at his mosquito netting. I tugged too hard, for just as Michel sat bolt upright the netting collapsed on him. He uttered an oath in German, and while I helped to extricate him from the netting I explained my predicament. "Sorry to wake you," I said. "But I don't want to ruin my whole vacation by getting sick, and I thought maybe I should wake up the owners and get them to call a doctor."

He shook his head, saying that this would constitute a ridiculous imposition, and then subjected me to exhaustive questioning about my recent activities. In the course of the interrogation, I mentioned that I had had a booster typhoid shot before leaving Antigua.

"Aha! I might have guessed it," he said. "This always happens to Americans. You aren't supposed to have anything alcoholic to drink for forty-eight hours after a typhoid shot. It often brings on a brief but intense case of typhoid fever. All travellers except Americans know about this, which is why doctors giving the shot don't mention it. It's probably a subjective reaction to their dislike of Americans. Anyway, just sweat it out tonight, and you'll feel fine in the morning."

I was enormously grateful to learn this, and returned to my room, where I kept a careful check on my temperature. For the next couple of hours it rose gradually, reaching a peak of 102.5° about 4 A.M., and then, as Michel had predicted, it subsided gradually until, just as the first daylight filtered through my mosquito netting, it hit ninety-nine, and I fell asleep. When Michel rapped on my door at seven o'clock, a final check revealed that my temperature was perfectly normal. I felt a cold shower might not be wise after the fever, but

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I did manage to shave myself with soap and cold water.

At breakfast, which consisted of bananas and flying fish, Michel seemed amused about something. "Confess to me," he said, a twinkle in his eye. "You miss the hot water—am I right?"

"Not really," I said. "It's just a little rough shaving."

"Aha!" he said. "I suspected it. No one told you? Down here it is always wise to bring an electric razor. But you must have a variable transformer for different currents, and a set of foreign plugs for different-sized sockets."

"I know all about that," I said. "But I prefer soap and water, hot or cold."

Since we would not be there for the big midday French meal, the inn's proprietor fixed us a picnic-lunch basket of bread, goat cheese, and bananas. (Rates were on the American plan and included meals.) Then he took us by boat across the bay to Fort-de-France. He and Michel sat up in the bow, beneath a canopy, and chatted, and I was left in the stern, where I was free to command a clear view of the mountains of Martinique and to feel the invigorating touch of the salt spray.

In town, we had no trouble renting a car, a Ford Prefect, and Michel turned out to be quite a confident driver. The only difficulty came when we got off the main drag and onto a road that, especially on steep inclines, became a mere gully of gravel. Then the car was apt to founder, and the only solution was for me to get out and push, which I did, successfully, six or seven times. But at one unusually steep impasse this did not work. The wheels would do nothing but spin. As I bent over to get a firmer grip on the rear bumper and gave a mighty heave, my glasses fell off and were swept into the vortex of a spinning tire. For an instant, I was afraid that they might have been ground up in the gravel, but it turned out that only one lens was crushed and the frame itself was intact, enabling me to still see twenty-twenty with my right eye. Michel was afraid the glass of the crushed lens might have damaged the tire, but a thorough inspec-

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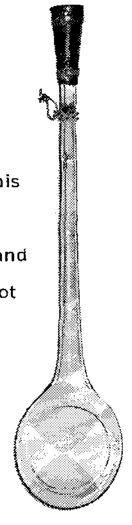

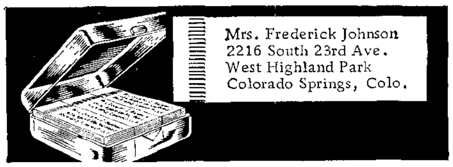
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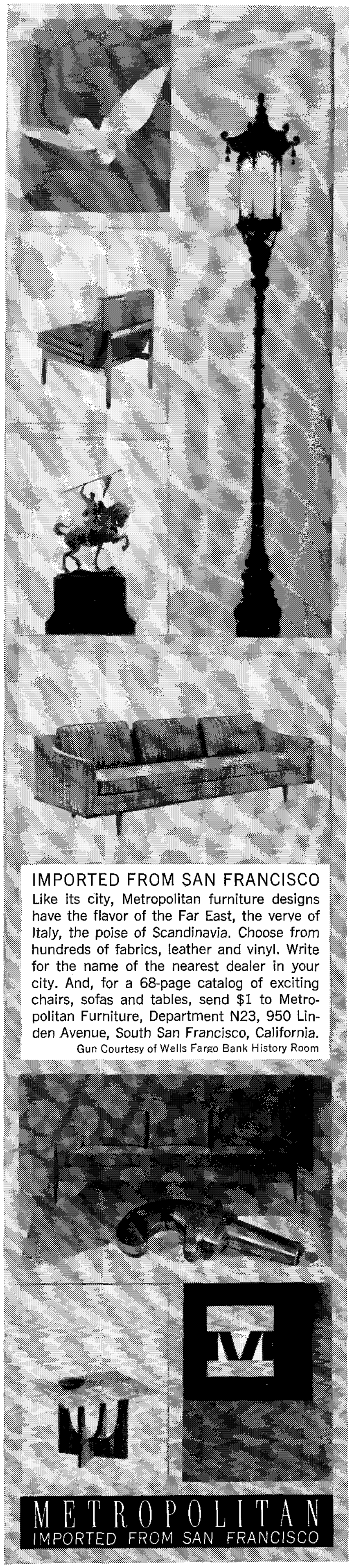

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tion showed that this was not so. We agreed that the insertion of something adhesive between the rear tires and the gravel might help, and as we poked about the roadside, gathering bits of driftwood and decayed coconut shells, we observed a huge dark fellow in an adjacent field loading sugar cane onto the back of a burro. When Michel explained our predicament to him, the fellow agreed, for a few francs, to give us a hand.

From the start, the fellow, whose name was something like Merry Bell, had a condescending attitude, and I did not like him. Anyway, as he and I took our respective stations at each end of the rear bumper, Michel, back in the driver's seat, gave the car the gas. Again the tires would do nothing but spin and spout blue smoke. I had the feeling that Merry Bell and I were not pushing quite in unison, and after several strenuous efforts I glanced at him and saw, through my right eye, that, instead of pushing uphill at the bumper, he was pulling it downhill. "What the hell are you doing?" I yelled, and, to circumvent the language barrier, grabbed Merry Bell's arms to illustrate for him the proper pushing procedure. He backed away quickly and retaliated with a thrust of his elbow, which caught me square in the midriff. At this point, I lost all touch with reality and, summoning up all my remaining might, swung a savage right hook at him. Fortunately, it missed. I lost my balance and collapsed in the dust.

"What is happening back there?" asked Michel.

Merry Bell began to yell in a strange patois that I don't think even Michel understood.

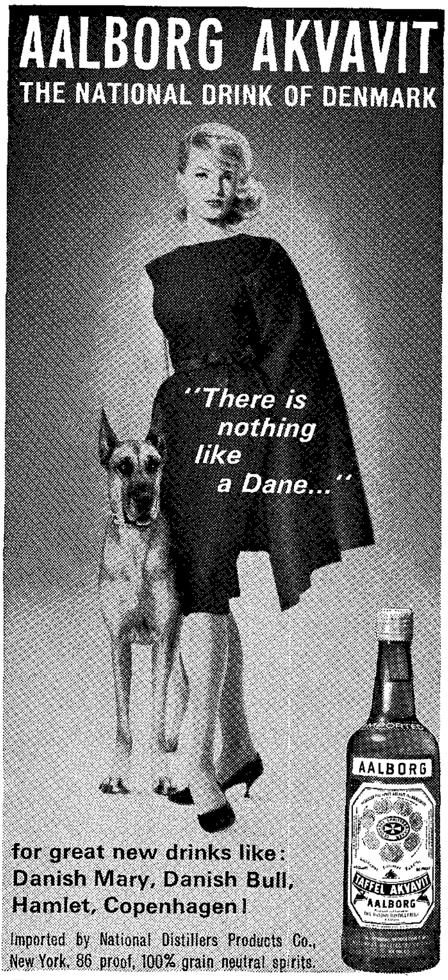
"He was pulling on the car the wrong way," I said. "Then he hit me in the gut. He probably thought he'd get a bigger tip if the car was hard to move."

"Get hold of yourself," said Michel. "You Americans think everybody in the world is out to take your money. These natives are just a quiet, easygoing people. He probably doesn't understand what the problem is."

Michel went over it with him again, and, pointing at me, said, "*Ça ne fait rien. Ce n'est qu'un Américain avec une lunette cassée.*"

Merry Bell grinned at this, and under Michel's instructions managed to get the car onto firm ground.

WHEN we were under way again, I apologized to Michel for the irrational outburst. "It's probably because I didn't get enough sleep last



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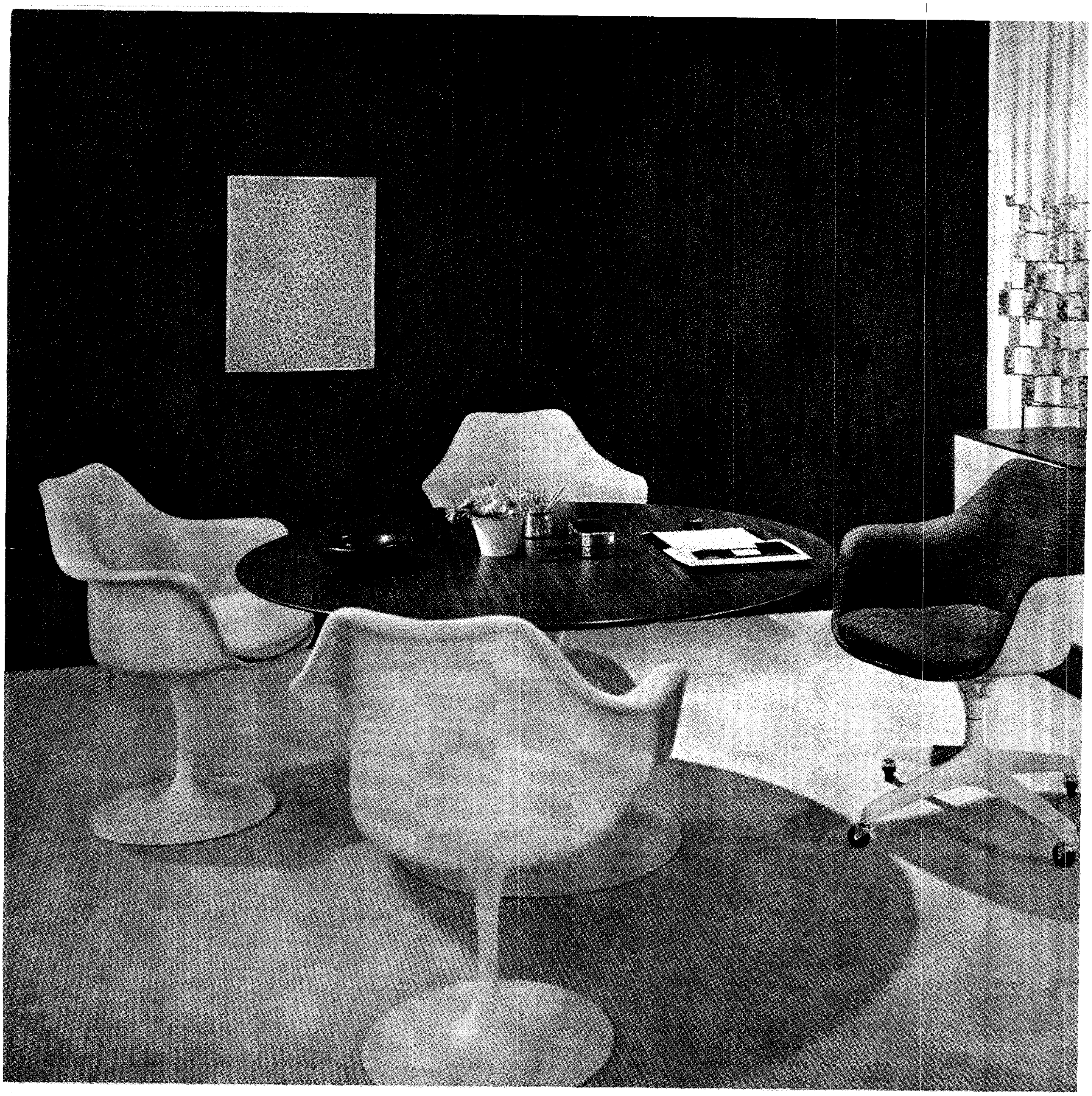

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night," I said. "It makes me grumpy—ever since I was a kid."

"You should learn to control yourself," he said. "There's enough anti-American feeling in the Caribbean already without you starting trouble."

To soothe my nerves, I ate some goat cheese, and the mishap was forgotten when we spotted two Martinique girls on the road and offered them a lift. They were beautiful and friendly, and seemed interested, rather than annoyed, to learn that I was an American. I felt awkward, though, because of a certain mechanical difficulty that arose in addition to the language barrier. The girls were in the back seat, and because only my right eye had the benefit of a lens, I had to execute a complete pivot in my seat in order to see them distinctly. But I was not going to let this handicap incapacitate me conversationally, and from time to time would pivot about and inquire, "*Comment s'appelle cet arbre-là?*"

"*Quel arbre? Quel arbre?*" they would exclaim, looking out the window with great concern. But the tree in question would already have been passed.

Still, we did get together on the name of a quiescent volcano on the horizon, and by the time the girls got out I was feeling encouraged. Michel tried to persuade them to come along farther with us, but they said they had to get home to do the washing. Although I thought the whole affair had gone off pretty well, Michel seemed irritated. "The next time that happens, let me handle it," he said.

I found that it strained my left eye to look through the lensless frame, and since I could find nothing with which to cover the opening and keeping one eye shut and the other open was also a strain, I decided to keep them both shut. Michel would give me a nudge every so often when we passed some scene of particular interest, such as a banana plantation. All in all, although by the end of the day I was grateful to have seen something of the real Martinique, I resolved on the next island, St. Lucia, to return to meditation.

THAT night, I browsed through the St. Lucia chapter in "Escape to the West Indies," and although I was still adamant about not wasting time on typical tourist attractions, I came across a passage of unusual interest. It said:

> It [St. Lucia] has a drive-in volcano where an automobile can come within one hundred feet of the steaming, sulphurous

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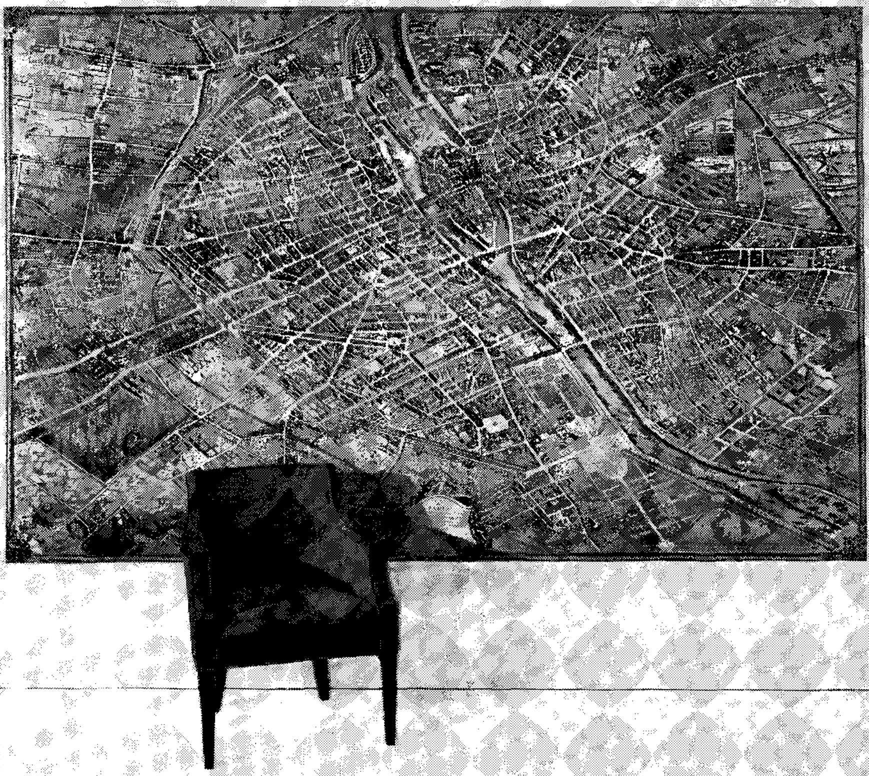

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This sounded quite pleasant, and when I reached St. Lucia I hoped to find a hotel near the drive-in volcano. But it wasn't that easy. I was anxious to get my glasses fixed, and there was no optician in the vicinity of the volcano. (I'd neglected to bring an extra pair of glasses with me, but from previous mishaps, I knew the prescription number by heart.) Michel had heard of a hotel in the interior that cost less than two dollars a day, including meals, but I decided to stay at a more expensive inn, near an optician, just for one night. Then, once my glasses were fixed, I could join him.

At my inn, which was so new it did not have a name yet, Jack, the proprietor, seemed confused and apologetic, but I assured him it would not bother me that things were a bit primitive, and he agreed to rent me a room for twelve dollars a day, on a trial basis. He went on to explain that he was not a real hotel proprietor but a schoolteacher from Nottingham, England, whose sister, Nellie, owned the inn. He had agreed to come to St. Lucia for a few weeks during his summer vacation, while his sister went home. "We thought the exchange might do us both good," he said. "And Nellie was exhausted from the ordeal of getting the inn built. There's a serious labor problem in St. Lucia. No one wants to work. For a while, I even had to iron the sheets myself."

He gave me a couple of sheets and some mosquito netting, and escorted me to my room, which turned out to have

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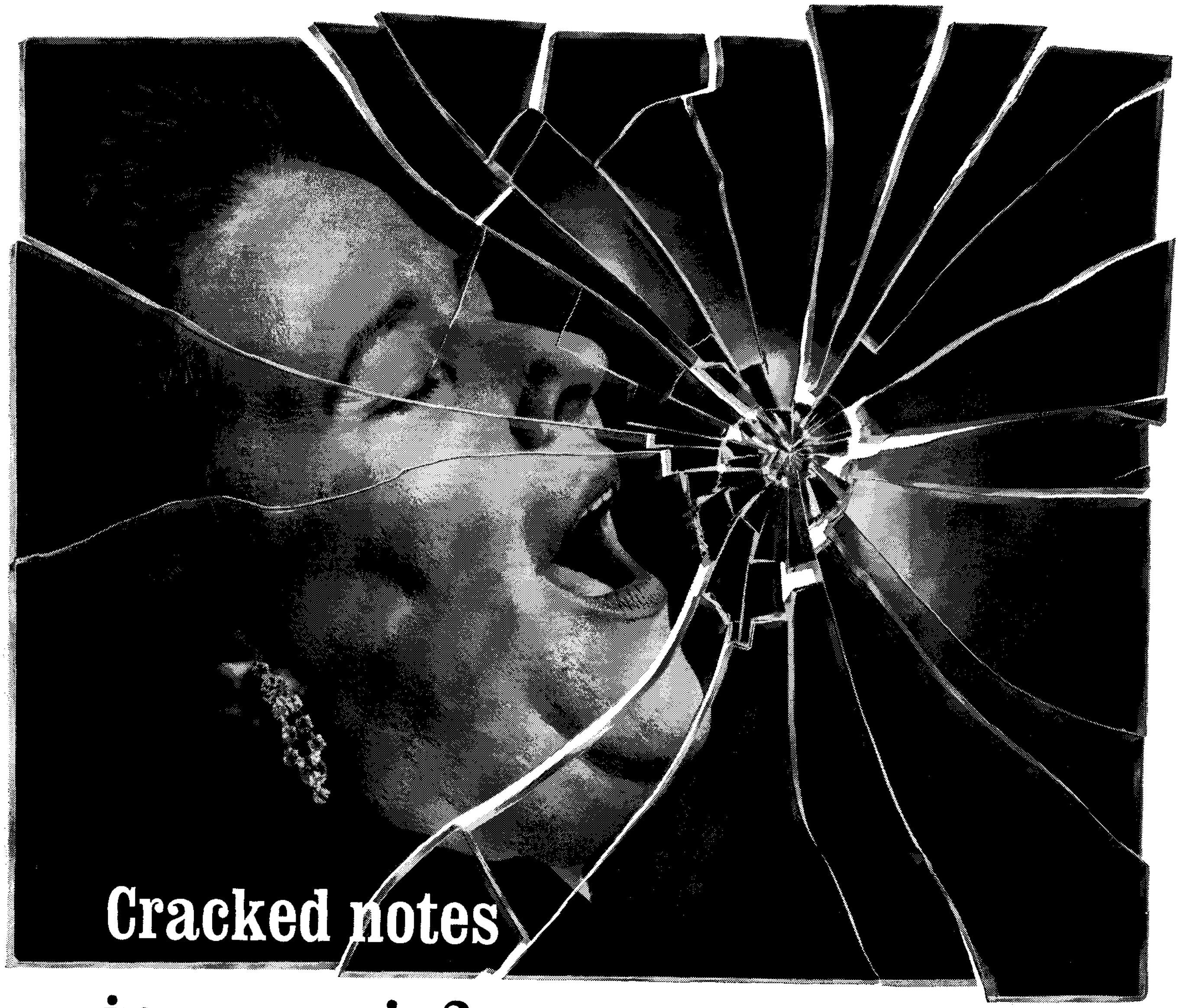

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a curtain instead of a door. "Nellie thought it would discourage promiscuity among the guests," Jack explained.

It occurred to me that curtained bedrooms might have just the reverse effect, but, as there were no other guests at the inn, this problem seemed, for the time being, academic. After making the bed, I took a walk to the beach, about a mile away. The shore was deserted, and when I collapsed on my towel in the sun I began to recapture that inner serenity I had not felt since Antigua. In fact, I fell asleep, and on waking I found that the skin of my chest and legs had turned a bright pink. The color darkened during dinner, and by bedtime I also had a little gastric acidity, for the flying fish were not as good as those I had eaten on Antigua.

I was not surprised, therefore, to awake screaming a couple of hours later. I was having another nightmare. I clutched under the pillow, looking for my glasses—or, rather, glass—and flicked on the light. At this juncture, the curtains of my room parted and Jack came in, carrying a large highball glass. He looked strange and dishevelled, and I guessed that my screaming had awakened him.

"Hi there, Jack," I said. "Sorry if I woke you. Everything's O.K. Just one of those damn nightmares of mine."

"So it's starting to happen to you, too," he said, sipping.

"What?" I asked.

"The nightmares. The darkness. The horror," he said.

"Nightmares?" I said. "Oh, they're nothing, really. Had them ever since I was a kid. *Indigestion or something.*"

"Don't be fooled," he said. "At first, I thought it was just indigestion, the tropical food or something, but I know otherwise now. Mind awfully if I join you for a minute?"

Actually, I did mind. Lying there under the mosquito netting and the bare bulb, with my sunburn and indigestion, I wasn't much in the mood for sociability, but I saw no tactful way out of it. "O.K." I said. "Sit down and have one drink. Then I ought to get some solid shuteye. I'm supposed to take a little jaunt round your island tomorrow."

"*My* island?" exclaimed Jack, collapsing into a chair. "For God's sake, don't call it my island." He blinked and rolled his head back. "I guess you can see now why I don't drink during the day."

"Why is that?" I said.

"Because I know what would hap-

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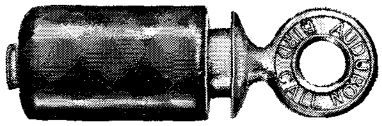

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pen if I did," he said. "My hold on reality is already pretty tenuous. Look, why don't you take a tip from me and get out while you still can?"

"Out of the inn?" I said.

"No, no," he replied. "Out of St. Lucia. Out of the islands. Back to civilization, where you came from."

"But I can't," I said. "It's my vacation. I only get two weeks. I'm just down here to relax and think things over."

"My very words!" said Jack. "Exactly what I thought when I came, six weeks ago. God, it seems years, and I'm only just thirty. Would you believe it? Everyone thinks I'm about forty."

I assured him that he looked no older than thirty, and, realizing that the fellow was rather depressed, I suggested that maybe the responsibilities of the hotel were getting him down. "St. Lucia's supposed to be a beautiful island," I said. "Maybe if you got out a little more and saw some of the sights it would cheer you up."

"No, no," he said. "It's all a sham. All that tinsel on the surface only accentuates the darkness underneath. There's some kind of evil here. You feel it in the heat—a sensual, evil void. Sloth and drunkenness are only the first symptoms. You know what I think? I think Nellie plans to stay in England and leave me here to rot."

I suggested that even if Nellie should not return he could go back to England on his own.

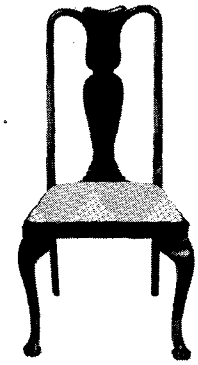
"I suppose so," he said. "But I'm sick of England and teaching English. The cultural vacuum back there is as bad as the moral vacuum here. What I'd really like to do is to go to New York, but I hear it's hard to get work there, especially in the literary line, unless you've got contacts."

I would have preferred to avoid a literary conversation, but Jack was beginning to perk up a little. "Actually, I've got quite a bit of verse," he said. "Almost enough for a first volume. It's pretty wild stuff, but I understand that's the vogue today, especially in America."

I asked him if he'd like to recite a couple of his poems, after which, I said, I should really get some shuteye. He agreed to recite. His poems were not too wild, and I remember one that started:

> Just give me a northern grave
> When the long time comes....

My interest seemed to inspire Jack, who recited with sonorous gusto, and



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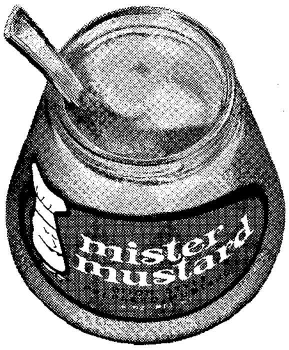

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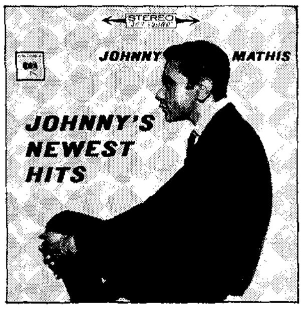
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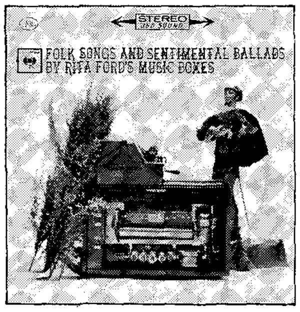
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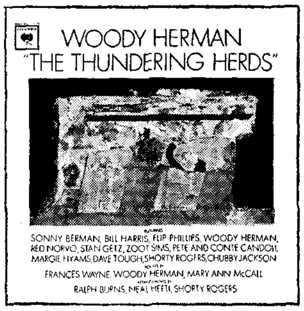
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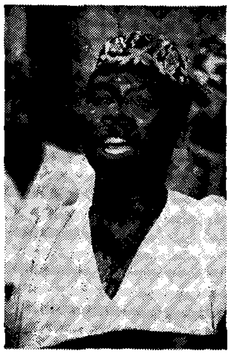

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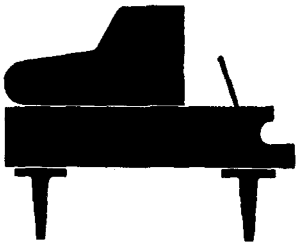

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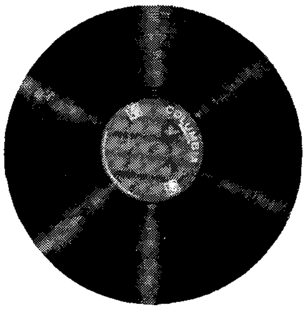

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when he finally staggered out he seemed more hopeful.

THE next day, after getting my glasses fixed, I returned to bed, applying salves to my sunburn and reading some more of "Escape to the West Indies." I saw no sign of Jack, though I heard his typewriter going, but late in the afternoon Michel dropped by. I inquired how he had been spending his time.

"I have been by car throughout the whole interior," he said. "This is exactly what I've been looking for. There are sections of this island where no white man has ever been. True, the natives lack something—that French charm and friendliness—but in every other respect St. Lucia is superior even to Martinique. Such hills! Such genuine wildness! And the French influence is strong here, even in the names of the flowers—the bougainvillaea, the immortelle, the flamboyant. And then, of course, there are the hibiscus, the anthurium, the poinsettia."

"I suppose, then," I said, "that you will be staying around here awhile?"

"Oh, no," he replied. "What would be the possible point of that? It is just what I mean. Now that I have found the real island of my dreams, there is no need to go further. I guess I am a true traveller—what Baudelaire calls *les vrais voyageurs*. Are you familiar with those lines? '*Mais les vrais voyageurs sont ceux-là seuls qui partent pour partir.*' . . . No, now that I have discovered St. Lucia, I need go no further. In fact, I think I'll fly back to New York tomorrow and save up the rest of my vacation. That way I'll have a whole month next year. What about you?"

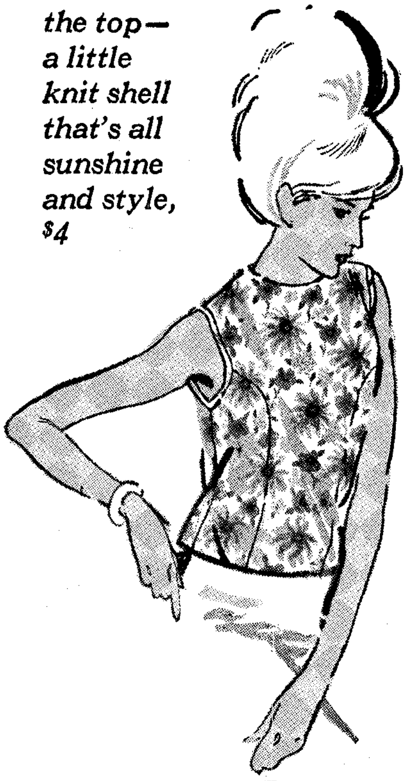
"I don't know," I said. "But where I work they're cracking down on guys who hoard up their vacations. Anyway, I'm too deep in this thing to pull out now."

"Well, I hope you find what you're looking for," Michel said. "I'll give you a call sometime, back in New York."

"Better than that," I said. "Let me call you."

And we agreed to have lunch together sometime.

Though I didn't mention it to Michel, I had decided that day on a rather desperate measure. The fact was that, in addition to my sinus trouble and sunburn, I had acquired other maladies, which I feared would require medical attention. Since Jack knew of no doctors on St. Lucia except "voodoo quacks," I resolved to go to Barbados.



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Unattractive tourist trap though it was, it would undoubtedly have some legitimate doctors available. In any case, I didn't feel up to rowing, or even being rowed, to Pigeon Island, and the St. Lucia airport informed me that I could charter a helicopter to Pigeon Island direct from Barbados.

I WAS afraid that my arrival in Barbados as a semi-invalid might make me unpopular, but I found that the cashier of the Royal Hotel, a spot recommended by my cabdriver, did not resent my sickness or my nationality. In fact, she arranged to have a doctor call on me after I was settled. My room was directly over the Caribbean, which was surprising, for it seemed a tradition in the West Indies to keep the hotels well inland. When the doctor, a kindly West Indian, arrived, he gave me a complete head-to-foot physical examination. It turned out that I had pseudo-dysentery and a fungus infection of the throat in addition to my sinus trouble and sunburn, but he said that my high blood pressure and nervous tension were probably due to some deeper cause. "You seem to be fighting something," he said.

I told him of my sojourns on Antigua, Martinique, and St. Lucia, and of my hopes of eventually reaching Pigeon Island. He looked at me severely. "It's out of the question for you to travel any more in your condition," he said.

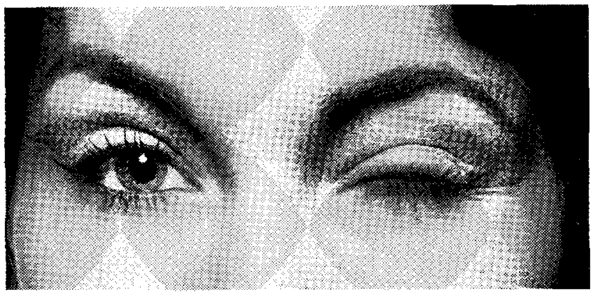
As the implications of this pronouncement sank in, I slowly rose in bed. "No more travelling?" I said. "But I've only got a week's vacation left. I can't just lie here in Barbados. I've got to get to Pigeon Island."

"Can't be helped," he said, laying a restraining hand on my shoulder. "Right now, you need several days of complete rest in bed."

He prescribed an assortment of sleeping pills and tranquillizers, and suggested I move to an air-conditioned room on the other side of the hotel. "The damp salt air is bad for your throat," he explained. "The air-conditioning dehumidifies the air. Besides, the sound of that surf pounding all night on the shore can get on your nerves."

Once this move was effected, my humiliation was complete, and, lying in bed, inhaling the cool, dehumidified air, lulled into a bogus sense of serenity by the gentle hum of the air-conditioner, I resolved to regard the rest of my vacation with a kind of stoic fatalism.

Three days later, the doctor pronounced me cured, so I rose and headed for the bar. There I ran into a pharmaceutical salesman from Texas who



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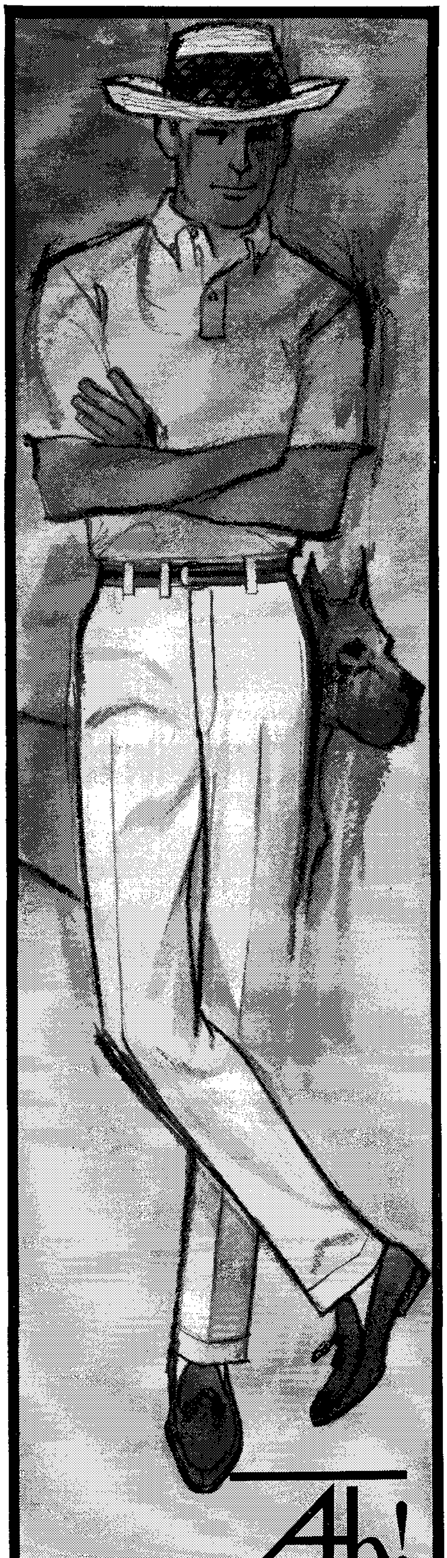

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seemed to be buying everybody drinks. He bought me one, and I asked him how business was going. "Fantastic!" he said, and mentioned that eighty-six and a half per cent of his gross sales consisted of sleeping pills and tranquillizers.

"For the tourists?" I asked.

"No, no. For the natives," he said. "They're all nervous wrecks. Don't ask me why. Some say it's because they're getting Americanized—cultural conflicts and all that. Anyway, they gobble up Miltowns like they were peanuts. What a racket!"

He seemed a pleasant fellow, and I asked him if he'd join me for lunch at the hotel. "Lunch, yes," he said. "This place, no. In my book, the food they dish out around here—flying fish and all that jazz—is strictly for the birds. But I tell you what. We'll make lunch on me. I know a great place up the beach that imports fresh steaks from the States. Strictly porterhouse. I got a little Thunderbird outside. Let's drink up, take a spin around, and see if we can't connect with a couple of gals someplace."

We did just that, and things worked out quite well. In fact, I found a kind of transcendent relief in the recognition that my vacation was a complete failure. Since I only had three days left, there wasn't much I *could* do but lie around on the beach acquiring a typical tourist tan or explore the little ocean-front clubs and bars, dancing with girls who were strictly on vacation. I even decided, my last night, that Barbados might be a good place to visit—sometime when I'm not on vacation, that is. Who knows? That way, even Bermuda might not be so bad. Riding around on that little motor bicycle was kind of fun, too. —Grover Amen

• •

THE MINIMIZATION OF FRICTION IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

[Intraoffice memorandum circulated by the Hartford Courant]

ICMA Suggests Terminology for Stories About Carriers

December issue of official bulletin of International Circulation Managers Assn. gave some advice on nomenclature intended for use by the editorial department, designed to minimize friction between that department and the circulation department and protect the status of the newspaper delivery boy as a "Little Merchant." It is included here for the same purpose—in the hope that circulators will bring it to the attention of the newsroom.

WHEN REFERRING TO:	USE THESE	DO NOT USE THESE
Work connected with route delivery:	Making deliveries Route delivery Servicing route Little merchant delivery Newspaper route Business	Job Job of working Work Employment Control Industry
Relationship with newspaper:	Independent contractor Contract carrier Junior merchant Independent dealer Junior dealer Carrier-salesman Young businessman Newspaperboy (one word) Agreement or contract	Employee Employer Part time worker Position Job Boss Hire or discharge Canned Representative
Profit or income:	Profit Income The difference between his wholesale price and retail price Awards	Wages Earnings Salary Pay check Pay Pay day
Carrier boy:	Newspaperboy Carrier-salesman Carrier Carrier boy Little merchant Junior merchant Independent contractor	Newsie Newsboy Newskid Girl carrier

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Avoid using number of "HOURS SPENT ON ROUTE."
Avoid using "TIME OF DAY" unless it's between 6 A.M. and 6 P.M.
Avoid using term "HAZARDOUS OCCUPATION."
Avoid using term "DANGEROUS OCCUPATION."
Avoid using "CONTROL OF BOYS."
Avoid using term "WAGE AND HOUR LAWS" or "WORK PERMITS."

DEPARTMENT OF AMPLIFICATION

NEW YORK CITY,
APRIL 11, 1963

The Editors, *The New Yorker*,
SIRS:

CALVIN TOMKINS, in his recent article in *The New Yorker* on the sculptor Richard Lippold, seems to accept the myth touted by modern architects that collaboration between the architect and the artist has been long neglected and only recently revived, in the architectural "renaissance" of today. He cites the argument "that for the first time in several hundred years architects are commissioning painters and sculptors to execute major works for new buildings, works that are conceived not merely as decoration or ornament but as integral elements of the total design." Actually, such collaboration was standard practice in New York during the American Renaissance—the stylistic era roughly covering the period from 1880 to 1930, when America was the great classical nation in the arts. That is to say, it existed prior to what is commonly termed the Modern Era. Permit me to cite a few examples:

In the case of the Statue of Liberty, the architect Richard Morris Hunt did the base of the statue in collaboration with Frédéric-Auguste Bartholdi, the sculptor. The same Hunt collaborated with Karl Bitter, J. Massey Rhind, and Charles H. Niehaus in the instance of the bronze doors of Trinity Church. A third example of Hunt's willingness to extend the welcoming hand to his fellow-artist is that of the central portion of the main façade of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, where he and his son, Richard Howland Hunt, had Karl Bitter do the admirable figures and reliefs. And, to be tedious, Jules-Félix Coutan would never have done the sculptural group on the main façade of Grand Central Terminal, or Paul Helleu the starry vault of the concourse, had not Whitney Warren, the architect, persuaded William Kissam Vanderbilt, of the New York Central System, to accept their services. In executing the United States Custom House on Bowling Green, Cass Gilbert had eleven sculptors and one painter as collaborators. Probably the outstanding example of such happy alliances is the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court of New York, First Department, to be found on Madison Square. *Sixteen sculptors, eleven painters,* and *one stained-glass artist* worked with the

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architect, James Brown Lord. And, to underscore this particular collaboration in cash terms, it might be pointed out that the building cost $633,768, of which $211,300, or *one-third* of the total, was spent on sculpture and painting. This last makes the effort at Philharmonic Hall seem awfully small.

Of course, in the American Renaissance the collaboration also included wrought-iron workers, wood carvers, stone carvers, ornamental plasterers, bronze workers, and other skilled artisans whose work formed "integral elements of the total design," to use the phrase of Mr. Tomkins'. But then it was easier in those days for the architect to acknowledge his fellow-artists. Besides "spaces," he had what are called niches, brackets, entablatures, pediments for the sculptor, and vaults, spandrels, walls, domes, semi-domes, saucer domes for the painter. The fact that subject matter covered a somewhat wider range in those days—it included such obsolete, recognizable objects as the human figure—also eased the job of persuading the client that the sculptor and painter were worthy of patronage.

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•

A Malta Labour Party meeting took place at Brared Street, Birkirkara, yesterday afternoon. The speakers were Mr. M. Pulis, Mr. N. Dalli, Mr. D. Cremona, Dr. A. Buttigieg and Mr. Mintoff.

Mr. Mintoff did not mention the recent A.A.P.S.O. Conference at Moshi, Tanganyika, but briefly outlined his follow-up visit to Italy, Austria, Germany and Czechoslovakia, on which tour he was accompanied by Mr. Dalli. In Czechoslovakia the delegates were received at the Foreign Office. Mr. Mintoff said that in the countries they visited they made it clear that they were prepared to accept aid but without any strings.

Mr. Mintoff accused the Borg Olivier Government of having committed itself to independence within the Commonwealth which meant a great depreciation in the Government's bargaining powers, in the forthcoming London talks.

He accused Dr. Borg Olivier of trying to sell Malta to the British and to keep them in the Island by agreeing to a defence treaty between the two countries.

Mr. Mintoff accused the clergy of turning a political question into a religious fight and said that only removal of church sanctions and a genuine wish to forget the past could lead to friendly relations between the party and the church....

Mr. Mintoff led his listeners into observing one minute's silence as a sign of respect to Chev. V. Bugeja, Hon. President of the Party, who died last week.

The meeting ended long after sunset which yesterday was at 6.05 p.m.—*Times of Malta, Valetta.*

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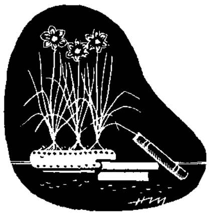
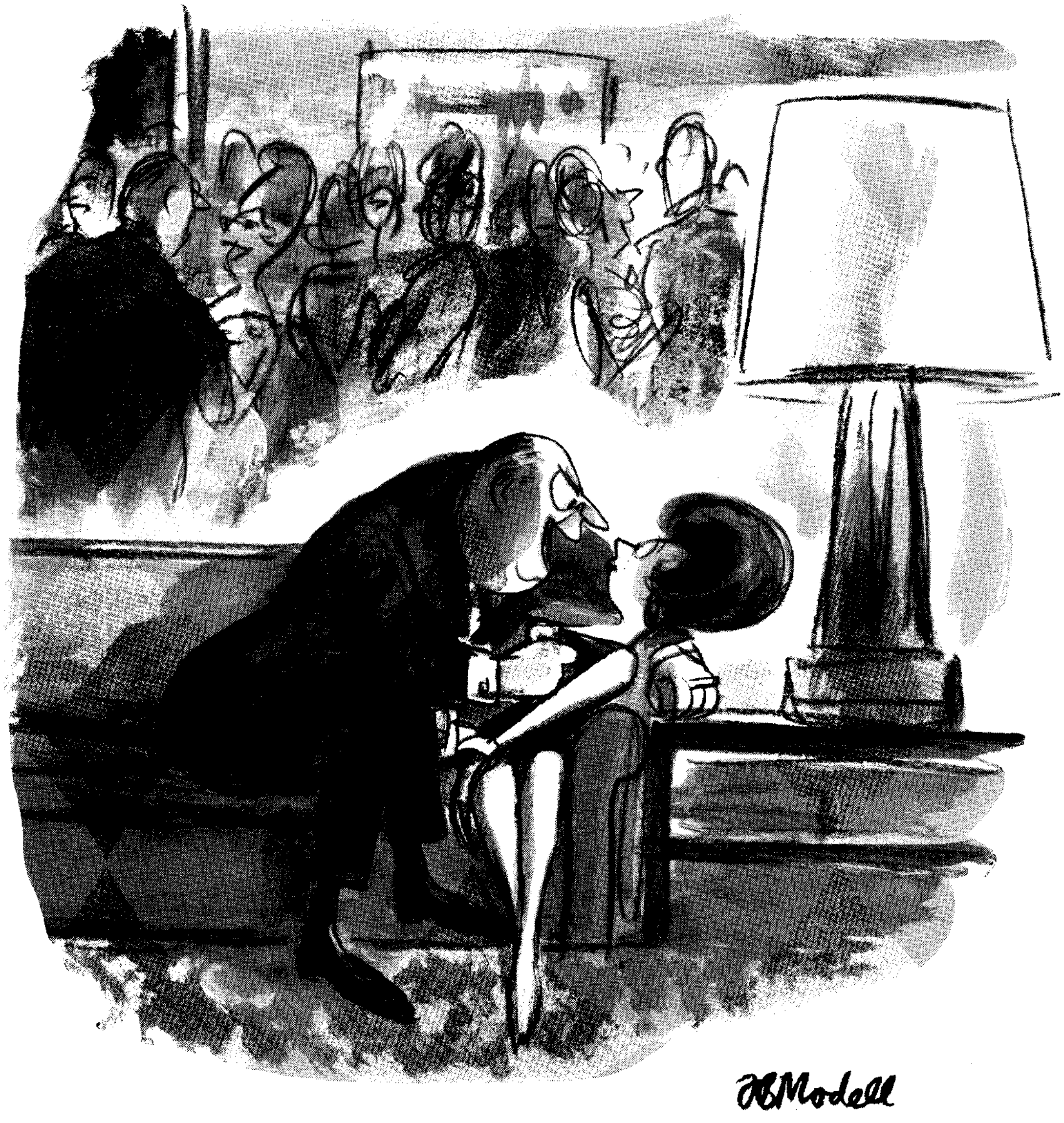
BOOKS

My Fifty Years with Dictionaries and Grammars



I HAVE always been greedy for words. I never can get enough of them. I love Elizabethan plays, dictionaries of slang and argot, lists of Americanisms. I am always studying foreign languages, though my grasp of them is likely to be literary rather than practically colloquial. I suppose that it is partly that I like to recapture the excitement I felt in childhood when, attacking for the first time on my own a greenish-gray primer with myrtle on the cover, I found that the sentences ran on with meaning; and partly, I think, that I get from this exercise the same sort of intellectual relaxation that other people get from crossword puzzles and chess problems. I have come to depend for a kind of consolation, in circumstances trying or boring, on the quiet, unexacting support that is afforded by lexicons and grammars; and I have discovered that reviewing conjugations and declensions is a very effective device for putting oneself to sleep. A foreign language commits you to nothing: by amusing the mind, at first, with technical problems of grammar and the accents of a new vocabulary, it frees one from one's pressing immediate problems and from the tone of one's own community (though, in the case of a modern language studied with contemporary apparatus, one does not, to be sure, as I shall presently show, find it possible, under present circumstances, entirely to detach oneself from these). And in the meantime one is getting new insights—always, I find, surprising—into the way in which other people live or have lived in other parts of the world, and the infinite variety of ways in which they conceive their existence. As was said to me once of Welsh by a friend who was born in Wales, "A language is a way of life."

MY first linguistic passions were French and Greek. Greek was then more attractive to me than Latin. In its elegance and flexibility, it seemed to have more in common with French than the Latin from which French was derived. The false-naïve of the irony of Plato—so completely deflavored by Jowett—was not far from Anatole France. But one had to adjust oneself, much more than with French or Latin, to a different set of feelings and habits. What nuances were conveyed by those particles, what moral-aesthetic values were implied by the abstract words denoting human qualities? One could not really pin them down by consulting the lexicon and the grammar. They were likely to be rather elusive. It was one of my chief pleasures at college to read such delightful writers as Homer, Aristophanes, and Plato in those usually thin red volumes, printed on India paper, stamped with gold on the covers, and with gilt edges on all three open sides, which at that time were published by the Clarendon Press (these texts are still available, printed from the same clear plates, but produced in a coarser and more textbooklike form). I passed on from the old abridged dictionary handed down to me by my father to the huge, complete Liddell and Scott, and I remember my triumphant feeling of being now at last fully equipped to cope with this enchanting literature when, swinging the volume with one hand, on my bicycle, which threw me off balance a little, I brought it back from the University Store. Those broad columns, with their dark-faced Greek that threaded the light-faced English, seemed finespun for all their compactness. And I wrote a little poem at this time, which I am quoting here not for its quality but as an example from my earlier years of my sentimental relations



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with dictionaries. (The dictionary in question was, however, of course, the old one, not the brand-new Liddell and Scott.)

ON A ROSE FOUND IN A GREEK DICTIONARY

In what dead summer came her petals here?
By what dead fingers dropped to mark a page,
Among the little words that live so clear
Beside this dimness and decay of age?

This heavy tomb, whose walls can only bleach
Her hue, shall make the lightest leaf to spring
From the full-petalled flower of ancient speech,
The frailest epigram, a fadeless thing.

When I later found a copy of Donnegan (referred to in the poem below), the predecessor of Liddell and Scott, and could see what its unattractive format and its relative inadequacies had been, I understood what a valuable aid to the study of Greek in the English-speaking world had been rendered by these two English scholars in the dictionary to which they had devoted a decade and which they went on improving as long as they lived. They have stood behind scholar and amateur, shedding light on the text before them, opening up for them that great philosophical, scientific, artistic, and civic world, so bright and live still though long buried, that seems almost beyond probability. They brought Hellas to modern Britain, or, rather, coming after the period when the language was a commodity still sufficiently inaccessible for Dr. Johnson to declare that Greek was like lace: everyone got as much of it as he could; they put it within easier reach of the literate. After figures like Bentley and Porson, the geniuses of textual criticism, came the poets and imaginative prose writers (the earlier of whom, of course, did not have the benefit of Liddell and Scott)—Shelley, Landor, Browning, Arnold, Swinburne, Pater, Wilde, and Compton Mackenzie—whose youth had been nurtured on Greek. The place held by Liddell and Scott in the literary consciousness of England is given touching and quaint expression in a late poem of Thomas Hardy's. (The Greek words in these verses have to be pronounced in the old-fashioned British way. To anyone who has been taught the supposedly more historical pronunciation, the rhymes will seem to come out queerly.)

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On the Completion of Their Lexicon

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IN 1898. SCOTT HAD DIED SOME TEN YEARS EARLIER.)

"Well, though it seems
Beyond our dreams,"
Said Liddell to Scott,
"We've really got
To the very end,
All inked and penned
Blotless and fair
Without turning a hair,
This sultry summer day, A.D.
Eighteen hundred and forty-three.

"I've often, I own,
Belched many a moan
At undertaking it,
And dreamt forsaking it.
—Yes, on to Pi,
When the end loomed nigh,
And friends said: 'You've as good as done,'
I almost wished we'd not begun.
Even now, if people only knew
My sinkings, as we slowly drew
Along through Kappa, Lambda, Mu,
They'd be concerned at my misgiving,
And how I mused on a College living
Right down to Sigma,
But feared a stigma
If I succumbed, and left old Donnegan
For weary freshmen's eyes to con again:
And how I often, often wondered
What could have led me to have blundered
So far away from sound theology
To dialects and etymology;
Words, accents not to be breathed by men
Of any country ever again!"

"My heart most failed,
Indeed, quite quailed,"
Said Scott to Liddell,
"Long ere the middle! . . .
'Twas one wet dawn
When, slippers on,
And a cold in the head anew,
Gazing at Delta
I turned and felt a
Wish for bed anew,
And to let supersedings
Of Passow's readings
In dialects go.
'That German has read
More than we!' I said;
Yea, several times did I feel so! . . .

"O that first morning, smiling bland,
With sheets of foolscap, quills in hand,
To write ἀάατος and ἀαγής,
Followed by fifteen hundred pages,
What nerve was ours
So to back our powers,
Assured that we should reach ὠώδης
While there was breath left in our bodies!"

Liddell replied: "Well, that's past now;
The job's done, thank God, anyhow."

"And yet it's not,"
Considered Scott,
"For we've to get
Subscribers yet
We must remember;
Yes; by September."
"O Lord; dismiss that. We'll succeed.
Dinner is my immediate need.
I feel as hollow as a fiddle,
Working so many hours," said Liddell.

H. G. Liddell, who had been headmaster of Westminster School, was later Dean of Christ Church, Oxford. When

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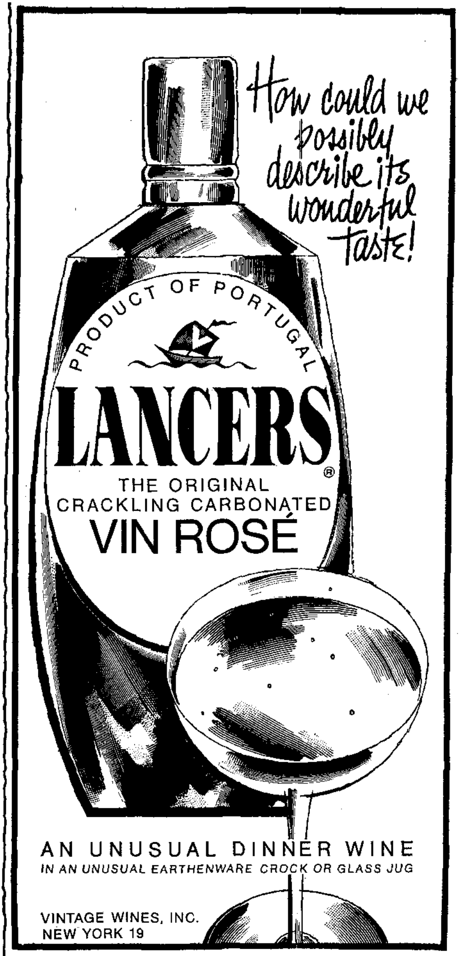
errors in the dictionary were brought to his attention, he would humorously blame them on Scott. He was the father of that pretty little girl, so much photographed by Lewis Carroll, to whom the celibate tutor in mathematics, on a boating excursion at Oxford, first told the strange fairy story that later became "Alice in Wonderland;" and the dictionary of Liddell and Scott still sometimes evokes for me Oxford and the neo-Oxonian atmosphere of Princeton: my humanistic studies there, with an infinite leisure to pursue them; early-summer canoe trips or moonlight skating through the level country solitudes of Stony Brook; and late evenings of study at a roll-top desk by the light of a gooseneck lamp, in a solitude disturbed only when the singing of old college songs by upperclassmen who had been to the Nass made a jarring and yet lyric accompaniment to the fluting and fluttering of "The Birds" or the weavings of Platonic dialogue. When the bawling of the revellers came closer, I felt that I could perfectly sympathize with that great lexicographer of legend who, interrupted at his table by a knock on the door, opened it, strangled the stranger, and then returned to his work, but, on account of the respect that his scholarship inspired, was never made to pay the penalty. I have several times encountered this story, but the scholar's name is never given. It can hardly have been Liddell or Scott, but since he seems to have been an Englishman, I like to think that this winking at his indiscretion was one of those gratuitous indulgences which the English do sometimes grant in the interests of talent or learning—as when Porson, whose dissipations and refusal to subscribe to the Thirty-nine Articles as well as his habitually ungentlemanly behavior had cost him a fellowship at Cambridge, was rescued by a life annuity provided by a group of distinguished friends.

I DID not study Hebrew until a good deal later, and I never went anything like so far with it as I had with Latin and Greek, but I was able, in plodding through parts of the Bible, to appreciate another great monument of scholarship, and, I suppose, a more original one: Gesenius's "Hebrew and English Lexicon of the Old Testament, Including the Biblical Chaldee." My edition, also inherited, in this case from a great-uncle and a grandfather who had been at the Princeton Theological Seminary, was published in Boston in 1844, but the lexicon, in an edition brought up to date, has remained through all these decades the standard work in use by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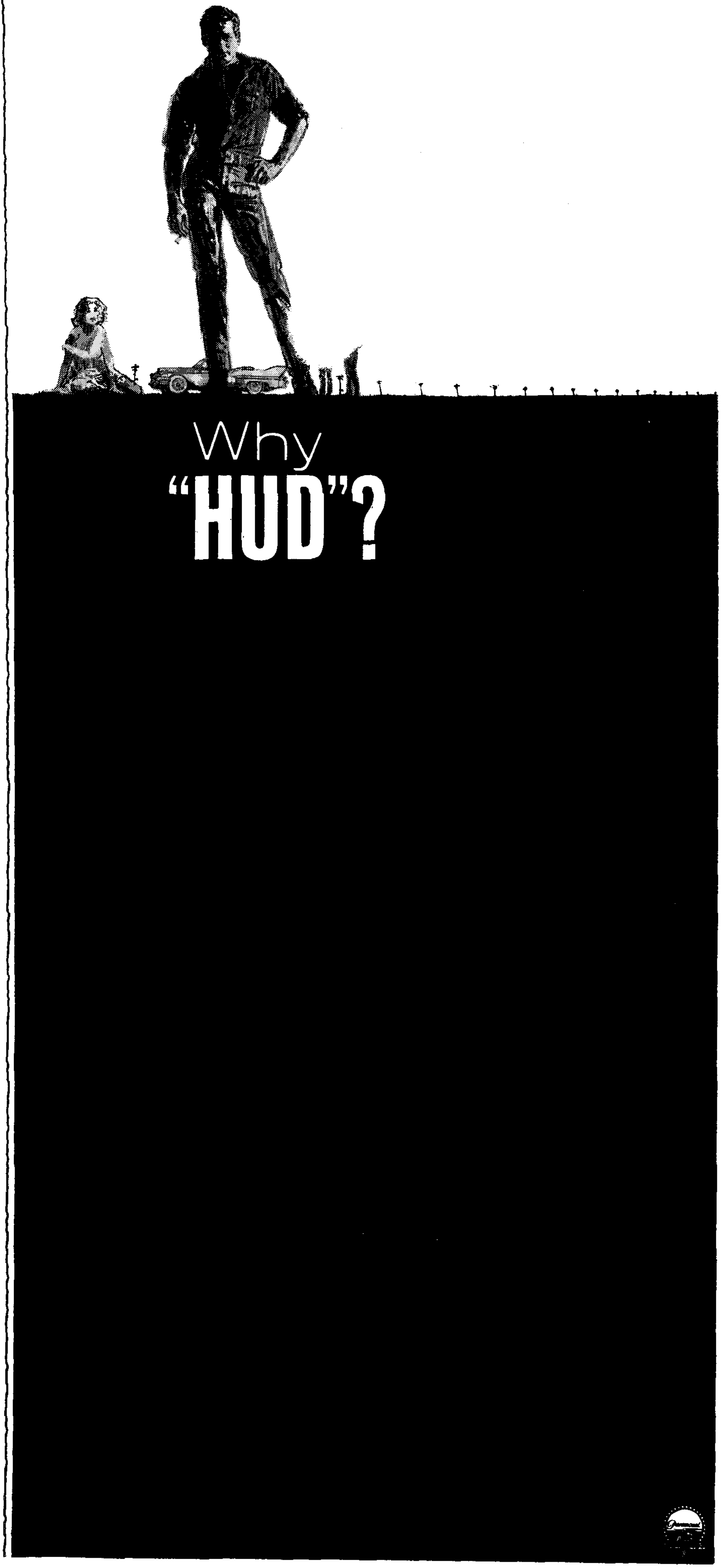
non-Jewish students. Gesenius is, in fact, it seems to me, not only one of the most satisfactory but one of the most historically suggestive of the dictionaries with which I have worked.

Its compiler, Heinrich Friedrich Wilhelm Gesenius, was already in 1810, at the age of twenty-four, the "professor extraordinarius in theology" at the University of Göttingen. The next year he transferred to Halle, where he spent the rest of his life. There had never existed through the Middle Ages, outside the Jewish world itself, any tradition of Hebrew scholarship. When, in the fifteenth century, with the Renaissance, an interest in the subject came to life, it was found that it was not at all easy for a Gentile to get access to Hebrew. On the one hand, the orthodox Jews did not want to instruct Christians in their mysteries, and, on the other, many Christian churchmen believed, as a matter of religion, that Jewish learning ought to be suppressed. The curiosity of a Christian humanist, Johann Reuchlin, of Pforzheim, precipitated a strange crisis which lasted for ten years (1506-16). An accomplished classical scholar, Reuchlin became fascinated by Hebrew, which opened up to him a whole new realm, both mystical and philosophical, and he succeeded in mastering the subject to an extent that made it possible for him, in 1506, to publish a book, "De Rudimentis Hebraicis." He even got as far as the Cabala, and believed that its doctrines could be invoked in the defense of Christianity. This unheard-of conjunction of religions provoked a violent reaction on the part of a fanatical converted Jew, Johann Pfefferkorn, of Cologne, who had attached himself to the Dominican order. He obtained from the Emperor Maximilian of the Holy Roman Empire an order that authorized the destruction of all Hebrew books to be found in the possession of the Jews of Cologne and Frankfurt. The Jews appealed against this, and Reuchlin, who held at that time a judicial office in Tübingen, was asked to give an opinion. He decided that, except for books which actually blasphemed against Jesus, the order should be rescinded, and the edict was accordingly withdrawn, but the Dominicans would not accept this. They had Reuchlin tried for heresy, and when the Bishop of Speyer decided in his favor, they took the case to the Pope. There were larger issues here involved than the mutual antagonism of Jew and Christian. Johann Reuchlin represented humanism; the humanists were on his side, and the Reformation was under way. (Martin Luther studied Hebrew in



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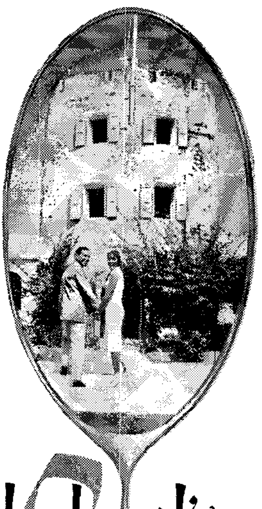
Reuchlin's grammar in order to read the Bible for himself.) Against them were aligned the clergy and certain of the universities. They persecuted Reuchlin for years and pretty well succeeded in impoverishing him. He eventually got his case transferred to Rome, where one of his polemical books was formally condemned by the Pope, but the matter was left rather indeterminate. The case was quashed in 1516.

And the battle for Hebrew was won. Luther learned it, and Calvin learned it. The Buxtorfs, father and son (1564-1629 and 1599-1664), were to make great further progress in Hebrew studies. But it remained for Gesenius to free it from theological preoccupations and to subject it to the discipline of comparative philology. His linguistic enthusiasm and his gift for lucid exposition made him the most popular scholar in the field of Semitics in Germany, where his contemporaries the brothers Grimm were carrying on the researches that laid the foundations of modern philology; and in the later years of his life his lectures at Halle were attended by almost five hundred students. One can understand this in studying his lexicon, which is remarkable for a high sensitivity to words and a faculty of imaginative conjecture, when Gesenius is able to throw light on the meaning or derivation of hitherto obscure expressions by referring them to possible analogues in other tongues, among which—ancient and modern, Romance and Germanic, Greek, Semitic and Oriental—his range in his age must have been unsurpassed. His dictionary has also the value of being virtually a concordance to the Hebrew Bible. You are enabled to run down almost any word to the passages in which it occurs. And it is a dictionary also that "reads." Gesenius's evident feeling for the poetry and drama of the Bible, his virtuosity of reference in time and place, the recapitulation of the uses of a word and the attempt to determine its meaning, which may vary in different contexts, give the articles a vivid interest.

The difference in quality of this lexicon from the dryness and meagreness of the textbooks that provide the irreducible minimum needed by Christian students in order to meet the requirements of such seminaries as still demand Hebrew was strikingly illustrated for me when I bought a small pocket dictionary that I hoped would be a convenience but that turned out to be too limited to be of much use. One day, when I was trying to find something in it, my eye was caught by a verb of which the brief definition



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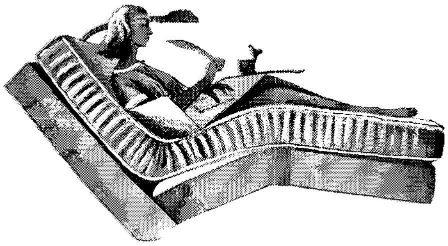

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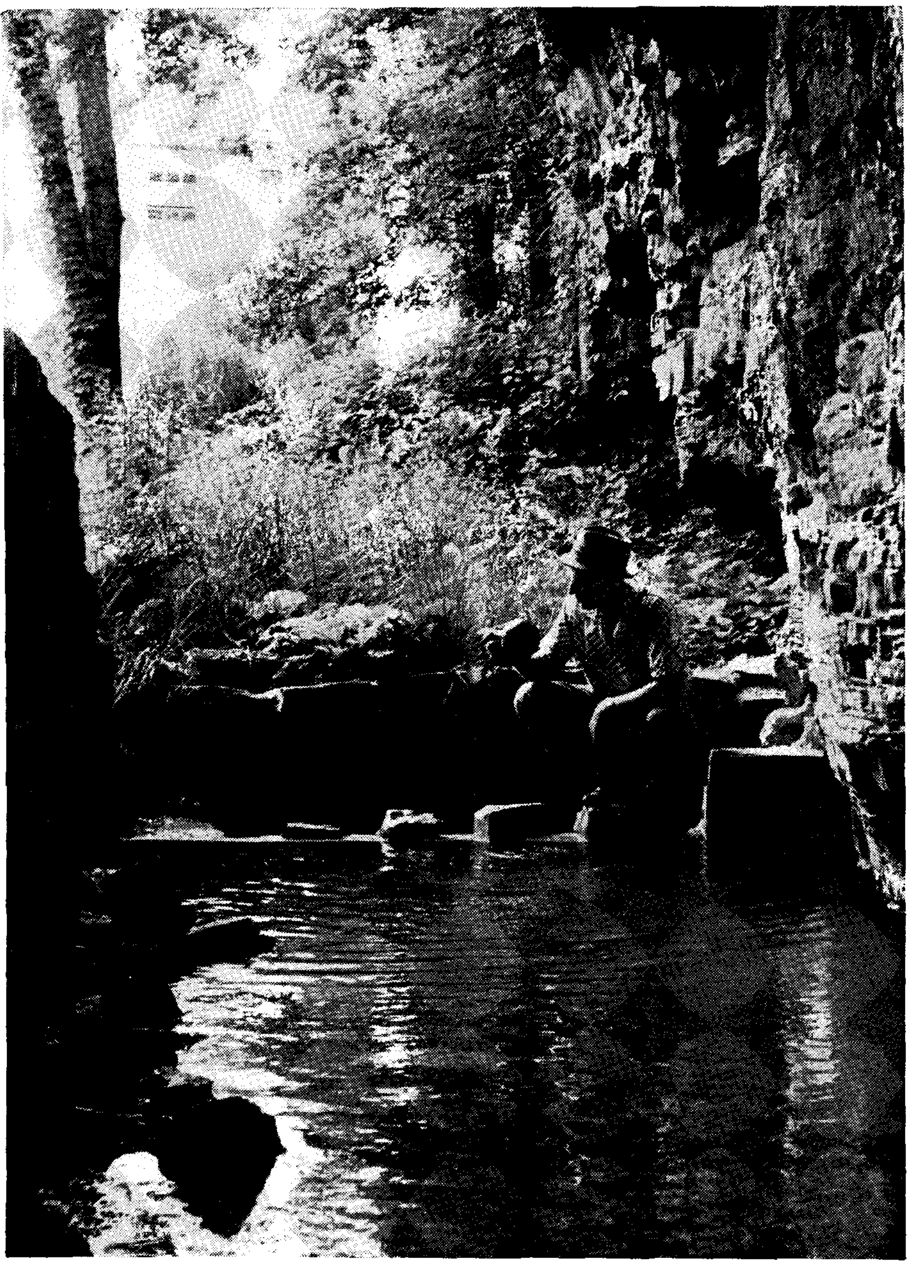
given appeared to me curious and rather comic: שָׁכָה, "wandering about lasciviously." When I looked this up in Gesenius, I discovered that it occurs only once, in Jeremiah 5:8, and that the passage may be taken to mean either "Like fed horses do they [the young men] roam about" or "They are like fed horses in the morning"—in either case, "inflamed with lust." The verse in the King James Version goes on as follows: "Every one neighed after his neighbor's wife." And Gesenius notes passages in other books which contain somewhat similar ideas.

The original Gesenius was written in Latin, and it is a less ample work than the English version. This translation was the work of an American, Edward Robinson, of Union Theological Seminary, New York, who, after Gesenius's death, improved the original text "with corrections and large additions, partly furnished by the author in manuscript, and partly condensed from his larger thesaurus." It was thus, at the time of its publication, the best version of Gesenius in circulation. It is also most attractive in typography and format, with the Semitic words standing out in their bigger and blacker type and set off by the wide white margins, in columns of which the print—as is not always the case with dictionaries published in the middle of the nineteenth century—is not too small and dense to be easily read.

To compare, in this field of grammar, the textbooks written by Christians with a textbook written by a Jew is immediately to be made aware of a lack of adaptability of the two mentalities to one another. They pull against one another. I always have a pleasure almost sensual in attacking a new language, especially if it has a strange alphabet whose barrier I find I can penetrate. But Hebrew resists penetration. It does not want to be violated. I believe that it is possible, for practical purposes, for a non-Jew to be a sound enough Biblical scholar and yet somehow to remain outside Hebrew. The Yeshiva and the Synagogue are needed as well as the dictionary and the grammar, and the Christian is as unlikely to have studied rabbinics as the professional Jewish scholar is to have made himself an expert on Christian theology. Reuchlin was altogether exceptional in having explored the Cabala, as is the great Harvard scholar H. A. Wolfson in going on from Spinoza and Philo to deal with the Christian Church Fathers. It is harder for the non-Jewish student to accept the conventions of the Semitic mind—to which, however, he remotely owes his alphabet—than to accept the conventions of the Greeks or



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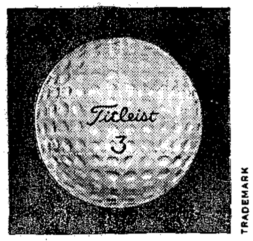

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Romans. When Spinoza made an attempt to compose a Hebrew grammar for Gentiles, he had to write it in Latin, and he tried to fit the Hebrew inflections into the paradigms used for Latin, to which they did not lend themselves. It is not merely that Hebrew reads from right to left instead of from left to right (that is not in itself a great impediment), but it is necessary for the non-Jewish student to work at the language with explanations that run in the opposite direction. I have sometimes been made quite seasick by being obliged to turn to and fro between the text of the Hebrew Bible, which is of course paged from what we think of as the back of the book to what we think of as the front, and Gesenius, which, though the Hebrew runs from right to left, is paged the other way; or by using an Israeli lexicon in which the English-into-Hebrew is paged one way and the Hebrew-into-English another, so that there are two different title pages, at opposite ends of the book. A curious example of this head-on—or, rather, tail-on—opposition is an "Essentials of Biblical Hebrew," which I studied at a Christian seminary. It was intended to make everything as simple and as easily assimilable as possible, but the grammarian had retained the Hebrew paradigm in showing the conjugation of the verb, which is presented, from our point of view, wrong end up—that is, you begin with the third person and proceed through the second to the first. The reason for the primacy of the third person singular is that this is the form which—instead of the infinitive—you look up in the Hebrew dictionary; but once the non-Jewish reader knows this, there does not seem to be any good reason that the conjugations should not be learned in what is for him the natural order. I once put this up to the professors of Hebrew at a Christian theological seminary, but they evidently regarded it as unthinkable that the traditional procedure should be reversed. The real reason was, I felt, that though the Hebrew-English dictionaries are allowed to run from left to right, it would seem to be something of a sacrilege to upend the Hebrew paradigm. One's hand would be stayed by the same kind of awe that prevents even Jews who are not very religious from pronouncing the "tetragrammaton," the unpronounceable name of God, for which Adonai, "My Lord," is substituted and which is also, I understand—aside from the Bible itself—even in Israel unwritable and unprintable.

For the prestige of the Bible as a sacred work, quite different from other books, may even today be felt by even a

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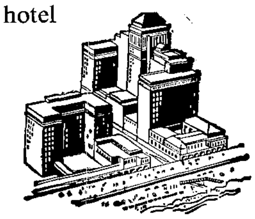

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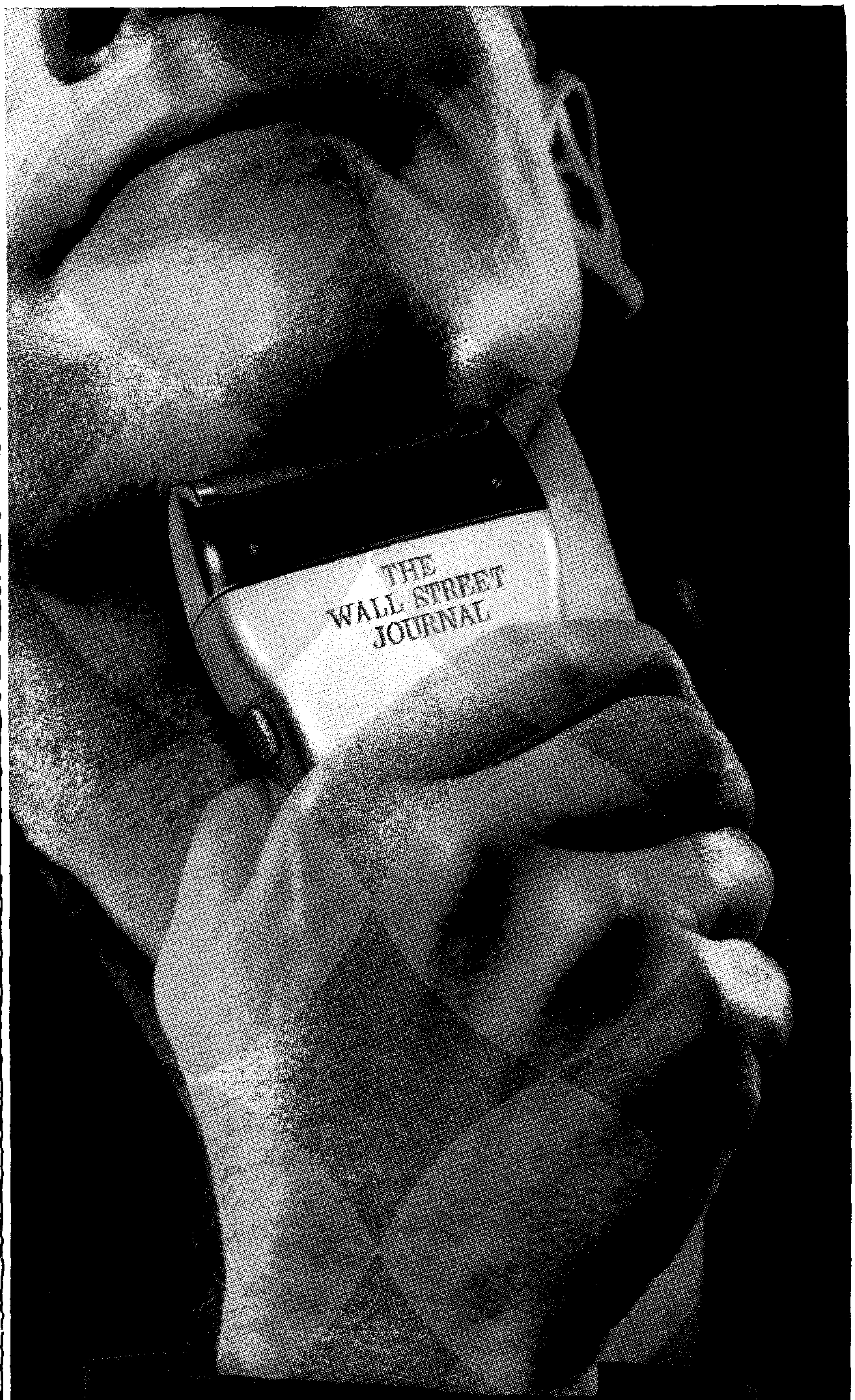
non-Jewish student of no religious faith from the moment he attacks it in the Masoretic text. The Jews do not worship images but they do really worship this text. It is primarily on this account that the orthodox Jewish scholars were often so much disturbed by the finding, in the Dead Sea caves, of texts that had variant readings. Such texts had already been known to exist—such as that of the Samaritan Bible, that used for the translation of the Septuagint, that used by St. Jerome for the Vulgate, and that quoted by Justin Martyr in his dialogue with the Rabbi Trypho. But the rabbis who at some undetermined date, perhaps in the ninth century A.D., established an authoritative version did their best to suppress all the differing ones, and this version has since been accepted as final and not to be questioned—as virtually, in fact, divine. The discovery of other texts, which sometimes make better sense than the Masoretic and thus clear up some of its puzzles, could shake the whole foundation of Judaism. "The omission or the addition of one letter," says the Talmud, "might mean the destruction of the whole world." All that is unreliable, that is superfluous or now unintelligible in the Masoretic Bible has become so distilled to holiness, so imbued with a kind of mythology, that it can hardly ever be known by the Gentile grammarian or student what is really experienced by the orthodox Jew when he reads the Masoretic Bible. I was once asked by a young Jewish student who had specialized in Hebrew literature what on earth a Gentile could make of what he found in this literature. It does not help to explain that the early New Englanders were always identifying themselves with the scriptural Children of Israel and thought habitually about what they were doing in terms of their own version of the Law and the Prophets. All this to the orthodox Jew seems so different from the traditions he has learned himself that he cannot for a moment take it seriously.

I had before been made aware of the difference between the Torah and the Gentiles' Old Testament when I turned from my dreary "Essentials" to examine an older grammar, a much more elaborate one in two volumes, written by a Dr. Isaac Nordheimer, whom I assumed to have been a Jew, acting professor of Hebrew in the University of the City of New York, and published in 1838-1841. Here I found for the first time an analysis of the mysterious signs called "accents" that hover above the Bible text and that confuse one in reading the vowels. All that I had known up to then was that if you could spot the right



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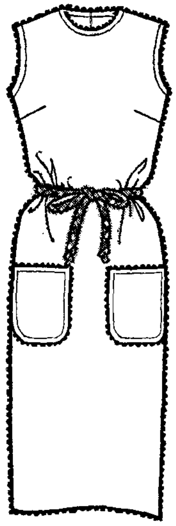
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squiggle it would show you which syllable to stress, and these signs are for the most part, I found, disregarded in Christian seminaries and have been treated with a certain contempt by even the accomplished Renan. But I learned from Dr. Nordheimer's grammar that they constitute a personalized hierarchy of "Rulers," the "disjunctive accents" that show how the words are to be spaced apart, which are Emperors, Kings, Princes, and Officers, and the inferior "conjunctive accents," which are Servants or Attendants to the others. These accents appear to have been introduced to indicate the structure of the verses, then later to have come to serve as a musical guide for the chanting. In any case, *they are sometimes important* for the correct interpretation of the text. They were once believed to be of divine origin, to have originated in the legendary "Great Synagogue" to which the prophets were supposed to have transmitted the Torah. It has even been imagined that these accents, as well as the "pointings" that indicate the vowels, were already written in the Pentateuch when Moses received it on Sinai. Then, besides this, the characters of the alphabet have, like the Roman ones, been assigned numerical values, which have also symbolical and mystical meanings and thus add a new dimension to the interpretation of the Bible, as an ingenious contrivance of anagrams was made to give a deeper significance to proper names and other words. The Cabalists carried to extreme lengths the elaboration of both these devices and made of the numerical calculations a complicated science called "gematria"—so that, for anyone aware of all this, the text of the Bible is loaded with ideas that do not appear on the surface. According to the Cabala, the alphabet itself is made up of twenty-two "dynamic powers." Even today, in "The Bridal Canopy," by the contemporary Hebrew novelist Shmuel Yosef Agnon, there is a ballad in which the alphabet is represented as a group of men, each of whom marries a wife with a name that begins with his letter and goes to live, in the land of Israel, in a place whose name begins with this letter.

The Hebrew language—as distinguished from its characters, which are used also for Yiddish and Ladino, the German and Spanish dialects spoken in modern times by the Jews—is by some regarded as sacred, so that it cannot be used for everyday speech. In Jerusalem, the fanatically orthodox sect who call themselves the Guardians of the City refuse to speak anything but Yiddish and have never forgiven the Israelis for

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making Hebrew the national language. Not only does the Hebrew of the Bible present barriers to the ordinary Gentile student—the consonants that look too much alike and that in sound (since, in certain cases, the old pronunciation has been lost or dropped) seem sometimes to duplicate one another, the relatively low visibility of the vowels, the unaccountable anomalies of grammar—but the language seems sometimes recalcitrant even to the Gentile scholar who specializes in it. It may be noticed, for example, that Renan, before he wrote his religious histories, brought out the first volume of an "Histoire Générale des Langues Sémitiques," which, though now, I believe, superseded, makes excellent reading for the layman, since it treats the old Semitic languages in terms of the habitat and history of the various groups that spoke them. Renan announced a second volume, which was to be a grammatical analysis, but he never carried out this project, and one wonders whether it may not have been the grammatical anomalies mentioned above that baffled his orderly mind. It is amusing, in his "Histoire du Peuple d'Israël," to find him urbanely attenuating the so often astonishing statements of Scripture as doubtless exaggerations due to the grandiose tendencies of the Hebraic imagination; but Jewish grammar had hedged itself in from even Renan's searching mind. And the language is still hedged in, even as written in Israel. The difficulty of printing Hebrew with the "pointings" that indicate the vowels and identify certain of the consonants is so formidable, and entails so much extra expense, that, for ordinary purposes, it is not very often attempted. Only one or two newspapers and volumes of verse will supply these aids to the foreigner. When I visited Israel some years ago, I found that the comment of the non-Jewish journalists in connection with any notable Israeli achievement was likely to be the catchword "And they do it all without vowels!" The language, by reason of its very obstructions, has been probably, for the modern Israelis as it has been for the Jews in the past, a source of inbred strength and cohesiveness. There is, I understand, a project, backed by one of the Rothschilds, to have Hebrew now printed with pointings, or even in Roman characters. It will be interesting to see what comes of this. It will certainly encounter a determined resistance.

II

IN 1935 I spent five months in the Soviet Union, and I took with me the only Russian grammar that I had

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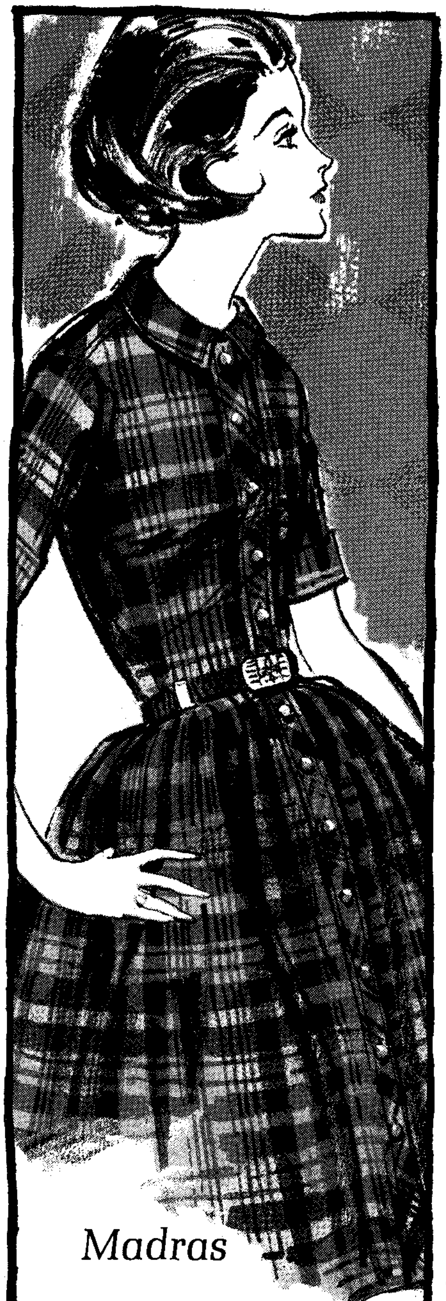

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been able to find at Brentano's. This proved to be the very oddest work of the kind that has ever come into my hands. It was one of a series called Method Gaspey-Otto-Sauer, published in Heidelberg, apparently under the general editorship of someone called Pietro Motti, "Knight of the Crown of Italy, formerly professor of Modern Languages at the Royal Piacenza Technical Institution." This volume is supposed to be by Motti himself, but he more or less confesses in his preface that his knowledge of the language is limited: "My good-will and patience were often sorely tried; special works were at every moment to be consulted and information to be got from Russia." In this preface, he asserts quite falsely that "it will soon be seen that Russian is a very methodical language," and that "great simplification is afforded by a constant application of the law of permutation"—whatever that means. He is even brazen enough to declare that "the Russian sentence is on the whole so like the English, that all details have been disregarded as a work of supererogation;" but the next moment he gives the situation away by saying that "such [details] must be left to practice and reading, unless beginners are to be utterly disheartened." Actually, the Russian sentence is very unlike the English: on account of the six Russian cases, which indicate syntactical relations, there is a good deal more freedom in the order of the words, and if it is true of the German sentence that you do not know what anybody is doing till you come to the verb at the end, it sometimes happens with a Russian sentence that you do not know who is doing it till you come to the noun at the end.

If it were not for this solemn preface, one might have a suspicion that the grammar which follows is intended as a sly burlesque of the classical Ollendorff manuals, and one cannot be altogether sure that the Russians upon whom Signor Motti says that he has been dependent have not been pulling his leg. The whole thing has a flavor of parody of the kind to which Russians are tempted when confronted with the culture of the West. Every lesson in this grammar, for example, includes a set of English sentences—called, delightfully, "Promiscuous Exercises"—that the beginner is supposed to convert into Russian, and these exercises seem designed for the purpose of confounding this beginner at once with a maximum of difficulty and a maximum of absurdity. I quote a selection from Lesson 30: "Are you right? No, I am wrong. What bull have you? I have the bull of the good Rus-

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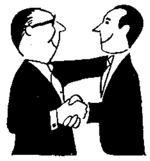

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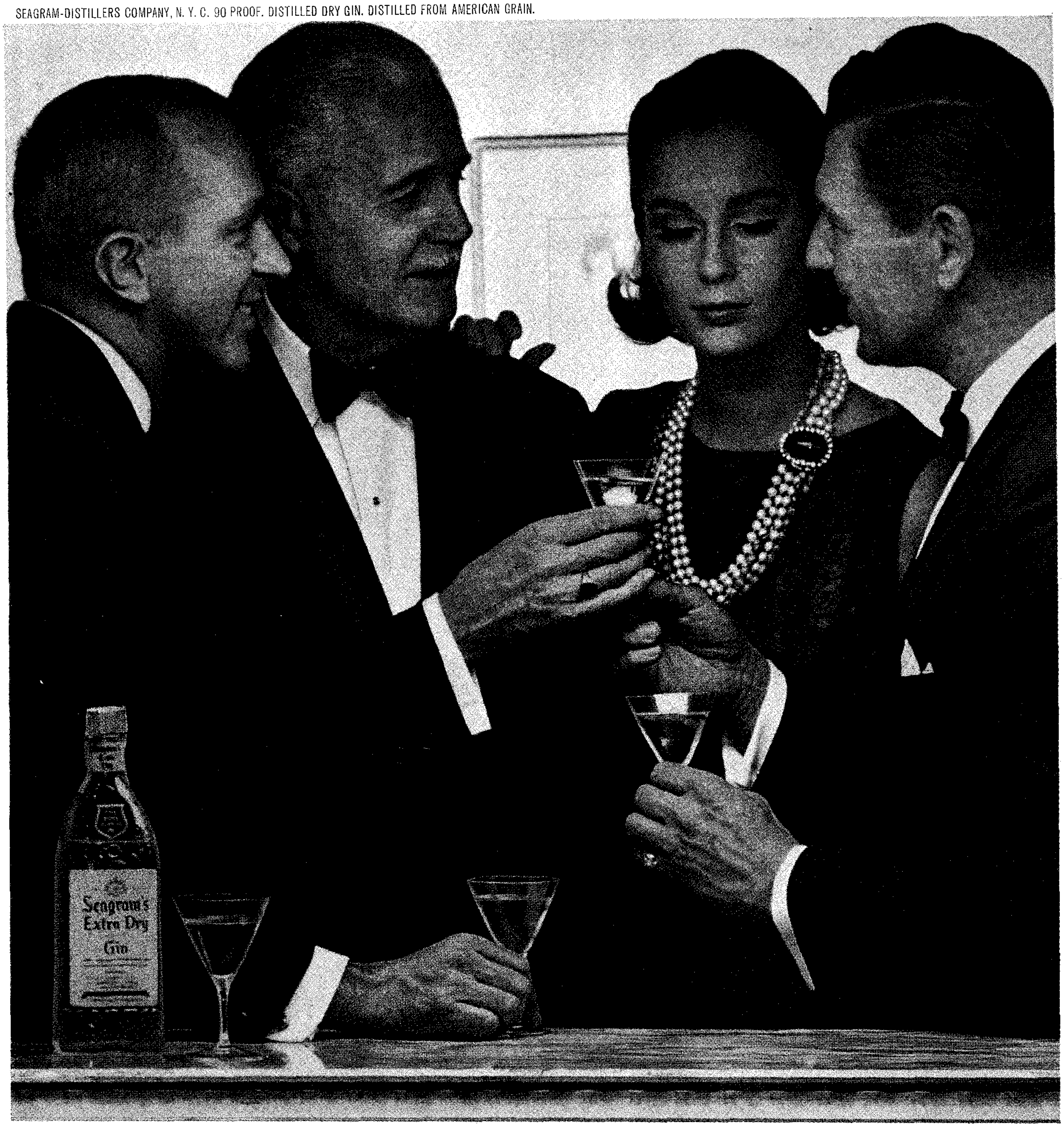

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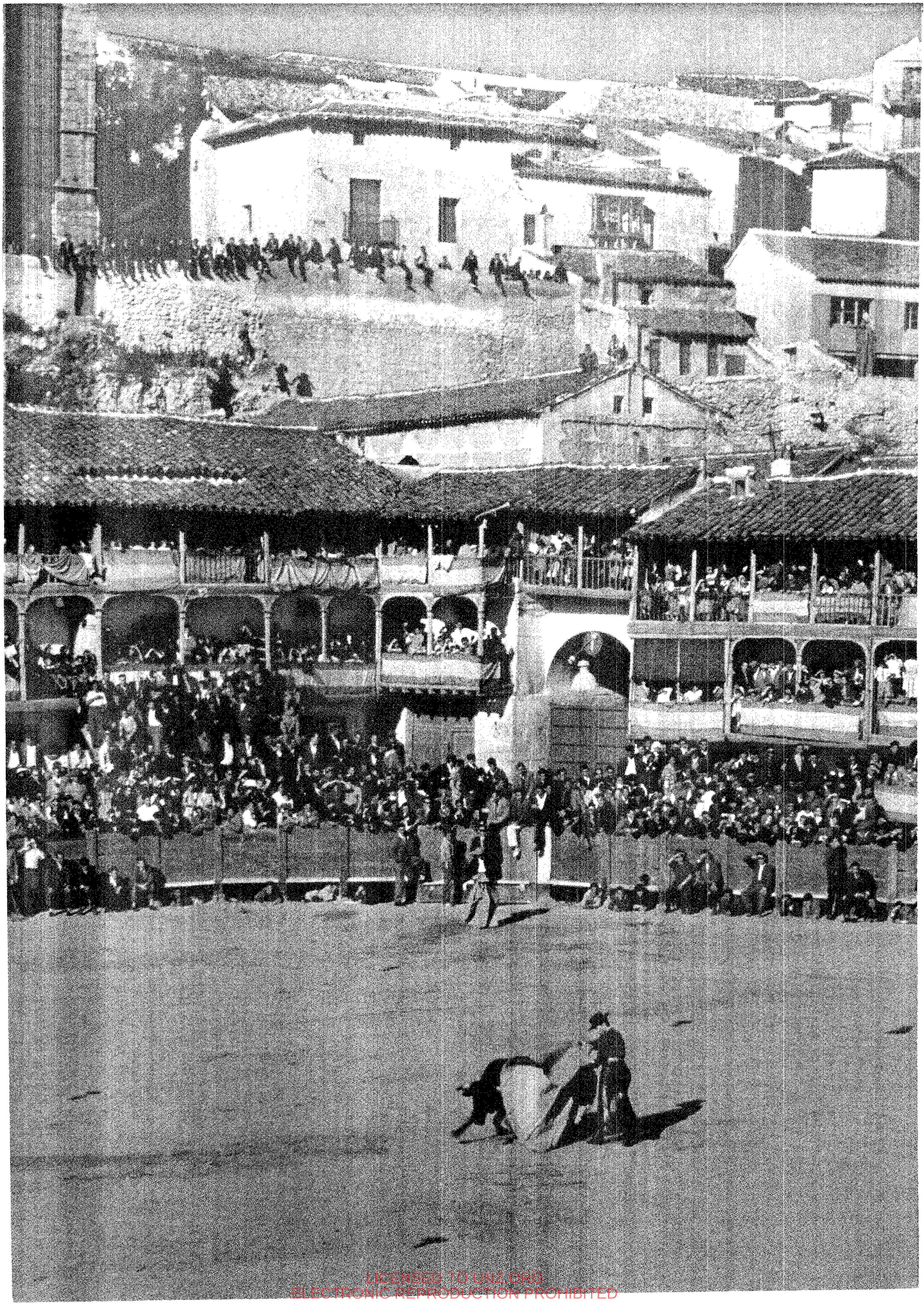

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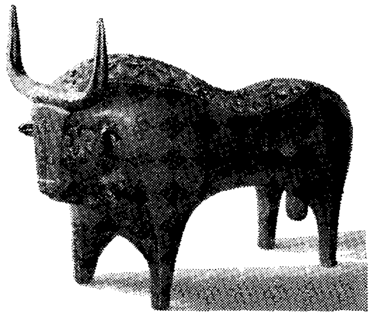

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sian proprietor. Have I the sugar or the honey? You have nothing. What sort of tea have you? I have not the tea, I have the coffee of my father. [The articles here make no sense, since no articles exist in Russian; you can only say, in Russian, "I have no tea." The last sentence quoted above is thus not really possible either in English or in Russian.] Does the prince possess a beautiful horse? He has no beautiful horse; he has an ugly ass." This, although somewhat grotesque, is not so far from the familiar old-fashioned routine of *le parapluie de ma tante*. But there is also a strange vein of fantasy: "To whom does this officer give his lion? He gives it to his father. . . . Did you see the miller's ass? I saw it and I saw the tall horse of the little prince. Of which prince? Of that of whom you always speak. . . . Which do you prefer, veal or mutton? I like neither veal nor mutton, I like coffee and tea. . . . Have you my weasel? I have my weasel. What weasel has he? He has the weasel of your cousin." After "weasel," Signor Motti kindly helps the student out by inserting, in parentheses, "(хорёкъ)," but хорёкъ means a polecat, not a weasel, which is properly ласка—so that a traveller who tried this gambit might well be thought offensive as well as demented. "Of what emperor did you speak? I spoke of the emperor who has many brave warriors. Why did you speak neither with Alexander nor with Constantine? Because they did not speak with me. . . . Did you see on those high trees the nests of the old nightingales?" This exercise works up to the following anecdote: "Girl and Philosopher. At the moment, when a learned philosopher was very busy in his study, a little girl came to ask him for some fire. 'But,' says the doctor, 'you have nothing to take it in.' And he was going to fetch (и онъ собрался принести) something for that purpose, when the little girl stooped down at the fireplace, and, taking some cold ashes in [one] hand, with the other she put burning embers on them. The astonished doctor threw down (бросилъ въ сторону) his book, saying: 'With all my learning, I never should have found out that expedient.' "

Later on, by way of other, more practical manuals, I arrived at Nevill Forbes's "Russian Grammar," an elegant and scholarly work, at that time, as far as I know, the most comprehensive thing of its kind that had ever been attempted in English. Nevill Forbes was Reader in Russian and the Other Slavonic Languages at Oxford, and he wrestled in this book with the formi-

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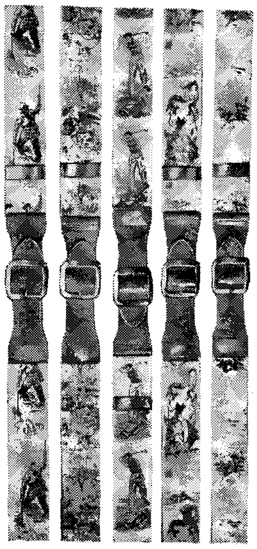

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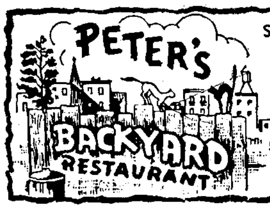

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dable, the finally impossible task of presenting Russian grammar to his countrymen in a lucid and logical way. Yet I have never shown this book to a Russian who did not cry out and insist on corrections. An English-speaking reader, on the other hand, finds Nevill Forbes most sympathetic and appreciates the slight tone of irony that occasionally touches his elucidations. Of the "g" in the masculine genitive singular, which is pronounced as if it were a "v," he remarks that "it is a good instance to quote when Russians accuse English of being written one way and spoken another," and in explaining the diminutives he says that when "the conductor in a train . . . asks to see your билетики [little tickets], this does not imply that the tickets are small, but merely that the conductor would not refuse a drink." I once read this statement to a Russian, who received it with protestations. It is true, as Nevill Forbes says, that though "in many cases the diminutives are really meant to imply smallness," they are also "very frequently used merely as a means of expressing affection, politeness, or good humour, and in such they are difficult, if not impossible to translate in English." I think that my Russian friend's point was that the билетики requested of the passengers was really an expression of deference, not of familiarity. At one time I spent several weeks in quarantine in a hospital in Odessa, and I found that this use of diminutives—which seemed to me infantile—had an exasperating effect on my nerves, but when I cited them to the same Russian friend, I was told that, as Nevill Forbes says, these diminutives in different connections have different connotations. The grammarian or the translator who is trying to put Russian into English has constantly to struggle with such problems, as to which he can sometimes find no real assurance even in applying to Russians. I once complained about Constance Garnett, the translator of so many Russian novels, that she never seemed to have taken the precaution of reading her translations to a Russian who was holding the Russian text; but Max Hayward, the co-translator of "Doctor Zhivago" and probably the best-equipped of the English translators of Russian, replied—what is confirmed by my own experience—that if you try some dubious passage on several Russians, they may all give you different explanations.

The trouble here—and the inevitable difficulty of attempting to learn Russian from a grammar—is that the language is a tissue of idioms, which has never been systematized, as French or Eng-

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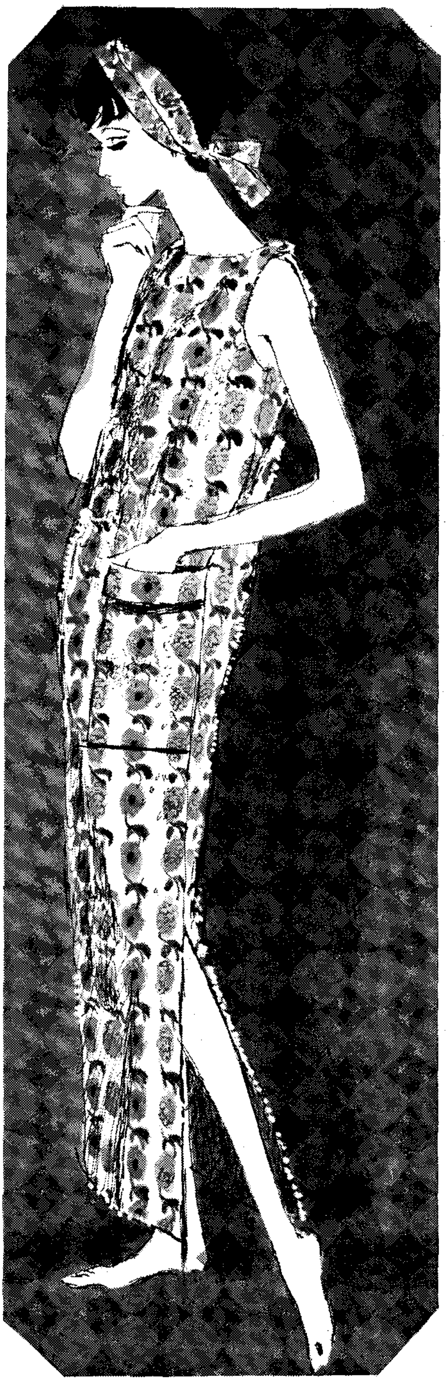

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lish has been. It is a language produced by illiterate people. I do not, of course, refer to Pushkin and the great literature that he did so much to launch, but this literary language, though Pushkin refined it and partly, in fact, invented it, was produced from a linguistic chaos and was to remain, from the point of view of grammar, one of the most intractable of the major languages. Old Slavonic was a scholarly concoction, derived from a dialect of Bulgarian but written in an alphabet based on the Greek and provided with a set of tenses that were partly made to follow the Greek ones. This was devised for the use of the Greek Orthodox Church, and it was written and read at first only in the churches and the monasteries. The people spoke their Slavic language, which had little in common with this; but the Cyrillic alphabet—the Greek alphabet with two Hebrew characters and several other additions—came gradually to be used also for secular purposes: legal and administrative documents, diplomatic and private correspondence. Then the priests and the monks got to writing Russian, and they produced, during the seventeenth century, some extraordinarily hybrid chronicles. It was not till the middle of the eighteenth century that a standard usage emerged. This was more or less the modern Russian language, which was praised, in a famous passage, by Lomonosov, the eighteenth-century scientist and poet. It was a mixture of language elements. Old Slavonic accounts for some of its curious features, such as the "g" pronounced as "v" which I have mentioned before. It had been pronounced as "g" in Bulgarian, but the Russians pronounced it as "v" and never bothered to change the spelling. There had also got into this language some Tatar from the Tatar invasion; some Polish in the seventeenth century, when the Russians were beginning to require a vocabulary for European things and ideas that they had to get from further West; some German and Dutch under Peter the Great; and a sprinkling of French under Catherine. This language, so rich in vocabulary, was immensely expressive as a literary medium, but it was a language all made up of special locutions, and its wildly irregular inflections would have been hopelessly recalcitrant to any such discipline as the European languages had undergone. When you add to this, borrowed from Marxism, a German philosophico-political jargon, you get a barrier to communication between the West and the East that has undoubtedly, in recent years, had a good deal to do with our difficulties.

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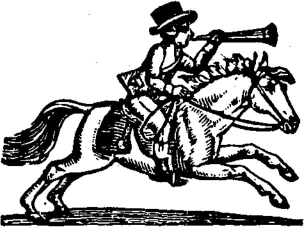

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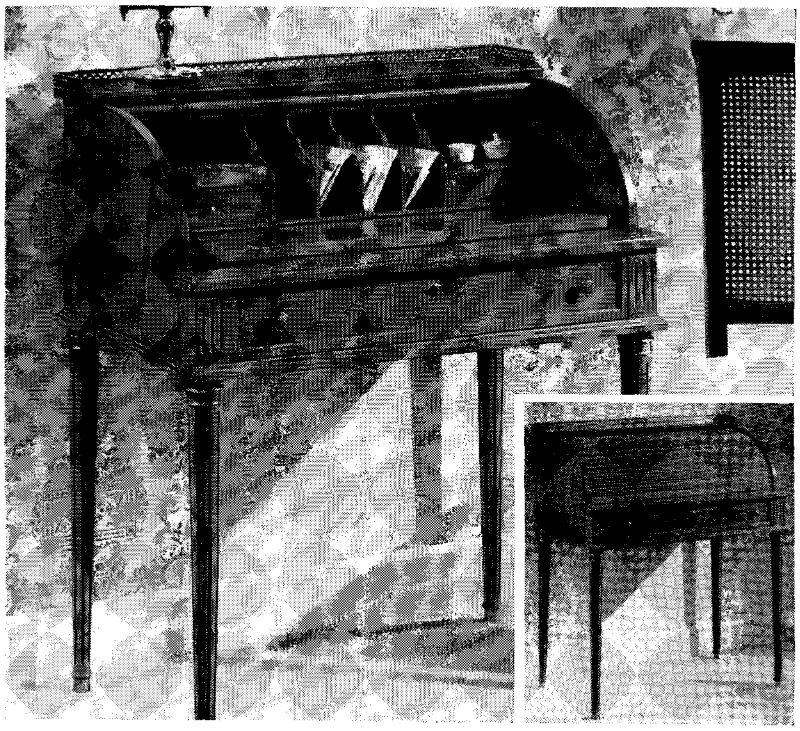
I am told by teachers of Russian that though a class may start off with enthusiasm and even a certain exhilaration at discovering that the queer-looking alphabet is really not at all difficult and—since the scrapping of five useless characters at the time of the Kerensky revolution—far more logical (in spite of the illogical "g") than our alphabet for the spelling of English, there inevitably comes a moment when a good many students drop off; and anybody who sticks to Russian is likely from time to time to feel that he has reached a point where he seems not to be making satisfactory progress and that he must give himself perhaps a brief respite and then jack himself up again. To anyone with an appetite for words, the rewards of persevering are enormous. The verbs, though annoyingly complicated, come to exercise a certain fascination, with their nuances of implication and their unexpected shifts of meaning. I once asked Mr. Vladimir Nabokov if my impression that these Russian verbs that mask and unmask themselves with prefixes—prefixes which, sometimes remaining the same, may affect the stems in quite different ways—and that transform themselves, also (the verbs), through various internal changes, behaved differently from non-Slavic verbs and had something uncanny about them. Mr. Nabokov was taught English in childhood and has so intimately the sense of that language that he perhaps regards Russian with a certain detachment uncommon among his countrymen. He said that yes, he had always been delighted by what he called the "magic world of Russian verbs." (I have never got over an impression that Latin, German, and English verbs are much more energetic and forceful, much more verbs of positive action, than the Greek and the Russian ones, which convey rather ways of proceeding, modes of feeling, and distinctions in thinking. I do not know how far this is fanciful.) But for the student who wants to learn Russian and is no connoisseur of language, who therefore may not be susceptible to this magic of the Russian verbs, I believe that the teacher of Russian should begin by explaining what the student is faced with—a language quite different from the languages that he is likely to have studied before. He should know something of the history of Russian; he should have it made clear to him that the development of Russian has been different from the development of the languages of the West; and the news should be broken to him that he cannot depend on the kind of student's grammar to which he is already accus-



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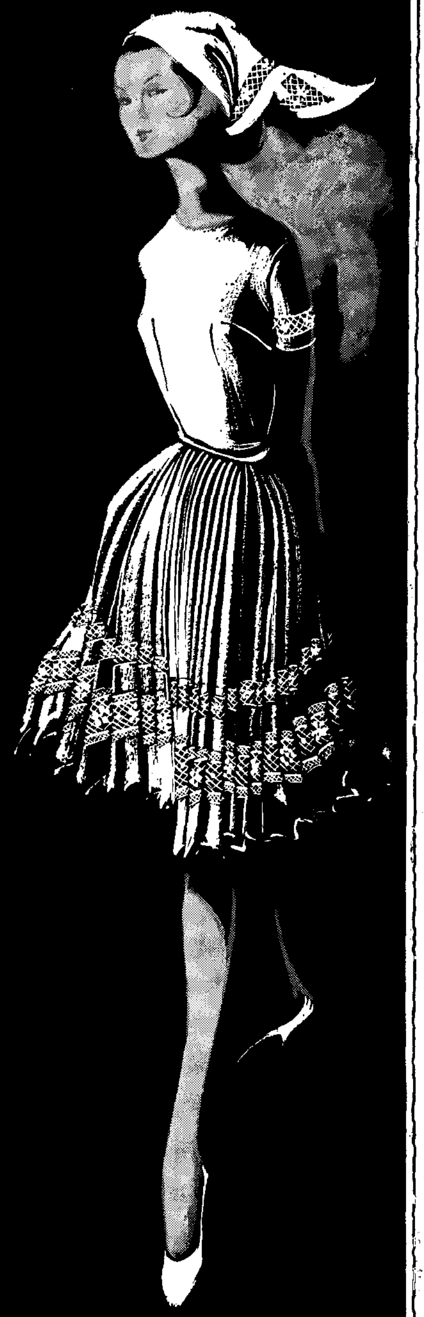

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tomed to anything like the same extent as in the case of the Western languages.

The more scholarly kind of grammar that makes a real attempt to cover the subject is a work the student cannot cope with till after he has already made considerable progress. Nevill Forbes died tragically and prematurely, so he did not live to bring his grammar up to date in spelling and changes of usage and the dropping of certain inflections. It was impossible to republish or even to revise his once uniquely valuable book. But he was later succeeded at Oxford by Mr. B. O. Unbegaun, and Mr. Unbegaun has now written a grammar of his own, which supersedes Nevill Forbes's and which seems to me something of a masterpiece. Mr. Unbegaun explains in his preface that he has aimed to present "only the minimum necessary for the understanding of the mechanism of modern literary Russian," and that he will make no attempt to provide the historical explanations—so revelatory of primitive habits of mind—of which Nevill Forbes gives us glimpses. But Mr. Unbegaun's "minimum," for the foreigner, will be likely to tell him more than he has ever known before about the untamed behavior of the Russian tongue. His book will not, as I say, be of very much use to a student who is not quite advanced, and might indeed scare him out of his wits, but by the more experienced student it may be read with much profit and interest. Here they are, all captured and sorted out, clearly listed and their tricks exposed—those elusive Russian words that are always changing their faces and appearing in unexpected company and assuming or losing tails. Nevill Forbes is a British explorer who has brought home some interesting specimens and mounted them for home inspection as if they were butterflies and beetles; Mr. Unbegaun has stocked a zoo that cages the whole wild fauna.

IN the matter of Russian dictionaries, I have always, in ordinary reading, used the popular Russian-English handbook, first published in 1936, of Professors V. K. Müller and S. K. Boyanus, but I very soon discovered its peculiar defects as an aid with pre-Communist literature. The anti-clericalism of the Soviet Union has excluded from it or buried obscurely a number of ecclesiastical terms, so that some non-Soviet lexicon is necessary where Tolstoy or Dostoevsky or Chekhov is describing the life of the priesthood or some ceremony of the Orthodox Church. There are also touches of quaint Soviet cockiness. Under совать, a saying of Stalin's

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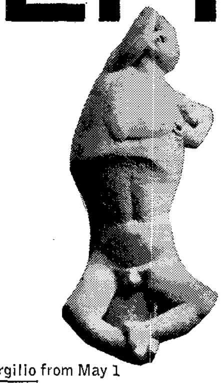

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is listed as an example of its use—"not to poke one's swinish snout in our Soviet garden." In the course of Stalin's purges, Professor Boyanus was liquidated, so his name had to be banished from the title page—which was then, however, left to read as follows:

Русско-Английский
Словарь
составили
проф. В. К. Мюллер

But составили, "compiled," the plural form of the third person past of the verb, no longer now corresponds with the singular Professor Müller. It is hard to be perfectly sure when a Soviet publisher or writer is winking.

I eventually succeeded in acquiring, through the kindness of a Russian friend—for, though this work has been lately reprinted, it was then hard to find and expensive—a fine pre-Revolutionary set of Dahl's great compilation in Russian, "An Explanatory Dictionary of the Living Great-Russian Language," introduced by a portrait of the author, with a beard like a long pair of lungs, in a huge old-fashioned high-backed chair. Vladimir Ivanovich Dahl (1801-72) was, like Gesenius and Dr. Johnson, one of the pioneering geniuses of lexicography. He was originally a physician, and in the course of his service as an Army doctor had travelled a good deal in Russia and had talked with all sorts of people. He was remarkably many-sided in his interests. He published manuals of zoölogy and botany as well as medical papers; but his principal work was in the field of linguistics and popular Russian culture. He is said to have been able, like Professor Higgins, to detect the place of origin of anyone he met as soon as he opened his mouth, and he wrote a set of stories and sketches intended to illustrate the peculiarities of various localities and milieux. He published an immense collection of thirty thousand Russian proverbs, which may well be on Khrushchev's shelves, and made a collection of four thousand folk tales, which he turned over to Afanasyev, the Russian Grimm, as well as collections of folk songs and popular prints. But the most important work of Dahl's life, to which he brought all his varied learning, was the dictionary mentioned above. Together with a wide knowledge of literature, he had, like Mencken, a voracious appetite for colloquial and vulgar speech, which was, I should suppose, unique among the dictionary-makers of his period. His dictionary is wonderful in its wealth of examples as well as in its lists of syno-

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nyms and its identification of flora and fauna by their correct scientific names.

Though the old encyclopedia of Brockhaus and Efron (published before the Revolution) insists—in doing Dahl, however, full honor—that "he remained to the end of his days a self-taught dilettante," his book has the attractiveness, the personal flavor, of the man with a passion for his subject who has explored the whole field for himself. He made errors, and his modes of procedure were sometimes mistaken or impractical, but a later Russian scholar, I. Boduen-de-Kurtene (a French name which looks queer in Russian), brought out in 1904 a revised and enlarged edition, to which he also had devoted an immense amount of labor. Boduen-de-Kurtene even went so far as to include all the Russian *gros mots* (what have come to be known in English as "four-letter words"), which Dahl had felt he had to omit—a step that was, as far as I know, then unprecedented (save for dead languages) in the history of lexicography. The English four-letter words relating to sex have not even been admitted to the great Oxford English Dictionary—inaugurated in 1858 though not finished till 1928—of Murray, Bradley, Craigie, and Onions. (These omissions have since been repaired—though with asterisks standing for the vowels—by Mr. Eric Partridge in his Dictionary of Slang and Unconventional English.) One is startled, in the 1904 Dahl, to discover, under the Russian equivalent of a word to which D. H. Lawrence has especially attracted attention by featuring it in "Lady Chatterley's Lover," a conjugation of what is, euphemistically, sometimes referred to as "the mother oath"—an exploit which has its scholarly justification in the circumstance that this verb is irregular. But when Dahl was reprinted in the Soviet Union, the prudish authorities reverted to the pre-Boduen-de-Kurtene policy.

To take on thus, without inhibitions, the whole range of colloquial speech was possible for Russian scholars of the nineteenth century for the reason that the Russian language had never been regularized to the point at which such practice would have been felt to be improper. The language had never been purged to the same degree as seventeenth-century French or eighteenth-century English. It had been more or less stabilized at the opposite extreme from the purified classicism of French at the period when it was possible for a critic, embarrassed at being informed that the word *dog* occurred in Homer, to lay it down that "if the word *dog* occurs in

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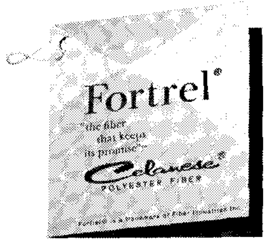
Homer, you may be sure that that word is noble in Greek." Tolstoy, in "War and Peace," makes great play with this contrast between Russian and French and produces ironic or comic effects by allowing his characters to relapse into Russian after talking the language of the court: in Russian they sound homelier and blunter, their true old Russian selves are revealed. In the time of Dahl and Kurtene, it would have been quite impossible in Russia to attempt to establish a standard of vocabulary, style, and usage as was done by the dictionary of the French Academy, and the Russians were thus able to anticipate the kind of all-inclusive dictionary that is now felt to be needed for the languages of the West.

THIS tendency toward all-inclusiveness is seen in its extreme form in the new edition of the American Webster's, which has recently provoked so much controversy and which has already been treated in these pages at length in an article by Mr. Dwight Macdonald. I shall not deal with English dictionaries in this article, and I have not examined the new Webster's, but I gather that it has made a departure from tradition in listing colloquial and illiterate usage side by side with literary English and the language of educated people, without indicating, in many cases, any preference in favor of the latter. And even the French are yielding. The latest edition of the Petit Larousse contains words that would not have been admitted to any of the previous ones and for which one would have had to resort to one of those dictionaries of argot that were never retrospective or comprehensive. I used to read Huysmans in my youth with the aid of Delvau's "Dictionnaire de la Langue Verte." When Flaubert wrote to Huysmans, in 1879, about the latter's novel "Les Sœurs Vatard," he reproached him for making use, not merely in the dialogue of his lower-class characters but also in his narrative prose, of vulgar colloquial expressions, "*énergiques et souvent grossières*," with which Flaubert was unfamiliar ("*un tas de mots qui ne sont dans aucun dictionnaire*"), and indeed these expressions, which Huysmans found so flavorsome, are imbedded in his tight-pressed prose in exactly the same way as the out-of-the-way technical and literary terms that he also so greatly relished—which is to say, like the truffles and pistachio nuts in the pâté of a rich French meat loaf. But Delvau collects examples from "Les Sœurs Vatard," and he includes all but one of the words and phrases cited by



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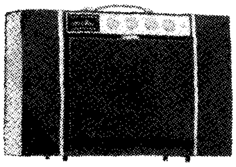

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Flaubert as unintelligible: *maboule, poivrots, bibines, godinette, du tape à l'œil.* The exception, *maboule*, is now to be found in a Petit Larousse of 1948, as well as *du tape à l'œil*, though the latter is somewhat differently defined; and the newest edition of the Petit Larousse is more helpful than you might expect if you are reading Jean Genet or "Zazie dans le Métro." But the distinctions in usage are here made quite clear, as they apparently are not in Webster's; the colloquialisms and vulgarisms are designated as "Fam." or "Pop."

A queer example of this crisis in lexicography is an ambitious and rather pretentious work in two large volumes, English-German and German-English, published, respectively, in 1938 and 1953 and dedicated to "*der Völkerverständigung.*" It was conceived by Dr. Karl Wildhagen, of Kiel, who completed the first volume and sketched the second but did not live to carry his project through, and the German-English volume was undertaken by Dr. Will Héraucourt, of Königsberg. "The object of this book," Dr. Héraucourt explains in a preface somewhat showily written in English, "is to represent, in the whole diversity of its social and individual structure, the vocabulary and usage of present-day German, i.e. of the 19th century and 20th century, including standard speech (as basis), the conversational language of the educated classes, colloquial speech [Fam.], the poetical language, dialect, and slang. In order to provide space for the living language we have deliberately refrained from dealing fully with the vocabulary of earlier centuries. . . . The dictionary is not intended exclusively for school and university nor even for science, industry, and commerce but also for the 'man in the street.' It will serve alike those who read the classics and those who read the illustrated weeklies. Where the rule is 'gentlemen only' it will serve its purpose just as well as amongst 'ladies only.' The guiding principle has always been 'Proper words in proper places;' as an English colleague remarked 'I call a spade a spade; some call it a b....y shovel.' Consult in this connection e.g. *A-a, Baba, Heia, Piepvogel, Wauwau, etc.,—prima, knorke, edel;—Mords-, Pfunds-, Heiden-, Scheiss-, etc.* It makes a world of difference whether the peasant or his wife has 'Holz vor der Hütt 'n' (→ Holz), or whether he or she wears the trousers. The 'unmentionables' of the 19th century have their place in this dictionary just like all forms and varieties of the word *Hose*, from the

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substantial *Arbeitshose* to the flimsy *scanties* (honi soit qui mal y pense! → Knigge)." He goes on to explain that the dictionary is intended to cover fully "technical and industrial terms": "The latest scientific and technical advances from ballpoint-pens to television sets and from atomic research to synthesis of vitamins are represented." He declares that "German slang is in no sense less picturesque than the English and the American," and he invokes, as an exemplar, Eric Partridge.

I do not know about the English-German volume, which is the work of Dr. Wildhagen alone. I bought the German-English one with a view to reading the German classics, but in spite of what is said above I found it not well suited for this purpose. The decision to refrain "from dealing fully with the vocabulary of early centuries" has prevented it from being useful to anyone whose German is as weak as mine, and I did not at first do it justice as an exploit of an unconventional kind. The attempt to transpose expressions of colloquial German into English colloquial equivalents has sometimes produced bizarre results, not easily recognizable: "He is great on the piano" is hardly possible as a rendering of "*Er spielt famos Klavier*," nor is "To be flossy *oder* gay with a person" admissible as the American for "*Sich jedem gegenüber Frechheiten erlauben*." The desire to exhibit a knowledge of English colloquialisms is in some cases indulged unnecessarily, as when "*Er schlief den ganzen Tag*" is translated as "He slept the clock round," and the virtuosity of topical allusion sometimes leaves the actual meaning obscure, as in such a laconic entry as "*Knigge: kennen Sie—nicht*? [mm] have you read Emily Post?" (One learns from the list of abbreviations that "[mm]" means *mutatis mutandis*.) Yet the command of colloquial speech—German, English, and American—is actually rather impressive, and the book, for its purpose, of a certain value. It is, in any case, of a certain importance as indicating the current interest in recording the vocabulary of the common speech.

III

I RECEIVED from Budapest a couple of summers ago a small and attractive volume containing translations of two of my plays. I learned from a biographical note and from reviews which were later sent me that I was known in Hungary only as a dramatist, in which capacity, I was happy to hear, I was rather highly regarded—perhaps as a kind of Molnár with an up-to-date

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social conscience. I therefore examined these translations with interest, referring to the English text, and decided that the least I could do for the so generously appreciative Hungarians was to learn the Hungarian language. I had already felt a certain curiosity about it, since it belongs to the so-called Finno-Ugric group, the origins of which are somewhat obscure but which are supposed to have been left in pools in certain parts of Europe and Russia from the flood of some early Mongolian invasion. I was stimulated further by the fact that in the region in upstate New York in which I spend my summers I have many Hungarian neighbors, who could help me in studying the language, and by the fact that a literary Hungarian friend had for years been crying up to me the brilliance of Hungarian poetry—especially that of Endre Ady, the translations of whose work into German and French which this friend induced me to read had seemed to me rather flat but who, now that I have read him a little in his own so very different tongue, does impress me as deserving the enthusiasm that is felt for him by most of his compatriots.

I must say that I set out on this exploit with a slightly uneasy memory of the senile Baron Hulot in Balzac tottering up to the attic to embark on his last liaison. I found it at first very difficult to obtain a full-length scholarly grammar. The dictionaries available were quite first-rate. The two volumes compiled by László Országh, which can be obtained from Budapest, are ample for the needs of the beginner and admirable in their presentation, besides which—what is rare with such lexicons—they have a certain aesthetic attractiveness and are pleasant to handle and have around. They are fat but well proportioned in format, five and a half by eight. The Magyar-Angol is bound in a sober gray, with the lettering stamped in blue, the Angol-Magyar in a luscious deep rose, with the lettering stamped in gold; in each case the color is appropriate to the language that is being disclosed. (The bindings of Hungarian books have a special kind of richness and gaiety that has something, I think, in common with Hungarian cuisine and music. A recent volume of Sándor Petőfi's collected poetry is bound in bright-scarlet silk, with gold trimmings, pale-yellow page tops, and a matching pale-yellow silk bookmark; and the edition of Molnár's plays, as they came out one by one, during his lifetime, in small, rather squat volumes, the pages of which are enclosed in a delicate frame of red lines, may still be found in appetizing

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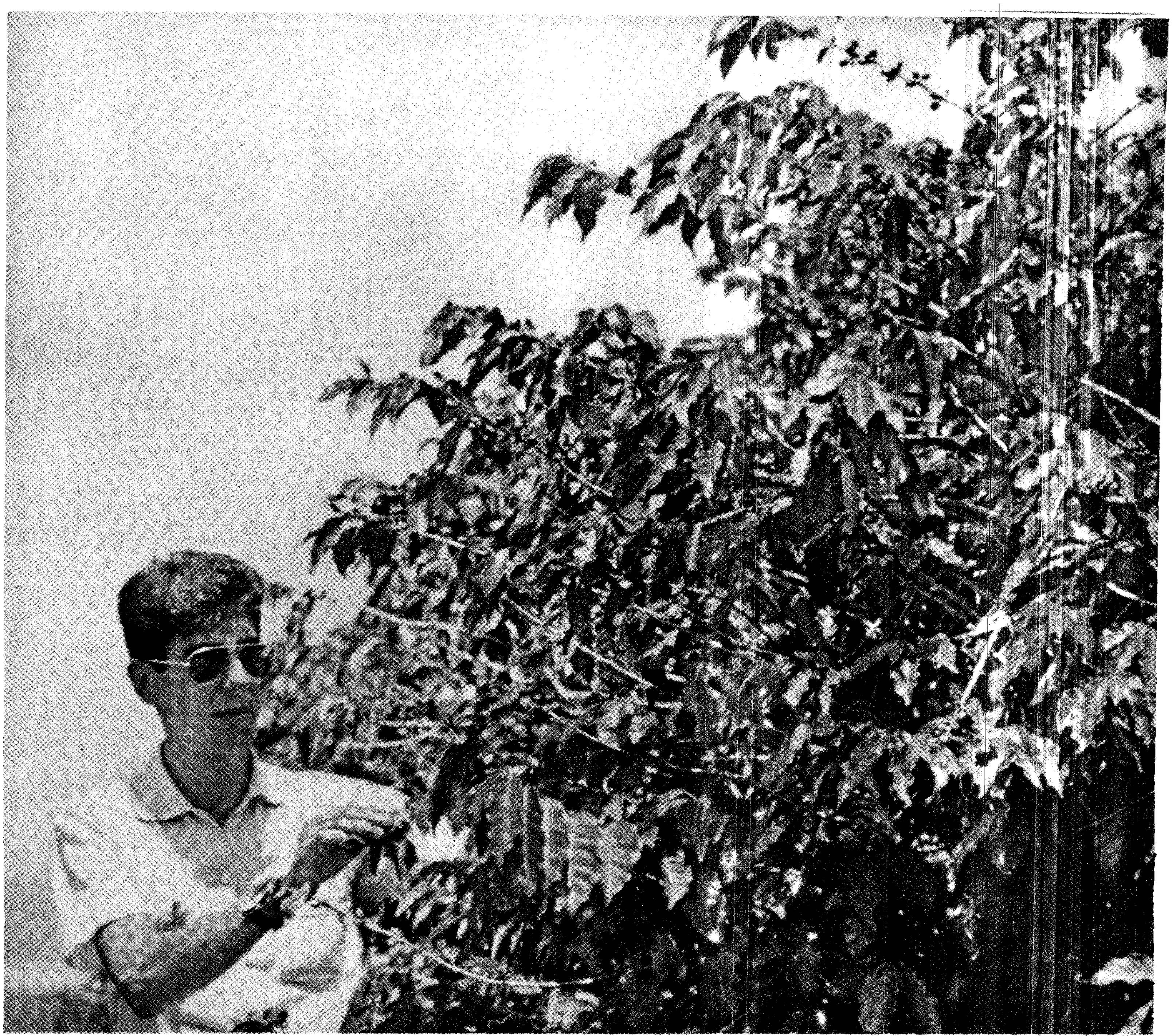

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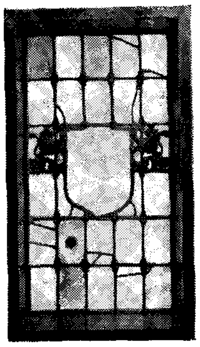
THERE'S NOTHING AS GOOD AS A GOOD CUP OF COFFEE **COFFEE OF BRAZIL** bindings of purple, gray, blue, and red.) But a practical grammar is a different matter. A new one has, I believe, just been published, but at the time I began on the language there was no such work in print, and I started with two handbooks of colloquial Hungarian—one evidently intended for British tourists or for Britishers with business in Hungary, "Colloquial Hungarian," by Arthur H. Whitney, first published in 1944, and the other, "Spoken Hungarian," prepared by Thomas A. Sebeok in 1945 for the use of the American armed forces at the time, at the end of the last war, when there seemed to be a possibility that our armies might go into Hungary. Both these works are unsatisfactory, and I was told by the Hungarians with whom I was working that the exemplary conversations concocted in them were sometimes not natural or idiomatic. In the Whitney book, the exposition—perhaps partly from exigencies of space—is hurried and not very clear; the declensions and conjugations are all run together in the text or diagrammed too densely in the back of the book, and the lesson-by-lesson vocabulary is administered in a jumbled and indigestible form. The exercises in reading are labored installments of a narrative that is boring to the last degree. A Mr. and Mrs. Szabó (Taylor), apparently from somewhere in the provinces, arrive in Budapest by rail, in company with a Mr. Fehér (White), who lives in Budapest and whose acquaintance they seem to have made on the train. The Szabós put up at a respectable hotel, while their friend Mr. Fehér, a bachelor, goes home to his three-room flat. Mr. Fehér is attentive to the Szabós. He shows them the sights of the city, takes them out to cafés, restaurants, and theatres. Remembering the comedies of Molnár, I kept expecting Mr. Fehér to show an interest in Mrs. Szabó. In Lesson 9, "A Hölgyek," "The Ladies"—which Mr. Whitney translates as "The Women"—I hoped that a drama was starting. I quote from Mr. Whitney's own translation:

> Suddenly, everyone looked in the direction of the lift. A woman came out of it, in a white evening gown. She was very beautiful and still young. She was not hurrying, because she knew everyone was looking only at her. Three women who were chatting, suddenly became silent, but they were looking only at the gown.
>
> After the young woman a gentleman emerged, in black clothes, but nobody looked at the gentleman, but everyone was admiring the lady, as she went across the vestibule and out of the big glass door.
>
> Both White and Taylor looked at her, and then both thought better of it and turned round. Just in time, because Madame was coming down the broad



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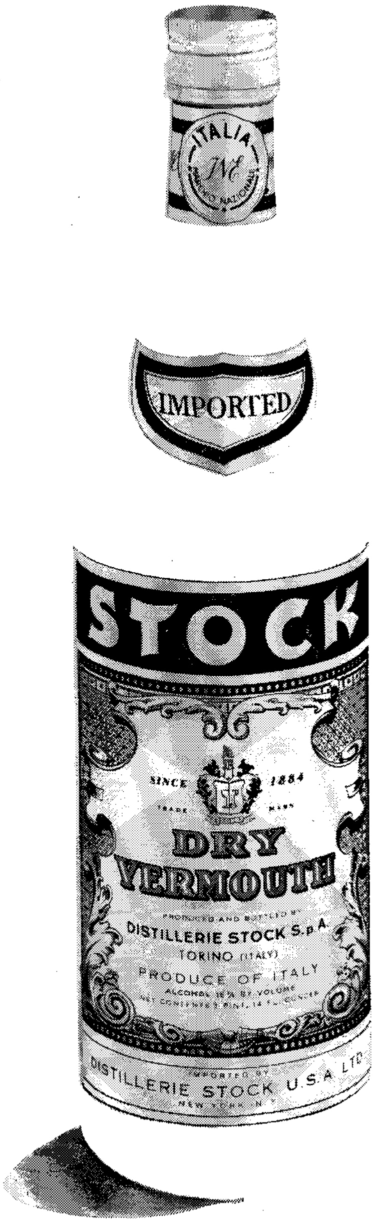

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staircase. Our friend White thought to himself that she, too, was beautiful, with her black hair and white skin. The dark evening gown suited her no longer young years very well.

But the beautiful lady in white never appears again, nor does anything further come of Mr. Fehér's admiration for Mrs. Szabó. The little group are very bourgeois. Mr. Szabó is an "architectural engineer," Mr. Fehér is a businessman and works in an office. The Szabós get a letter from their son, talk about a postcard they have had from a young couple who spent their honeymoon in England, and exchange domestic pleasantries. These Hungarians are themselves somewhat British: "Mary will bring the tea in," says a Mrs. Szakács (Cook), the wife of "a writer-friend" of Mr. Fehér's, to whose flat Mr. Fehér takes the Szabós. "And give me the timetable, Mary, dear [Marikám]! It's on the sideboard." Then she turns to her guests. "How do you like your tea, Helen, dear? Is this strong enough? Do you take sugar?" "Please. My husband drinks tea without milk."

In the end, the Szabós simply depart. "We haven't had," remarks Mrs. Szabó, as they are taking a last stroll on the Danube embankment, "such a nice summer holiday for a long time. Isn't the sky magnificent?" "Magnificent certainly," says her husband, "but there are a lot of holes in it, don't you think?" "Jack!! I don't know what's wrong with you. What a thing to say!—to spoil my mood with such a stupid joke!" "Forgive me, my angel, I'm in such a wonderful mood, that I hardly know what I'm saying."

When the Szabós are settled in the train, and Mr. Szabó has lit his pipe after buying his wife some chocolate, Mr. Fehér rushes up to say goodbye. They thank him for his friendly offices and invite him to come to visit them.

One must not, of course, expect entertaining fiction of the authors of colloquial manuals. Their problem, and rather a difficult one, is that of telling some sort of story while illustrating the principles of grammar explained in the current lesson and without giving the student words and forms that have not as yet been explained. But these manuals reflect the mentalities of the grammarians who have prepared them and who are usually aiming at the guidance of some particular kind of student, whose needs they may not merely want to meet but whose ideas they may also want to influence. The manual for our armed forces takes the ordinary American to Hungary. Here we follow the ad-

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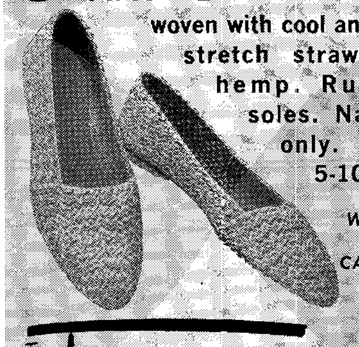

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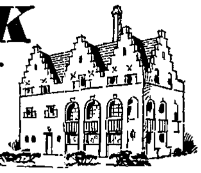

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ventures of a soldier arriving in a strange country and making contacts with the young people there. He must be able to get around and to order food. He must not be guilty of boorish behavior, and he must be able to get himself a girl. Says a G.I. of this imaginary occupation to the headwaiter from whom he has just ordered dinner: "One moment! That beautiful girl over there at the table, does she work here?"

HEADWAITER: Yes, she works in the restaurant making out the bills. She is my younger sister.

SOLDIER: Really? Say to her that I don't want to speak to her because maybe she doesn't talk to people with whom she's not acquainted—but if you would introduce me . . .

HEADWAITER: I don't know, respected sir; my sister doesn't much like soldiers, because they only stay a short time in Budapest. But you are from the United States. . . . Eva, come here a minute! I should like to introduce this soldier gentleman to you.

EVA: Good evening. I see that you are from the United States.

SOLDIER: Yes, miss. Won't you please sit down. Wouldn't you like some dinner, or perhaps a little wine?

EVA: No, no—just a little hot milk please. And a cigarette. Thank you. Have you got a match?

SOLDIER: Tell me, Headwaiter, what time do the movies begin?

He asks her to go to the movies with him, and she answers, "But you're an entirely unknown soldier! No, thank you, but I don't like soldiers. And I work here in the restaurant till 9. How long will you be in Budapest?"

SOLDIER: I think three or four weeks, maybe two months. And then I go back to Texas.

EVA: Oh, really? What do you do in Texas?

SOLDIER: I'm a farmer. I work with my father. I haven't got any friends or relations in Budapest, and I'd like to go to the movies this evening—do come with me.

EVA: I can't go this evening. But tomorrow night I'm not working, and then perhaps I might go with you.

This is clearer and simpler than Whitney, but it will not any more than Whitney provide a real survey of Hungarian. Even for its limited purpose, it has one extremely ill-advised feature, in common with other such manuals for American soldiers and with the courses in foreign languages prepared for them at the time of the last war. Some official or committee—I assume—had at that time the absurd idea of teaching pronunciation not by using the alphabet of the language in hand or its version of the Roman alphabet but by substituting for it an adaptation of the version of the Roman alphabet so

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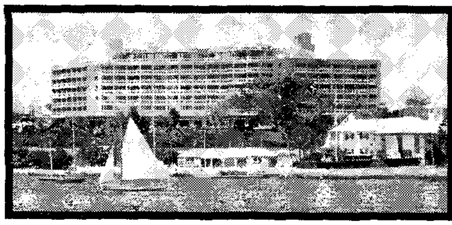

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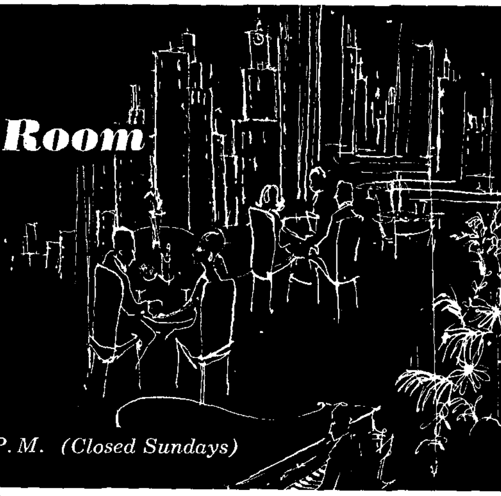

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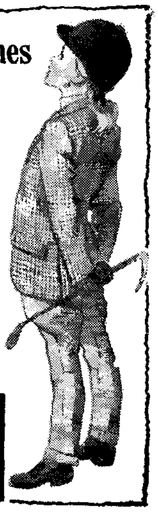

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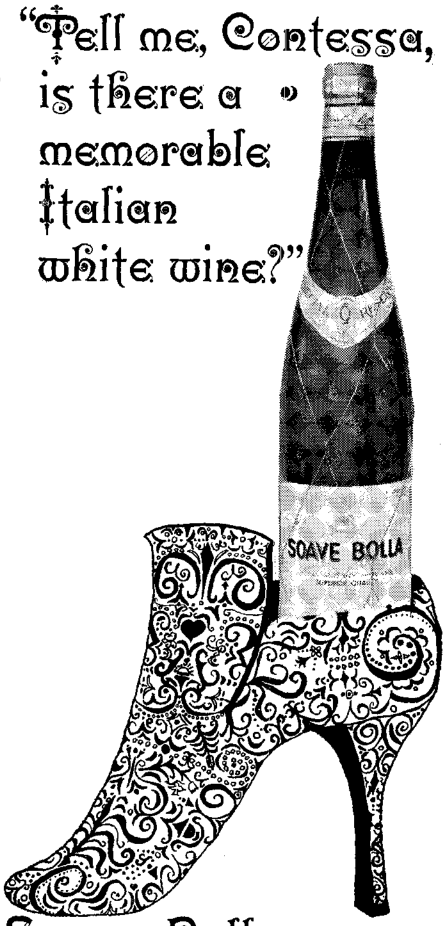
inconsistently employed for English. Thus the student had to learn a system that had nothing in common with the system according to which the language was actually written. In the case of Hungarian, this "Spoken Hungarian" demands that the American soldier learn "*Kösönöm, nem akarok kaaveet*" alongside "*Köszönöm, nem akarok kávét*" ("Thank you, I don't want any coffee"). What is the advantage of this? In Hungarian, the pronunciation does not present any difficulty, and the use of the Roman characters with their diacritic marks is logical, whereas the use of them here in the manual is quite different from their use in English. It produces, in fact, a language which is superfluous and artificial, a language which does not exist. We have no *aa* combination in English, and a double *e* in English is sounded as in *seen*, which is not at all the same as the Hungarian *é*. In the teaching of Russian at the time of the war the distortion became fantastic. Instead of learning the Cyrillic alphabet, one of the few easy features of the language, the students were compelled to master what was really an imaginary Slavic language written in Roman characters, which disqualified them from recognizing real Russian. I hope that this foolish system—a typical product of American pedagogy—has now been allowed to die and will never be adopted again.

But the Americans did not take over Hungary. The Soviets, as we know, did, and they have not been idle or incompetent in providing apparatus for their people to learn Hungarian. They have published two excellent beginners' grammars, to which I eventually resorted—one in German and one in Russian—as well as a bang-up scholarly work in two comprehensive volumes. These grammars are also of interest in revealing a third point of view, that of the Soviet Union, from which Hungary may be approached. The grammar in German, which starts off with one lesson of farmyard vocabulary, is otherwise—although Hungary has always up to now been predominantly an agricultural country—largely occupied with factory workers and party congresses and foreign students from the satellite countries who are invariably working their heads off; and although it is useful, of course, to learn the names of the various trades and of the nationals of these countries, it is depressing to be confronted with an exercise all composed of this kind of thing:

"Look! There are the Hungarian fellow-workers!"

"I am Kovács József [Joseph Smith],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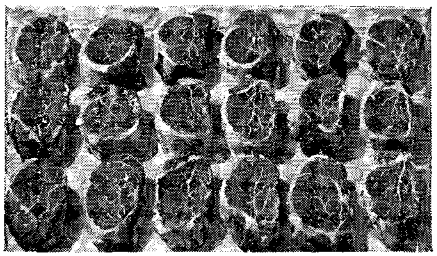

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an ironworker. These men here on the right are Hungarian miners and on the left textile workers. Are you ironworkers?"

"No, I am the only ironworker, they are miners. This comrade is a Soviet journalist."

"No, I am not a journalist. I am a Romanian textile worker."

"Where are the Chinese? Are there no Chinese workers here?"

"Why, yes, they are here."

"Where are the Albanians?"

"They are over there on the right."

"How many Romanian delegates are there?"

"Two Romanian delegates, four Poles, five Czechoslovaks, four Albanians."

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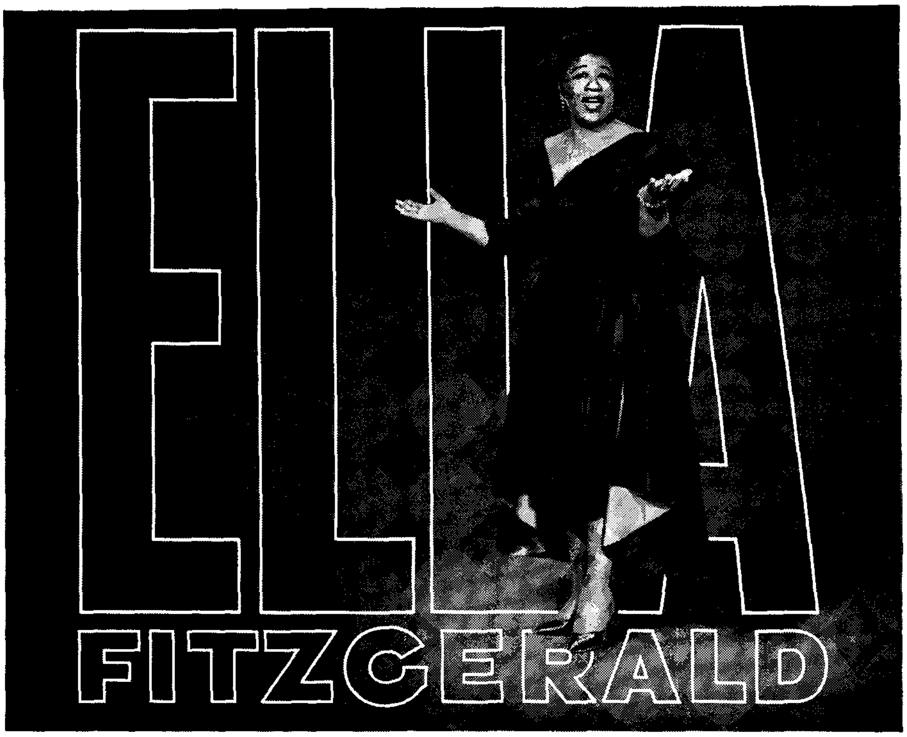
But this grammar is to be recommended (in the series Tanuljunk Nyelveket). Some such large-scale treatise, it seems, was needed for the students who have been coming to Hungary as a way of getting out of East Germany, and the book has a German completeness which seems to leave no point unexplained. It has, however, been compiled by Hungarians and is enlivened by attractive features which have an air rather Magyar than Germanic: a colored plate of the principal colors, which is an aid to remembering the words for them; a great many little drawings which help to fix actions and objects; and with each lesson a pinch of proverbs, a joke with a comic illustration, and, following the tradition of Kodály and Bartók, a little folk song, with its music given, which the student is supposed to learn. One feels, also, by Lesson 19 that the obligatory Soviet façade is beginning at last to give way before the impact of the intractable Hungarian patriotism. A brief history of Hungary here ends with nothing more propagandistic than the statement that after the Nazis had left Budapest in ruins, the reparation of the damage was carried out "successfully in a short time under the leadership of the Communist Party and by the arduous labors of the population."

IF one wants to find the Russian formulas applied in their most uncompromising terms, one may examine an English grammar prepared in the Soviet Union and first published in 1959: a "Manual of the English Language," by M. Galinskaya and Z. Tsvetkova. In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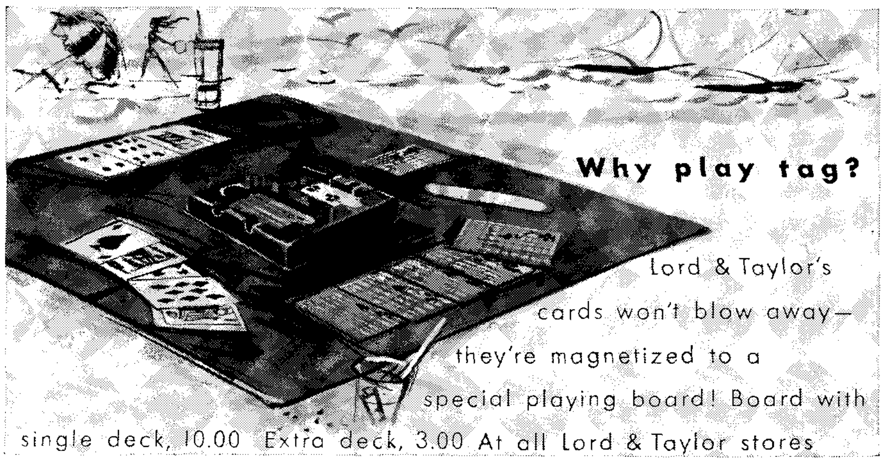
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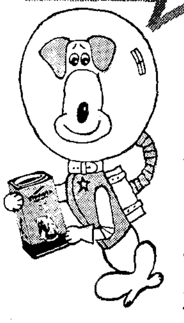
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How LONG Is Too SHORT?

by
Julian P. Van Winkle
President
Old Fitzgerald Distillery
Louisville, Kentucky
Established 1849

Rummaging through the attic of an old Kentucky farm house, the new tenants came across two dusty shoe boxes.

One box bore the label "String-*saved;* " the other, "String-*too short to save*".

To the conscientious string saver, the recurring question is "How long is too short?" Thus, a judgment is tied to the end of each string.

Likewise, what to save and what to throw away as the mash passes through the still, is of prime concern to us bourbon distillers. What some of us save and others don't, makes all the difference in our whiskies.

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the first half of the grammar described above, the authors, to be sure, were obliged to assume that Hungary was wholeheartedly a Communist society. Not only do we read about delegates from all the satellite countries but the visitor who wants to go shopping is immediately directed to the Állami Áruház, the State Department Store, "where you can get so much of everything," and Lake Balaton, formerly a smart resort, where people went to spas to "take the waters," and now, it seems, still a place, like Cape Cod, where writers, artists, and other "intellectuals" go to spend their summers, is presented as exclusively a kind of preserve in which the workers and students are permitted to enjoy their brief holidays. But the Soviet manual for English is forbidden, of course, to assume that we are all contented workers together; it can never be allowed to deviate from the official line of the Cold War. From the moment that the rudiments of English have been explained to the beginning student, there is nothing in the reading exercises but an idealized representation of Soviet society and a denigration of the "capitalist system," which is aimed at both England and the United States. On page 227 we find the following dialogue, in which, it should be explained, the pidgin English is mostly intentional, since the student is supposed to supply the correct English forms of the verbs for the incorrect ones in parentheses:

In the Reading-Hall of the Institute

(*Petrov is reading. Stepanov enters.*)

Stepanov: Hello, Boris. What you (read)?

Petrov: I (read) "Sister Carrie" by Dreiser. And what will you do? Why you (take) so many books and magazines?

Stepanov: I (read) them for my report.

Petrov: What report?

Stepanov: Next week I (speak) about unemployment in capitalist countries.

Petrov: Oh, it's an interesting subject. You (get) much material?

Stepanov: Yes, I (have). I already (read) many books and magazines on the subject, but as I have some time I (want) to read more.

Petrov: You (read) "Sister Carrie"—the book which I (read) now?

Stepanov: I (read + not) it yet. (Be) there anything about unemployment in it?

Petrov: I (can not) tell you for sure because I (finish + not) it yet. It is not written especially on unemployment, but it (give) you good pictures of American life. And, as you (know), there (be) always unemployment in any capitalist country.

Stepanov: Yes, the life of the working people (be) very hard there. Thank you, I (read) the book as soon as you (finish) it.

Petrov: I (finish) it tomorrow. What other books or magazines you (read) already?

Stepanov: I (read) a lot of them.

Drinking glasses for Indian fighters
(OR THEIR DESCENDANTS)

We doubt you will have seen anything so completely unusual as these sparkling bar glasses from the oldest house in America still hand-blowing and hand-cutting fine lead crystal. Each bears an amber glass seal (no two exactly alike) with the imprint of an Indian head pressed in. No attempt has been made to counterfeit old pennies, but if you rub your finger over the Indian's head before you take a drink, it will bring you good luck—we think. See these Amerindic classics at your favorite store or write to Bryce for the name of your nearest dealer. 13-ounce highball, 10-ounce old-fashioned about $2.00 each.

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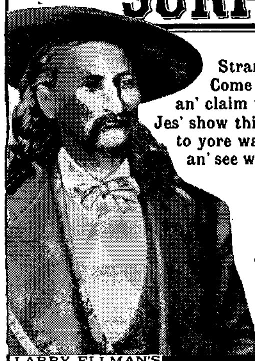

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There (be) something about unemployment in almost every book about capitalist countries. I think I (get) much material. I (read) these books and magazines today and tomorrow, and the day after tomorrow I (start) writing the text of my report.

PETROV: You (read) "Chronic Unemployment in Capitalist Countries" by Ivanov?

STEPANOV: Yes, it (be) the first book that I (read). Well, the librarian (look) at us. Let us stop talking. Good-bye.

PETROV: Good-bye.

Thereafter the Soviet student is insulated against the West by a series of loaded selections from English and American books, including Galsworthy's "The White Monkey" and the ballad of "Barnacle Bill the Sailor," which appears as "The Awakening of Barnacle Bill," meant to illustrate the miseries of unemployment, the class conflict in the merchant marine, and the manifestations of color prejudice. The most curious of these exercises for reading are two juxtaposed selections about railroads—one a Soviet encomium of the Soviet railroads built since the Revolution and the other an episode from "Three Men in a Boat," by the English humorist Jerome K. Jerome. Jerome was very popular in Russia before the Revolution, but the Comrades who wrote this grammar have found a new use for "Three Men in a Boat." The story included here is an exaggerated British joke about the vagueness of the officials at Waterloo Station, but in this case it has been exploited for the purpose of demonstrating the ridiculous inefficiency of capitalist railroads in contrast to Communist ones. (When I visited Russia in 1935, the railroads must have been among the vaguest and the most unreliable in the world; I do not know how much, subsequently, they may have improved.) The corruption of true art by commercialism is also illustrated by apt quotations, among them the following poem:

In My Garret

At the top of a lodging-house
I sit with burning heart.
And think of the age-old saying—
In a garret is starving art.

And tho' my guts are sore
And my feet are icy cold,
I'm very glad that I can say
My mind has not been sold.

The working-class is rising,
It needs its poets all;
And here is one who's waiting for
The Revolution Call.

by Patrick Rowe (abridged)

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provided in the Soviet Union for the diligent and earnest and obedient and modestly ambitious young man; for example, a chronicle called "Victor's Biography," which runs through several lessons—"I was born in 1930 in the small town of Perov. Both my father and my mother were workers. My father was a welder and my mother was a tanner." Victor wants to be a worker, too, but his mother says he must study and go to a kolkhoz. When he is fourteen, he joins the Komsomol. His father fights bravely against Fascist Germany. "His letters were always interesting. I read them at our Komsomol meetings." Victor, when he finishes school, decides to become "a historian," so he has to go to Moscow to study. We next see him on his way to a teaching job in a model provincial town, which has "some big plants," "some smaller plants," and "also many cultural institutions."

There is, of course, nothing here that would help one in finding one's way around in Britain or the United States—in ordering a meal or a drink or in getting to know the natives—nor is there any description of these countries except that they are capitalist prisons, where the only choice for the worker is between exploitation and unemployment.

But, on the other hand, it cannot be said that an old Hungarian grammar, *written in Hungarian for immigrants*, which I borrowed from one of my New York State neighbors, gives a much more attractive picture of life in the United States. The title page has been lost, so I cannot be sure of the date, but it must have been not long after 1913, since Woodrow Wilson is the last President listed, and only the date of his first inauguration is given. Here is the rather bleak prospect which, according to this manual, the American city offered to the arriving immigrant:

> Are you the foreman? Yes, sir, what do you want? I am looking for work. . . . Can you tell me where I can get some work? There in that building is a free employment office. . . . How much wages do you ask? Twenty dollars a month. I will pay you ten dollars a month. . . . I want a situation as a cook, Sir. . . . Is your family large? No, there are only four persons. . . . Do you expect high wages? No, Ma'am, I care more for good treatment. . . . Where have you been in service last? At Mrs. Kovács, 184 Woodland Ave. How long were you there? Three months, Ma'am. Why did you leave that place so soon? Because I did not like it there. Where did you serve before you came to Mrs. Kovács? Nowhere, Ma'am; I had just arrived from Hungary. . . . Has the grocer's wife paid all she owes? She owes me a year's rent and has only paid a quarter's. . . . Can every citizen become Presi-

If I were a bird . . . I'd soar through the salt sea air to Montauk. The sandy bluffs, the singing sea, and the azure sky make this area the first choice of discerning birds. **And for people** . . . there's Gurney's Inn, with a birds-eye view of nine acres of breathtaking seascape, beach, and wooded havens where cares just fly away. ☐ Modified American Plan: Decoration Day through Columbus Day . . . Remainder of the year on the European Plan.

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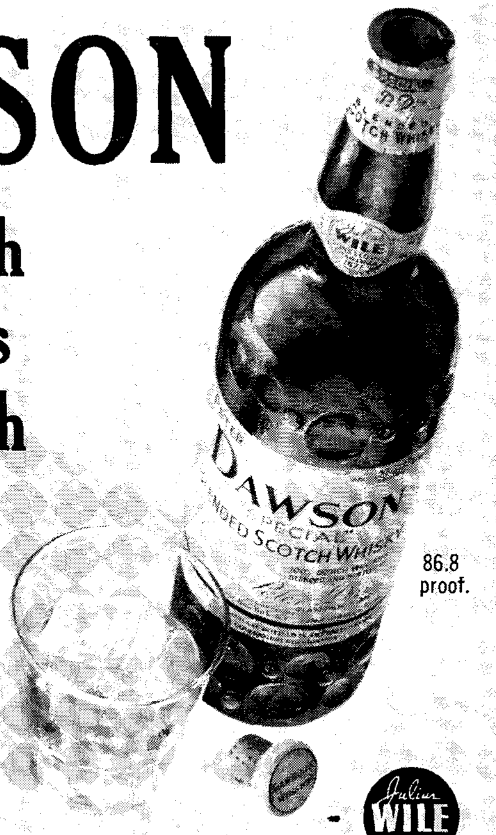
dent? No. He must be a native born American, must be over 35 years of age, and must have been 14 years resident of the United States. . . . This country is the United States of America. It is the land of freedom and liberty, because the people govern themselves. All citizens love their country, because they know that this freedom was earned by men who gave their lives for it. . . . The American flag means liberty and justice for everybody. . . . It is not the money you earn that will make you rich, but the money you save. You should save some money out of your earnings to put in the bank. In the bank, the money is safe. If you keep money at home, you may lose it or spend it. . . . Sir,—For ten years past I have been your tenant, and you are aware that I never failed to pay my rent when it was due; but now, owing to sickness and the general business depression, which has prevented me from seeking regular employment, I am reluctantly compelled to ask your indulgence. . . . Leave me alone [presumably a woman speaking]. . . . Widow of 38 would like to correspond with a good, honorable gentleman, with intention of matrimony; no triflers.

IF Russian is a language of idioms, illogical and partly primitive, originally developed at random by more or less illiterate people, Hungarian is an orderly language, established in its present form by highly literate writers and scholars. That it belongs to an "agglutinative" linguistic group is likely to scare people away from it: the adjective sounds so unpleasant. But an agglutinative language is merely one in which the syntactical relations that the more familiar languages express mostly by prepositions, personal pronouns, adverbs, and auxiliary verbs are attached to the main parts of speech and written as a part of the word. In the case of Hungarian, this need not result in the long, polysyllabled units of its now remote cousin Finnish. If clumsily written, it may tend to these, but, written well, it is neat and terse. There are relatively few irregularities, and its units are constructed in an orderly way. One reason for this is undoubtedly that it was disciplined and codified in the modern age. In old Hungary, it was simply a folk language, seldom spoken by educated people. The upper classes spoke Latin (which was sometimes still kept alive for university examinations and even dinner-table conversation well up into the present century), and when, at the time of the Reformation, a delegation of Hungarian nobles visited Rome to confer with the Vatican and were received by the fabulous Cardinal Mezzofanti, who was fluent in fifty or sixty languages and addressed them in what he thought was their habitual tongue, none of them was able to answer him. But Hungarian had been and remained the tongue of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if you love children

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the original settlers, which had been brought by them from somewhere in the East and which had always been spoken by the people, and a lexicon and grammar had been compiled as early as the thirties of the sixteenth century. When the great Magyar nationalist movement against the Austrian domination began seriously gathering steam, toward the end of the eighteenth century, the Hungarian language was cultivated, and the writers became ambitious to produce a true native literature. A Hungarian Academy of Sciences was founded in 1830, and a good deal of work was now done on the language. It was necessary to create a vocabulary for many conceptions and inventions that the folk language had had no words for, and to systematize and regularize the grammar. Jacob Grimm, the great folklorist and philologian, who lived long enough to see this development, asserted of the new Hungarian that it was a model of a planned language and might appropriately be used in Europe as a universal Esperanto. In 1839, it was made the official language.

A Hungarian grammar, then, if the subject is properly presented, can pretty well cover the ground, and cover it without confusion, for one who wants to study the language. The grammatical principles may be new to him, but they are not hard to get the hang of, and to follow their exposition is an agreeable intellectual exercise. The manual intended for American soldiers of which I have spoken before has pages that look rather like logarithm tables, from which it is possible to calculate what almost any given noun in any relation will be. The vocabulary is also strange, though it contains a considerable Slavic element derived from the Slavic people whom the original Hungarians overran and from the Slovaks and Slovenes who are still their neighbors. There is far less German than one might expect, though the language of politeness and honorifics seems mostly to consist of translations of the conventional German formulas. The built-in tenses and modes of the verbs result in a pleasant compactness; one can usually see at a glance what the meaning of any verb is. When written and printed, Hungarian has a kind of full-flavored nuttiness that makes in poetry for a tight condensation, quite alien to the European modes of expression and not recognizably soluble in transposition into the more liquefied languages. Yet it does not sound clipped in the speaking. The spoken language has a soft, singsong cadence that may have been caught through the centuries from the voices

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of the subjugated Slavs—though I have noticed that the language of the Seneca Indians, also thought to be Mongolian in origin, has a somewhat similar rhythm.

The Magyars, alone of this early immigration of the end of the ninth century, digging themselves into the Danube Valley, so fertile, with its black alluvial soil, and walled in by the Carpathian Mountains and the Transylvanian Alps, bred themselves as a strong, well-knit people, tough, truculent, and self-assertive as well as imaginative and dashing, capable both of barbaric wildness and of poetic and intellectual brilliance, and their language embodies all this: it is solid and tight-muscled yet lyric. It is limited—developed too late and, in spite of Grimm's admiration, hardly suitable for general use—but, as was said to me by a Magyar friend, it is like the Hungarian cuisine: the materials are rather few, but one can make of them a marvellous dinner.

I SOMETIMES find it disquieting to reflect that the variety of the languages, so interesting in itself, is bound, to a certain extent, to keep human culture shut up in compartments. The art of Kodály and Bartók can be understood by anyone who is capable of listening to music. Munkácsy's enormous painting of the blind Milton dictating to his daughters, which is now in the New York Public Library, has lodged itself in our minds almost like that of Washington crossing the Delaware; but how, short of learning Hungarian, can we know the art of Endre Ady, who is regarded by many Hungarians as the greatest Hungarian poet, and how can the Magyars themselves know precisely how to estimate his genius in relation to that of more widely known and more easily approachable writers? I have been told by a Hungarian friend that when he once asked Béla Bartók whether he really thought that Ady was as great as they liked to believe, the great composer countered with "What do *you* think?" It seems much like the case of Pushkin, but, with the increase of interest in Russian studies, Pushkin is at last coming through to the West. My own impression is, from a meagre enough knowledge of Ady's work, that the poet's position in Hungary has been rather like Yeats's in Ireland. Ady went to Paris in his youth and was influenced by Verlaine and the Symbolist poets; then he became, from the beginning of this century, a sort of spokesman for Hungarian nationality. He was never a public figure, but his work became a rallying point. A Hun-

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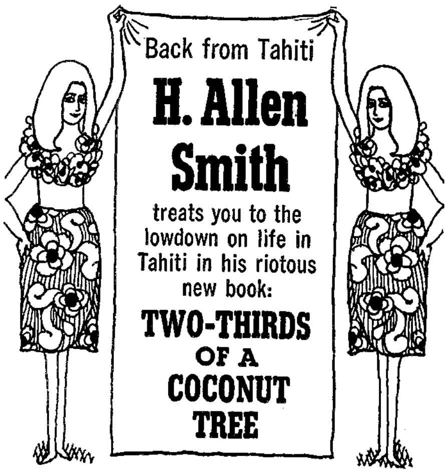

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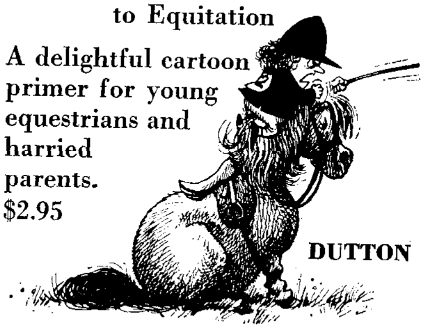

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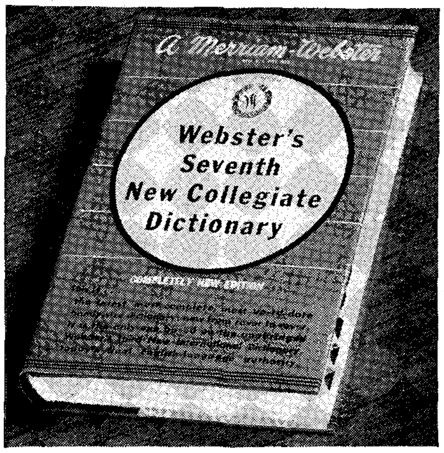

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garian who was young in that period once said to me that Ady was a "state of mind." Though temperamentally very different from Yeats—his life was rather reckless and riotous, and he died tragically of syphilis at forty-two—he identifies himself with his country and is very much preoccupied with his ancestry, pure Magyar and rootedly rural; and his poems are full of allusions, geographical and mythological, that, like Yeats's, can be explained only by one who knows the country well. He had a wide range in metre as well as in mood, and he produced a large body of work. Like Yeats, he invented a personal idiom, and, like Pushkin—one is told by his countrymen—he contributed to the creation of the literary language. But Yeats was not obliged to write Gaelic—his poetry was accessible to anyone who read English—and Pushkin was inaugurating a literature which was immediately to lead into prose fiction and, in translation, to travel all over the world; the moral insight and the storytelling genius of the Russians were to plunge through the barriers of language. But what is to be the future of Hungarian literature? Even with the Russians on their necks and some of their best writers in jail, the imaginative genius of the Magyars has never yielded to bullying, and it is reported that in Budapest the literary journal of the Communist press, called *Élet és Irodalom* (*Life and Literature*), is usually—on the ground that it has nothing to do with either—referred to as simply *És.* The Hungarian national spirit is evidently still represented by the old slogan "*Nem, nem, soha!*" ("No, no, never!") and by the staggering agglutinative stunt-word *legeslegmegengesztelhetetlenebbeknek*, "to the most and most irreconcilable ones" (in which only the *engesztel*, "conciliate," represents the root idea), which, at the end of the First World War, when Fiume was still under the thumb of Hungary and the Italian-speaking officials were ordered to learn Hungarian, the natives in defiance and ridicule wrote up on the city walls. The capacity for resistance to alien domination, which had already been demonstrated by Hungary at the time of the invasions of Genghis Khan, of the Turks, and of the Austrian Empire, was awakened again against Russia in the rebellion of 1956. In this uprising, the writers of Hungary played a very important role, as they had always done in the past in the Hungarian nationalist movement. Sándor Petőfi, the great poet of the early nineteenth century, had commanded, in the uprising of 1848, an army that was fighting the Russians, at

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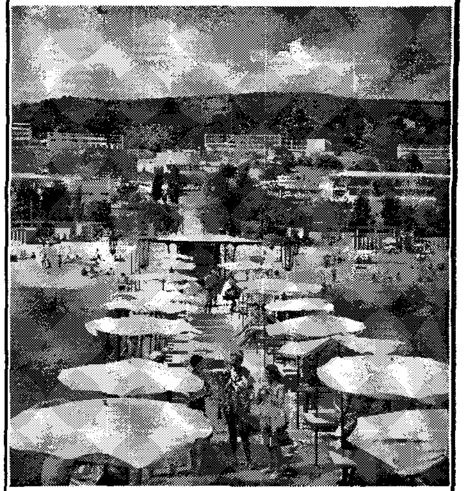

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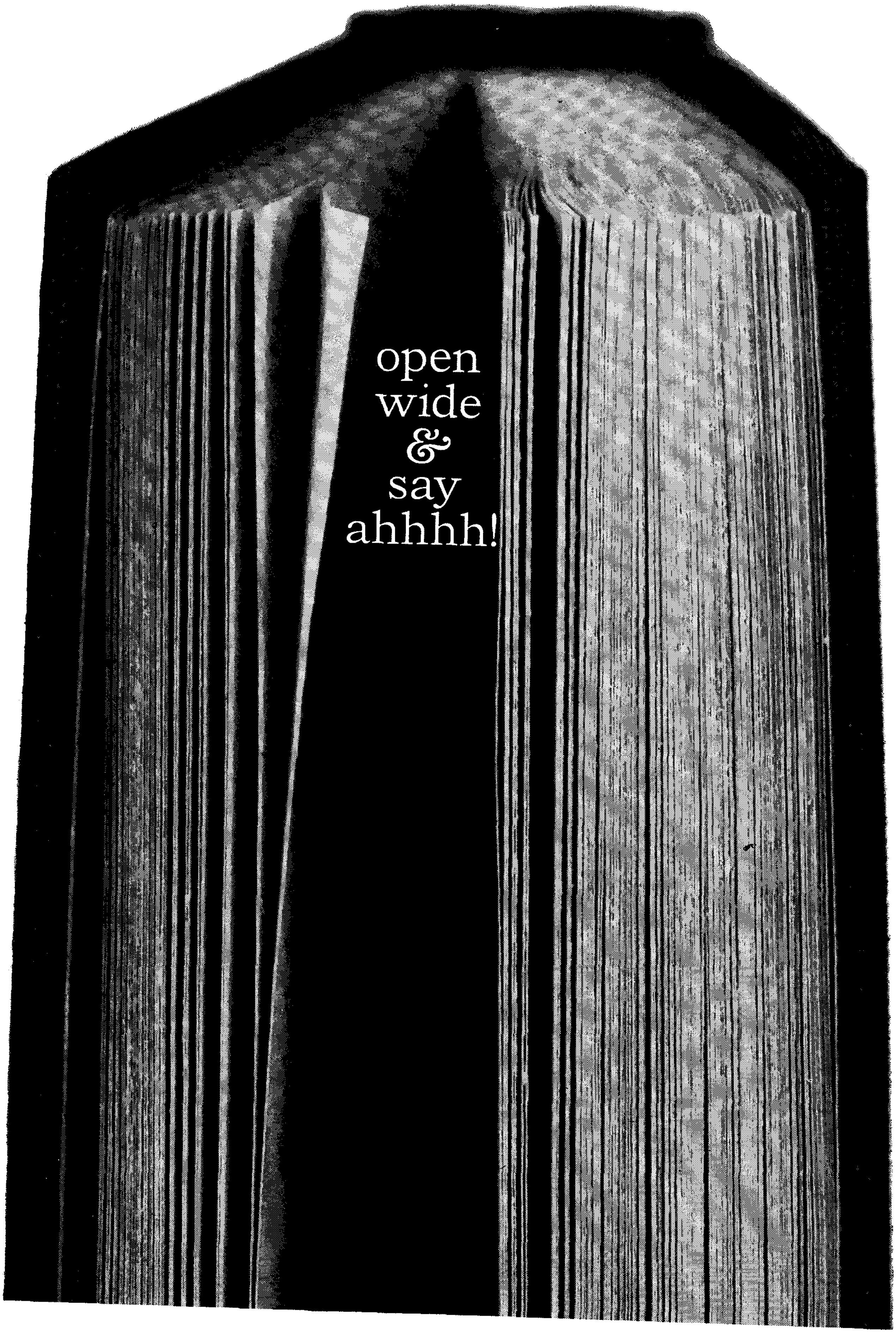
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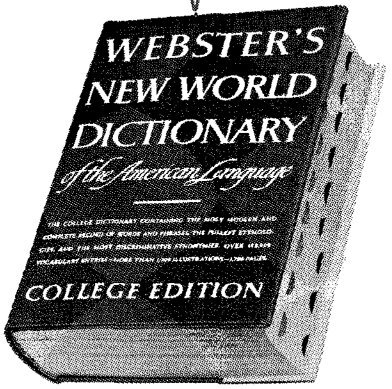

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that time the allies of the Austrians, and is supposed to have been killed by a Cossack.

And yet the reverberations of Petőfi's fame have only faintly been heard outside Hungary. Móricz Jókai, a popular novelist, was in my youth somewhat read in English, but he now seems completely forgotten; Ferenc Molnár, once popular on Broadway, survives only in adaptations of "Liliom." The influential Hungarian scientists are obliged to write either in German or in English in order readily to exchange ideas with fellow-workers in their various fields. The Hungarian language, it seems, has not even been completely developed as a vehicle for scientific thought. But it is nevertheless true that such of these cultural minorities as have remained self-assertive and determined still stand for us against the monotony, the desolating anonymity of the bureaucratic centralized state, which has come more and more to be based on the international language of science. I am all for international coöperation in political arrangements and cultural exchange as well as in the sciences. The nearest things we have had in the West to real international languages—Latin and French and English—have, of course, been immensely valuable. It does, from one point of view, seem impractical to have so many different words to represent the same things. Yet what a word really represents is the relation of the speaker to the thing. I have spoken of the difficulty for a modern Anglo-Saxon of grasping the moralities of the ancient Greeks—Jowett's translation of Plato, with its capitalized Christian "God," is a conspicuous example of this—and of the reciprocal difficulties of Russian "Marxists" and American "democrats" in understanding one another. And as Henry James remarked, the Anglo-Saxon *love,* the French *amour,* and the Italian *amore* all represent different conceptions. Certain of our Indian groups have a whole set of different words—indicating, as I remember, the sex, the age, and the season and color of coat—for the animals they live among; the Arabs have innumerable words for "camel," while we have only one. The close association of these people with their animals is peculiar to their "way of life."

Well, how much simplification is to be desired? In the realm of ideas, a good deal. The Communists and the Western politicians have each their own brand of cant with which they disguise the actualities of the societies they attempt to govern. But they have certain problems in common, and they must eventually come to recognize what these

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problems in common are. When they do so, they will have to arrive at a new interlingual vocabulary, or at least a set of common basic concepts, which can deal with these actualities. But as for the languages themselves, you cannot, against a minority's will, try to break them down or wipe them out—as every empire and federation does—without a certain violation of the alien's individuality and of the corporate life of his group, which will be likely to make trouble later on, when he has you at a disadvantage and does the same thing to you or takes it out on a weaker party or simply resorts to some despairing revenge. You cannot beyond a certain point "process" or "brainwash" or "educate" the speaker of another language by compelling him to learn your own language, for you cannot destroy his relations with his environment and with his own kind. The sacred language of the Jews is still braced to resist the *goyim;* the Russian language, the old Russian language that Lomonosov praised, is still a highly inappropriate medium for conveying the mechanics of Marxism; the Hungarians, threatened with German, consolidated their non-European language, so rebarbative to all their neighbors, and made it the symbol of their national identity—and then reversed the situation by ramming it down the throats of the reluctant Slavs and Romanians who were living within their boundaries. The modern grammars I have mentioned above—the Hungarian one for the American soldier, the Russian one for the Russian studying English, the Soviet one for the German student who wants to study Hungarian, and the American one for the Hungarian immigrant—have one fundamental thing in common: they are trying to impose the standards of an industrial civilization which insists upon uniformity, and though they all may to some slight extent serve as aids to international understanding, they are all rather desolating documents. What they all except the German one lack is any suggestion of a language's greatness.

Any language that has once borne the impress of the masters of thought and art is impregnated forever after with the genius and authority of these masters. Greek and Latin have outlasted their papyruses, and Hebrew through three thousand years has never lost the imprint of the "word of God" that has been stamped upon it as deeply as those characters incised in the two copper scrolls discovered in one of the Dead Sea caves, which, before they were cut into strips, could be read in relief through the outer layer and which are

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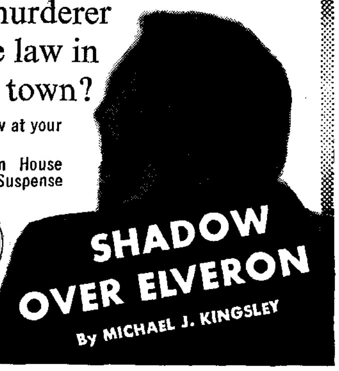

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directions for finding a treasure, presumably that of the Temple, hidden away, to keep them from the Romans, in those barren, inaccessible hills. The pictured tapestry of English poetry, the fine, even weave of French prose have had wide currency and withstood long wear. The great flow of Russian song and talk, now withdrawing and hushed, now hissing and pushing the shore, was made to pour itself at last into well-blown transparent containers that would make its volatility portable, as if it were possible for a substance to be crystalline at the same time as fluid. And the stanzas of Petőfi and Ady may still throb and darken and flare wherever, among alien tongues, a Hungarian struggles in exile.

James Joyce said of "Finnegans Wake" that he had written the night's dream of his Dubliner in a mixture of tongues from all over the world for the reason that the emotion and the imagery of dreams antedate all the other languages and are the realm from which the others have sprung; and yet English, outlandish though he makes it look, is the basic linguistic medium through which, in "Finnegans Wake," these other languages reach us. We cannot get away from our languages, and from the content that their common people as well as their men of genius have in the course of the centuries given them. We may hope that there will yet be a medium by means of which all the peoples can communicate with one another, but we cannot forecast what such a language might be, we can hardly as yet even speculate as to which linguistic elements will predominate; still less can we concoct one synthetically. And in the meantime we find a variety of admirable literary media, molded to forms of beauty or charged with intellectual power, and I hope, to the best of my ability, to keep on exploring these.

—EDMUND WILSON

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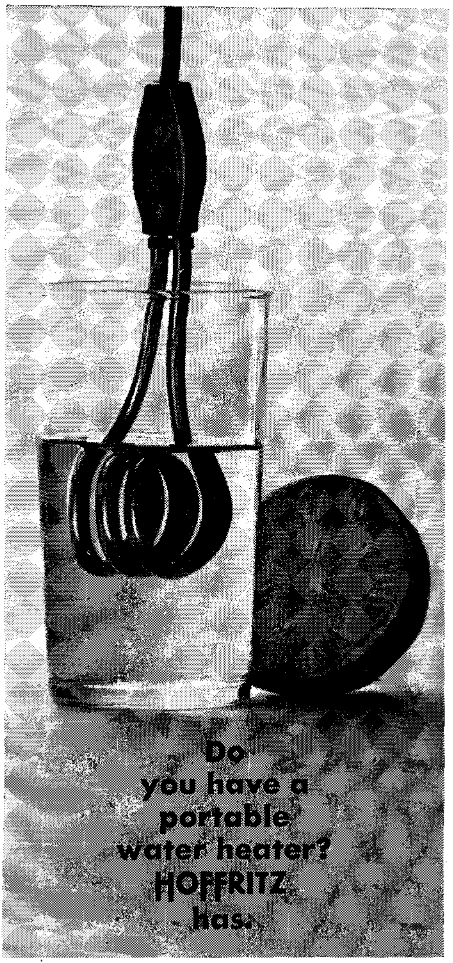

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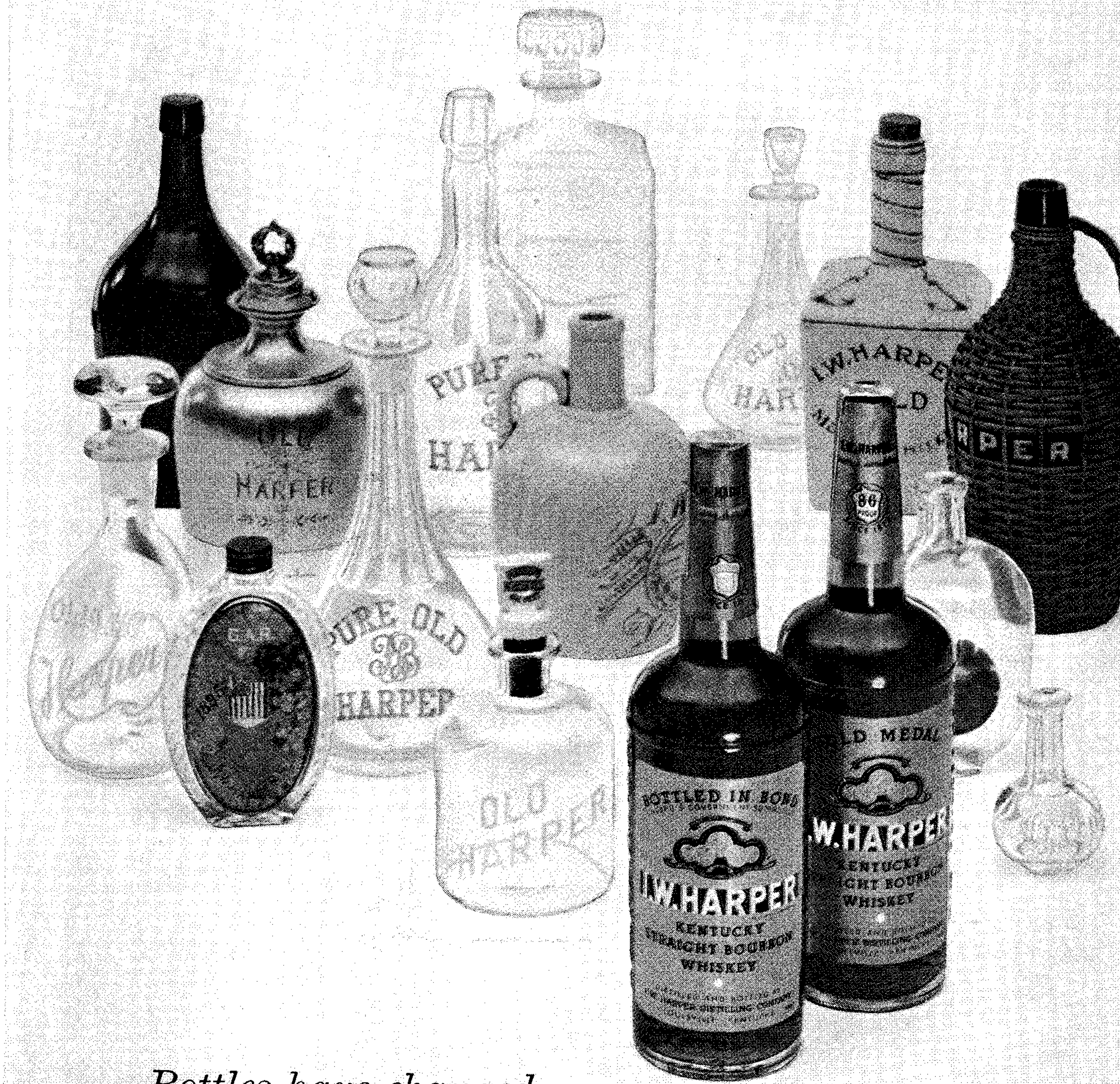
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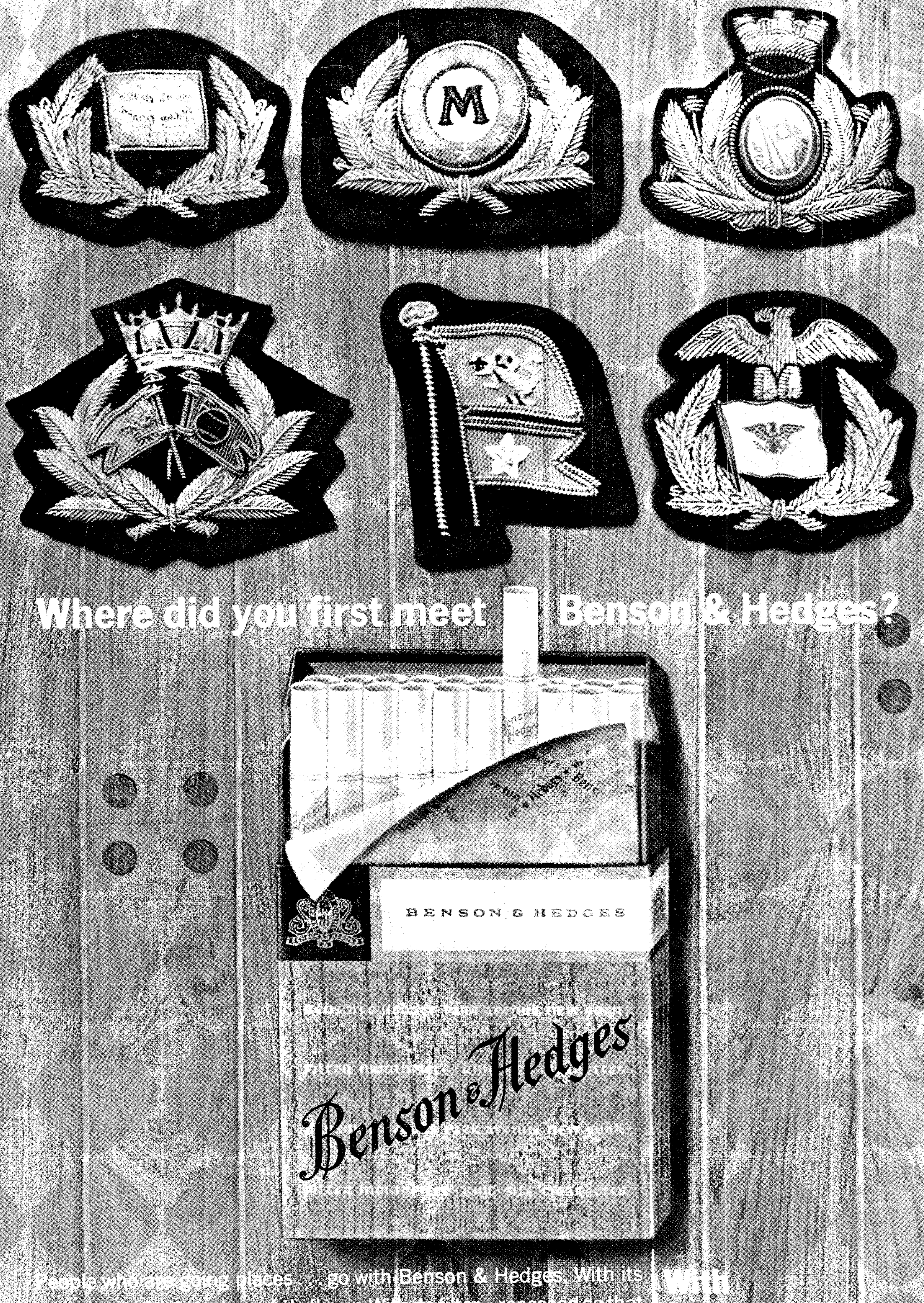

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